# Collier's

SEPTEMBER 26, 1942
TEN CENTS

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

## ARGENTINA—UNWILLING

BY WALDO FRAN

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J H HENDERSON
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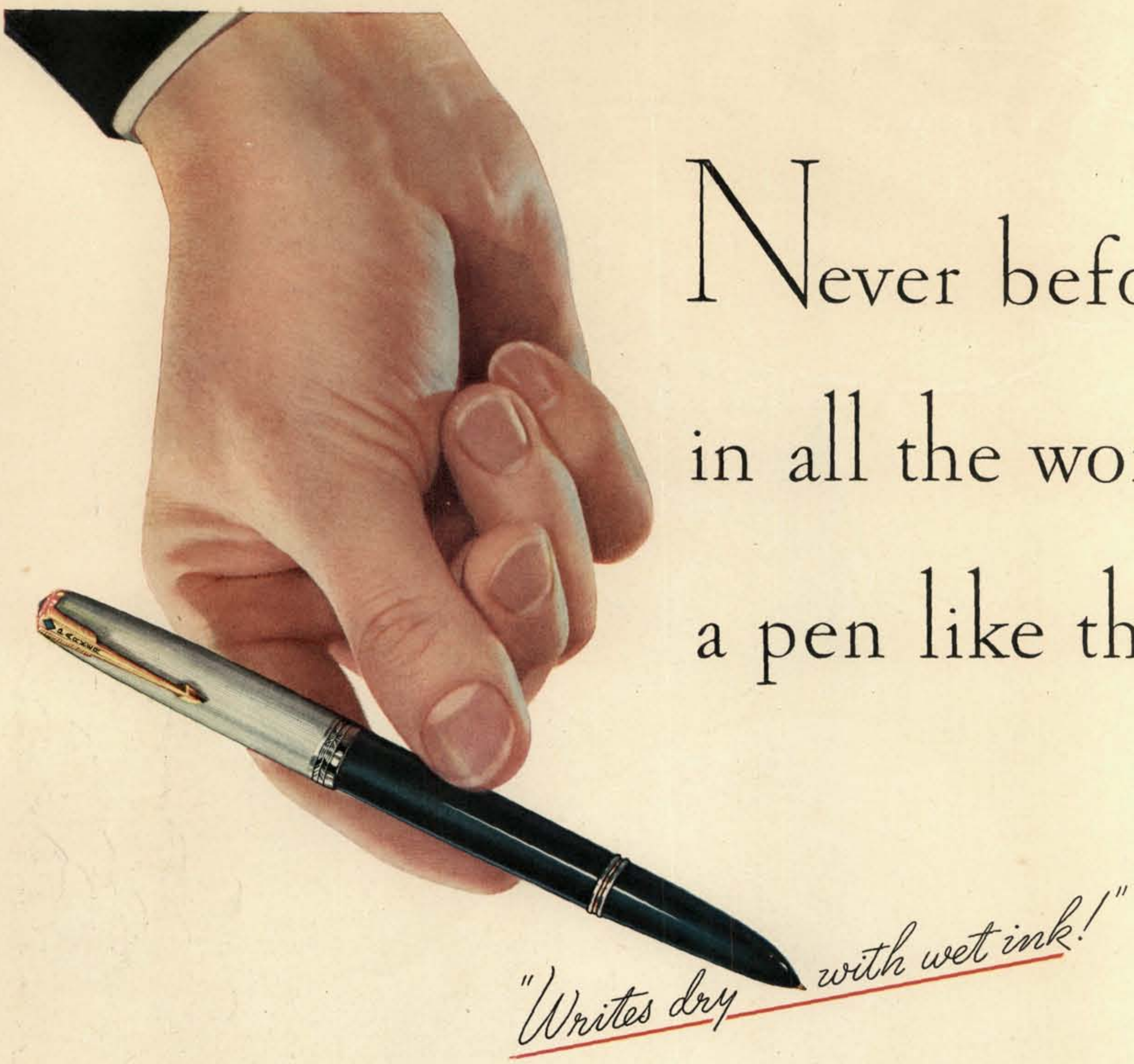
# Never before in all the world a pen like this!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# PARKER "51"

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# IT WAS NICE SEEING YOU... *LET'S GET TOGETHER AGAIN SOMETIME*

***(and was that the baloney)***

JIM agreed, "We sure will, Ed! It's a grand idea!" He really believed what Ed said. He was too new to New York to fathom its true meaning... he didn't suspect that it was a sort of polite way of discouraging any further meeting.

It was certainly a swell break, he thought, running into Ed after twenty years and lunching together. What fun it was tracing down old high school friends, and laughing over old, gay times. More than that, Jim realized of what tremendous help to him in business a man in Ed's position could be. Ed was pretty high up, had wonderful contacts . . . could open a lot of doors.

Just imagine how easy it would be for him to pick up the phone and call the President of Consolidated, for example, and say, "Frank, I'm sending over an old high school friend of mine. He's got a proposition that will interest you." And how simple it would be for Ed to give the nod to the Membership Committee of clubs he might wish to join for business reasons.

Jim was perfectly right: Ed *could* do a lot of things for him in New York. And Ed *would* have done them, too, but for one thing, seemingly small yet how big! *Jim had irritated him so all through the luncheon* that the pleasure of old acquaintanceship turned into actual resentment. How could he send a fellow with *that* trouble in to see his friends? And he couldn't very well recommend him to a club where the social graces came first.

### *Don't Risk it Yourself*

Talk to most business men and they are likely to tell you of countless times when some objectionable habit, some mild dislike, has influenced a business situation unfavorably. Most men whose employees must deal with the public will readily admit that, other things being equal, the person with a fresh, clean breath gets the call over one whose breath is objectionable. No doubt of it: halitosis (bad breath) is a strike against you—whether you're an occasional offender or a frequent one.

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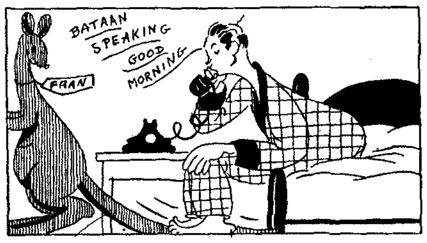
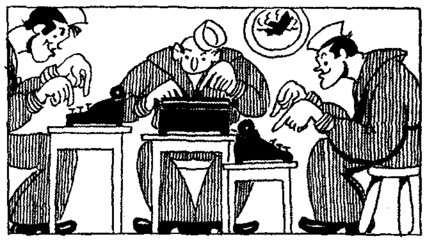
# ANY WEEK

RETURNED to this comparatively active theater of war is our thoughtful colleague Mr. W. B. Courtney. Mr. Courtney has been in Australia observing our Southwest Pacific fortunes of war, the journalistic guest of General MacArthur. The general, his family, and his staff occupy a couple of floors in a hotel in what must here be a nameless city. They have their own private telephone switchboard. And naturally it became necessary occasionally for Mr. Courtney to telephone the general. He says that he soon got used to it but that at first he was mildly startled by the switchboard operator's cheerful chirrup when receiving a call: "Bataan speaking. Good morning!"



IN THE meantime we have been occupied with home-front problems—steeling ourselves for the rigors of electing a new Congress, for example. We shall do so with as much fortitude as possible, suspecting, however, that no matter whom we elect, he and they will still regard re-election two years hence as the paramount issue. About this, we have a letter from an Army captain who, like General MacArthur's address, must be nameless. He writes about our pre-Pearl Harbor isolationists and in particular about his own congressman, the Honorable Hamilton (Twenty-five Grand) Fish. "So," says our captain, "they voted to keep us unprepared. In consequence, three thousand American men died at Pearl Harbor. More thousands died at Wake, Guam, on Bataan, Corregidor, in the Coral Sea, and now the Solomons. These statesmen are responsible for these deaths, and for the fact that thousands more must die to rectify their error. But Mr. Fish protests that it was an honest mistake made by a great many people, and besides, he isn't an isolationist any more. They ask that we overlook their mistake, re-elect them. Why? So that they can make more honest mistakes? If we do this, the mistake will be ours and it can't be honest now that we view the record. But it can be fatal. I am a line officer, on active duty. If I, by stupidity, make a mistake in the presence of the enemy with the result that my men are wiped out and women and children are surrendered into Jap captivity, may I plead to my general that it was an honest mistake entitling me to an opportunity to repeat the same 'honest mistake'?"

NOT all of our home-front problems are as menacing as that. In fact, we are asked to work out some sort of solution to a situation reported by Mr. Denver Lindley, another member of this staff, who has just returned from Wichita, Kansas. A vast amount of warlike activity is in progress in Wichita, but not so much that one of the city's busiest manufacturers hasn't time to be confounded by a social revolution in the life of his pet drake. This drake broke its leg and during its recovery, ashore, fell in love with a large Plymouth Rock hen. To break up this unnatural liaison, the manufacturer bought a very good-looking lady duck, installing her in the drake's quarters. She fell in love with the fellow at once but he will have none of her, remaining loyal to his hen. And now that he has recovered, it has become one of the wonders of Wichita that the drake follows the hen wherever she goes, and that the lady duck, looking as lovelorn and frustrated as a wronged woman in the movies, follows the hen-enamored drake. And none of them will go near the water. Of course, this is seriously interfering with Wichita's war production, and Mr. Donald (No Duck) Nelson is pretty worried.



AND now to acknowledge one of our letters. It's from a lawyer who, for some unfathomable reason, insists that we do not publish his name. He is pretty sore about gasoline and tire rationing because, as pleasure-bent civilian driving decreases, so does his income. He contends that he is not to blame for the war and its incidental rationing. As far as we know, that's true. But he wants to know why he should suffer for the lack of business because with less week-end motoring, there are fewer accidents and consequent court actions. This is a new aspect of the war—to us anyway. But he's going to do something about it. He proposes to petition Congress for a subsidy or something. If the farmers can wangle parity-plus payments from Congress, why can't lawyers? Anyway, that's his particular problem and we just thought we'd mention it. And we've had a large number of letters

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Happy Birthday

# *Living a good life with a bad heart*

**The heart is a muscle** about the size of the clenched fist. It is perhaps the hardest-working muscle in the body, for it pumps some five hundred gallons of blood every day, and it never sleeps, never gets a complete rest.

Virtually all of us are born with hearts fully capable of doing this enormous amount of work. All too frequently, however, the heart may later suffer some form of damage. In childhood and in early adult life the damage may be caused by disease—usually acute rheumatic fever. After 40 or 45, the changes which come with age may affect the heart. Whatever the cause, the damage interferes with the normal functioning of the heart, and the condition is labeled "heart disease."

Fortunately—and contrary to widespread belief—most heart disease does *not* mean sudden death or even serious interference with normal activity. The best proof of this is the fact that there are in this country at least two million people who have some form of heart trouble. Many of them are living useful, virtually normal lives, because they know what their hearts can do and have adjusted their lives accordingly.

If the doctor says you have heart disease, you can follow no wiser course than to seek his regular guidance. Through periodic visits he can regulate so wisely the life you lead that many years may be added to your life. The doctor may not give medicine, but regular check-ups will enable him to correct faulty habits of living and to observe promptly any changes in the condition.

The family can usually do much to help carry out the doctor's instructions. A peaceful home atmosphere, regular hours of rest, and proper diet may be important parts of the care required. Family watchfulness is especially necessary when a child has heart disease.

To safeguard our hearts, it is important for those of us who are past 40 to avoid sudden, unusual exertions that might cause overstrain. Today, many of us are engaged in activities to which our bodies are not conditioned. The wise course is to undertake them gradually, much as an athlete goes into training. Annual medical check-ups are particularly advisable for *everyone* past 40.

Metropolitan will send you a free pamphlet, "Protecting Your Heart," which contains interesting and valuable information about the various forms of heart disease.

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# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*Not* long ago, a psychologist, in making a study of honesty, selected a large number of names from his city telephone book and, using stationery of a fictitious store, sent a dollar bill to each person with a memorandum stating it was a refund on an overpaid account. Within a few days, sixty-three per cent of them had returned the money saying that a mistake had been made.—*By Lee Goodman, Bronx, New York.*

*The* Federal Communications Commission prohibits the use of nearly all types of radio receiving sets on American ocean-going ships of 1,600 gross tons or over, because the oscillator in the receiver produces energy that leaks back through the circuits and radiates a signal which may be heard within a radius of a hundred miles or more and disclose the location of the vessel to enemy submarines.

*During* 1941, the League of Nations collected sixty-seven per cent of its budget and expects to do it again in 1942. Among the nations that made payments were: Great Britain, Eire, Norway, Poland, France, the Netherlands, India, Iraq, Australia, New Zealand, Union of South Africa, Egypt, Canada, Argentina and Mexico.

*Of* more than nine hundred different-sized electric lights made in this country, the smallest is the 0.17-watt "grain of wheat" lamp and the largest is a 50,000-watt bulb. Compared with the "grain," the giant consumes nearly 300,000 times more current, contains about 21,000,000 times more tungsten and produces approximately 46,000,000 times more light.

*A new* rodent repellent, made from petroleum, smells like the odor of ferrets, weasels, skunks and minks, the natural enemies of rats and mice. When it is sprinkled about flour mills, dairies and other plants in which rodents contaminate food, these places are free of the pests as long as the odor lasts, which is about four months when its fixative is honey.—*By John B. Tuttle, New York, N. Y.*

*Today* in the United States, a married man with two dependents pays a tax of $12 on an income of $2,500. In England, a man, similarly situated, pays $530, or forty-four times as much.—*By Carrie E. Lamb, East Cleveland, Ohio.*

*Noah Webster,* the founder of Webster's Dictionary and the greatest of all lexicographers, wielded an unparalleled influence on the development of English in the United States. Yet he coined only one word and that was "demoralize."

*Up* to a few years ago in rural England, the people practiced heaving, the custom of lifting or tossing persons of the opposite sex in the air on the two days following Easter, in allusion to the Resurrection. The women were tossed on Heaving Monday and the men on Heaving Tuesday.

*In* this country today, the 25 associated Bell telephone companies serve 7,128 communities having 18,841,000 telephones, while 6,350 independent companies serve 12,072 communities having 4,609,000 telephones. In addition, there are more than 60,000 connecting rural lines owned by groups of farmers.—*By Robert L. Lincoln, South Salem, New York.*

*Enlisted* men in the United States Army, Navy and Marine Corps receive $2 monthly additional pay upon being awarded a medal of honor, a distinguished service medal, a distinguished service cross or a Navy cross. For being awarded a medal of honor, Army officers receive $10 monthly which is applied to a pension fund.

*The* novels of Charles Dickens contain more characters than do the works of any other English author. His twenty-four books depict 1,425 individuals, or an average of almost sixty to a story.

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 230 Park Avenue, New York City.** **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

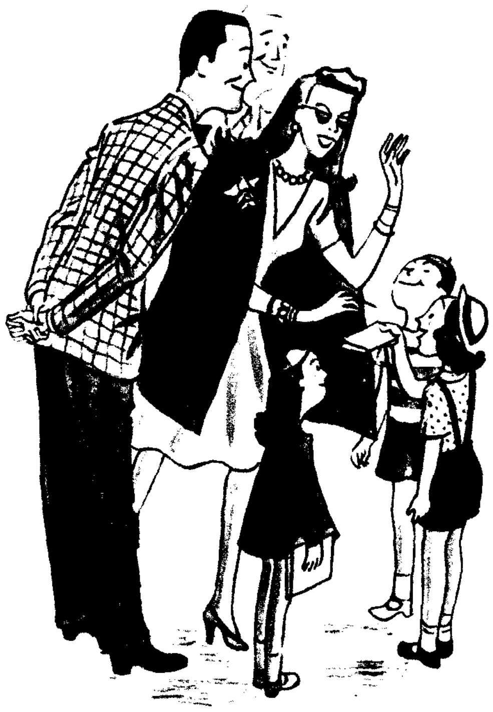
What's in a name?

**ALBERT**

*means "noble, bright, famous"*

**JOYCE**

*means "sportive, vivacious"*

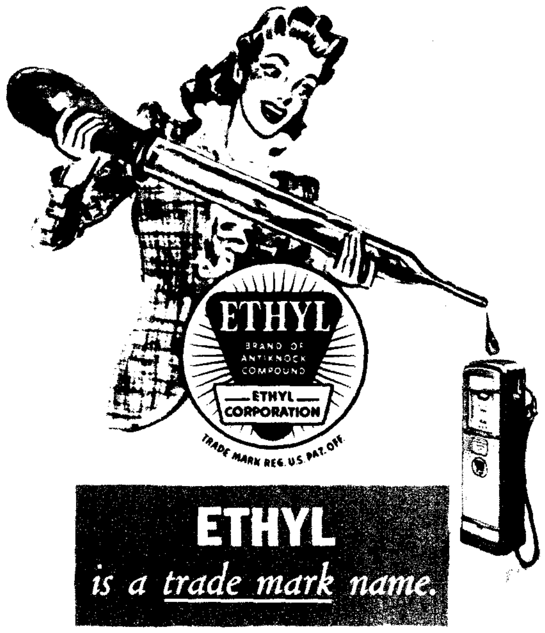


**ESTHER**

*means "a star"*

**EUGENE**

*means "well born"*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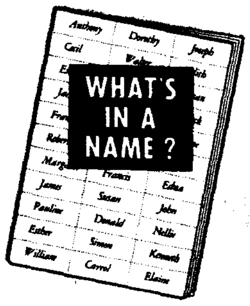
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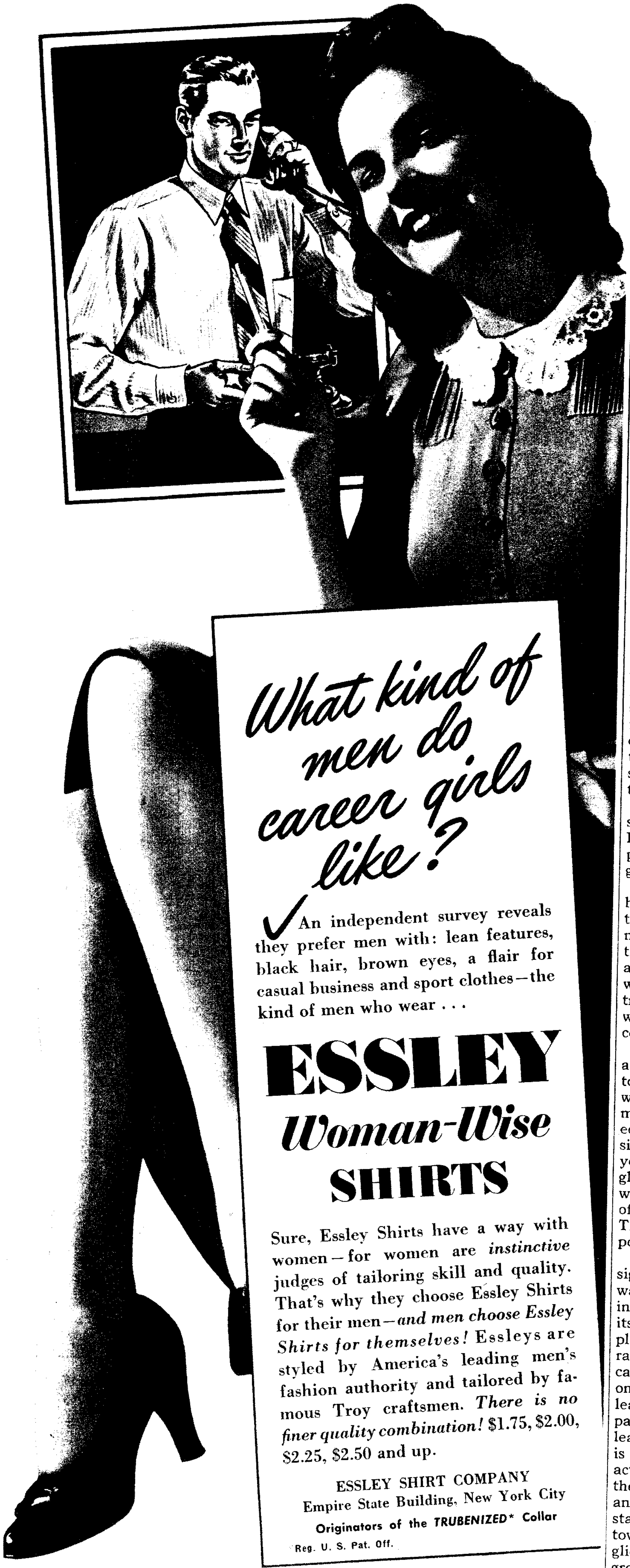

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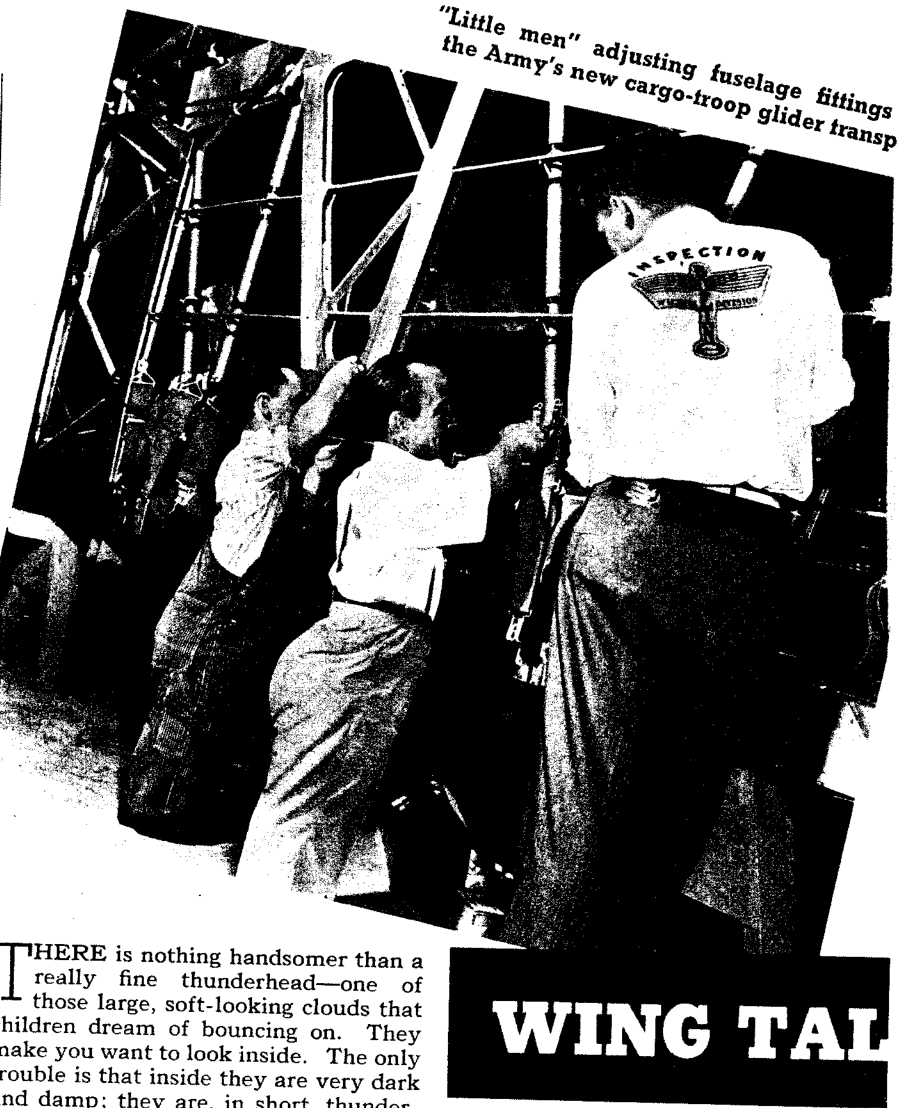


"Little men" adjusting fuselage fittings the Army's new cargo-troop glider transpo

# WING TAL

THERE is nothing handsomer than a really fine thunderhead—one of those large, soft-looking clouds that children dream of bouncing on. They make you want to look inside. The only trouble is that inside they are very dark and damp; they are, in short, thunderstorms. Gliders have been carried to fantastic heights within these pretty cumulus clouds and have brought back their pilots very dead indeed. Even sturdy power planes have had their troubles.

It's not true that you may soon be seeing pianos flying around in the sky. But material originally intended for pianos will be flying—in the form of gliders.

In the fields of Kansas where factories have sprung up overnight to carry out the government's huge glider program, men and women are taking the plywood that was to have gone into baby grands and fashioning it into large substantial wings and tail surfaces for motorless transports. The fuselages are made of welded steel tubing, and the ships are covered with fabric.

There's a good deal of excitement about gliders just now, and it's not hard to see why. As an attacking force it would be highly vulnerable, but as a means of quick transport for troops and equipment over long distances, the possibilities are immense. We cannot tell you the exact seating capacity of the glider fleet now nearing completion but we can say that it is several times that of all our domestic airlines put together. There's no need to underscore the importance of this in a war of movement.

The secret of the glider—and this is significant for peacetime use as well as war—is that it represents a way of loading an airplane close to what would be its maximum capacity *in flight.* Any plane could carry four or five times its rated load if it were possible to put the cargo aboard *after* the take-off. It is only at the moment when the plane leaves the ground that its power capacity is fully extended. Now a glider leaves the ground *before* the plane that is towing it and is in level flight (or can actually be dived) at the instant when the tow plane takes off. For example, an ordinary transport plane, a DC-3, starts its run with one or more gliders in tow; at forty-five miles an hour, the gliders take off; they are well off the ground when the tow plane reaches its own take-off speed of sixty and rises into the air. And there they are—with four times the weight in cargo that a single plane could carry.

Of course it isn't all gain. The speed of the tow plane will be cut down, though only by about one third, and the consumption of gasoline will increase. There is a very substantial net saving nevertheless. It is so considerable that the research department maintained by the Airplane Manufacturers Association has estimated that freight could profitably be moved in this way at a price per ton below that of the railroads.

Not that it's all clear sailing. Weather is a serious problem, as Frank Hawks found out when he made the first transcontinental glider flight in 1930. He was being towed by a plane piloted by Duke Jernigan. Soon after they left California, they hit some bad weather. Duke Jernigan got tired of dodging mountains in the rain and sleet and told Hawks (over the connecting telephone) that he wanted to go up into the overcast. Frank Hawks agreed.

There was a minimum of instruments in the glider—an air-speed indicator, an altimeter and a primitive turn-and-bank indicator. The strain of blind flying in these circumstances was terrific. Before long, Hawks was soaked with sweat. He hung on for what seemed hours. At last he gave up and phoned Jernigan he couldn't stand any more. "Let's get down out of this, Duke," he said.

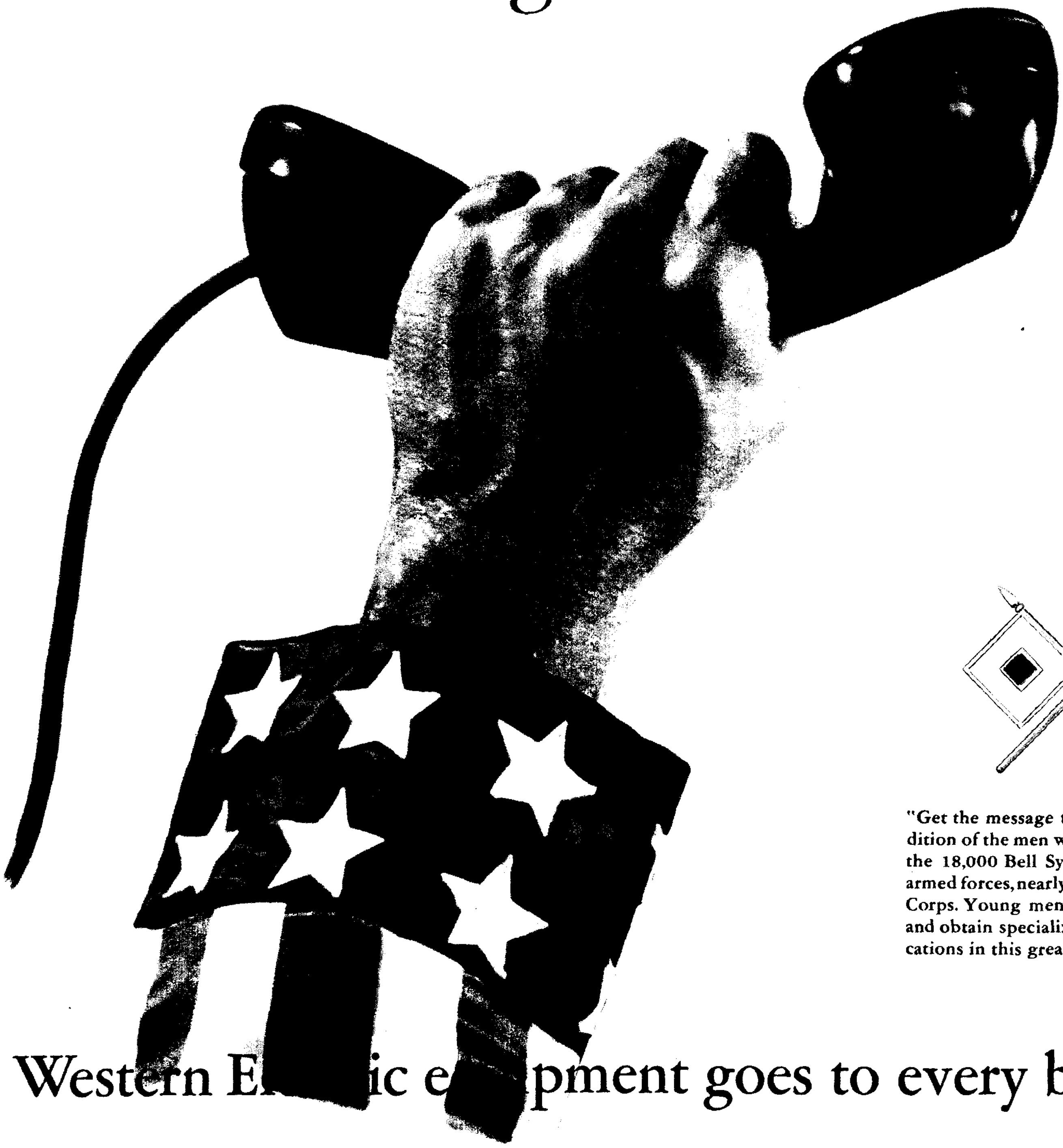
"I've been under it for twenty minutes," was the cheerful reply. The tow plane, at the end of the 400-foot line, had been below the overcast while Hawks was flying in it.

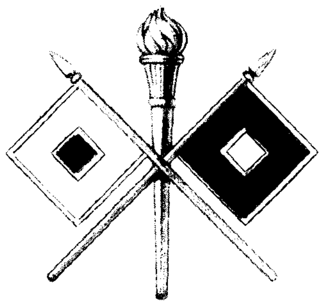
THERE is one airline captain who has had his fill of impromptu formation flying. A few weeks ago he was preparing to let down into the overcast for a landing at a Western airport. The report from the field said there was a 500-foot ceiling below. He was instructed to make an instrument approach. At this particular field, the procedure is complicated because of the presence of

*(Continued on page 63)*

# COMMUNICATIONS

## . . . directing arm of combat





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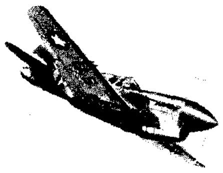

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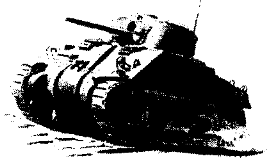

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*ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS*

ARMY E NAVY

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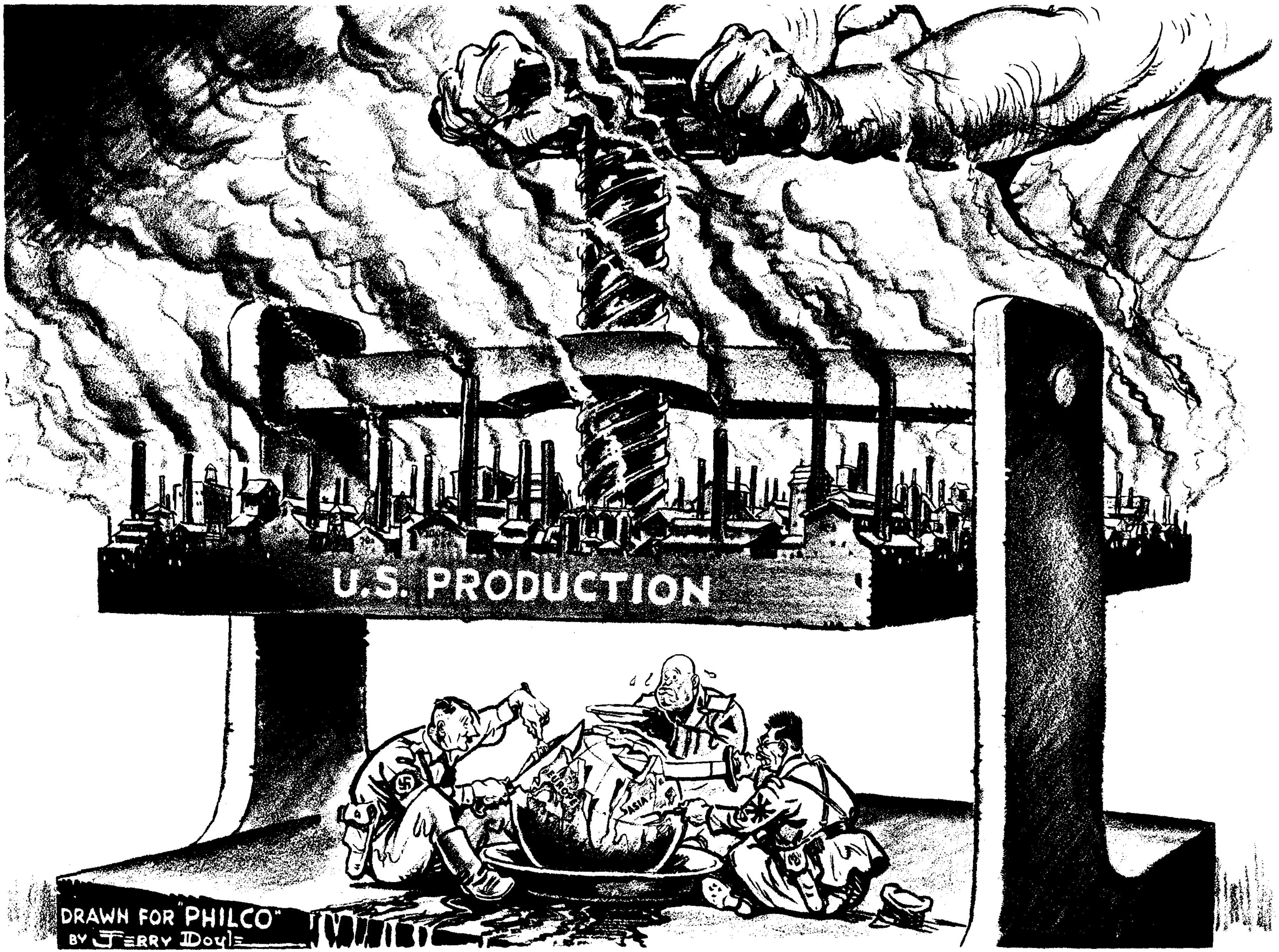

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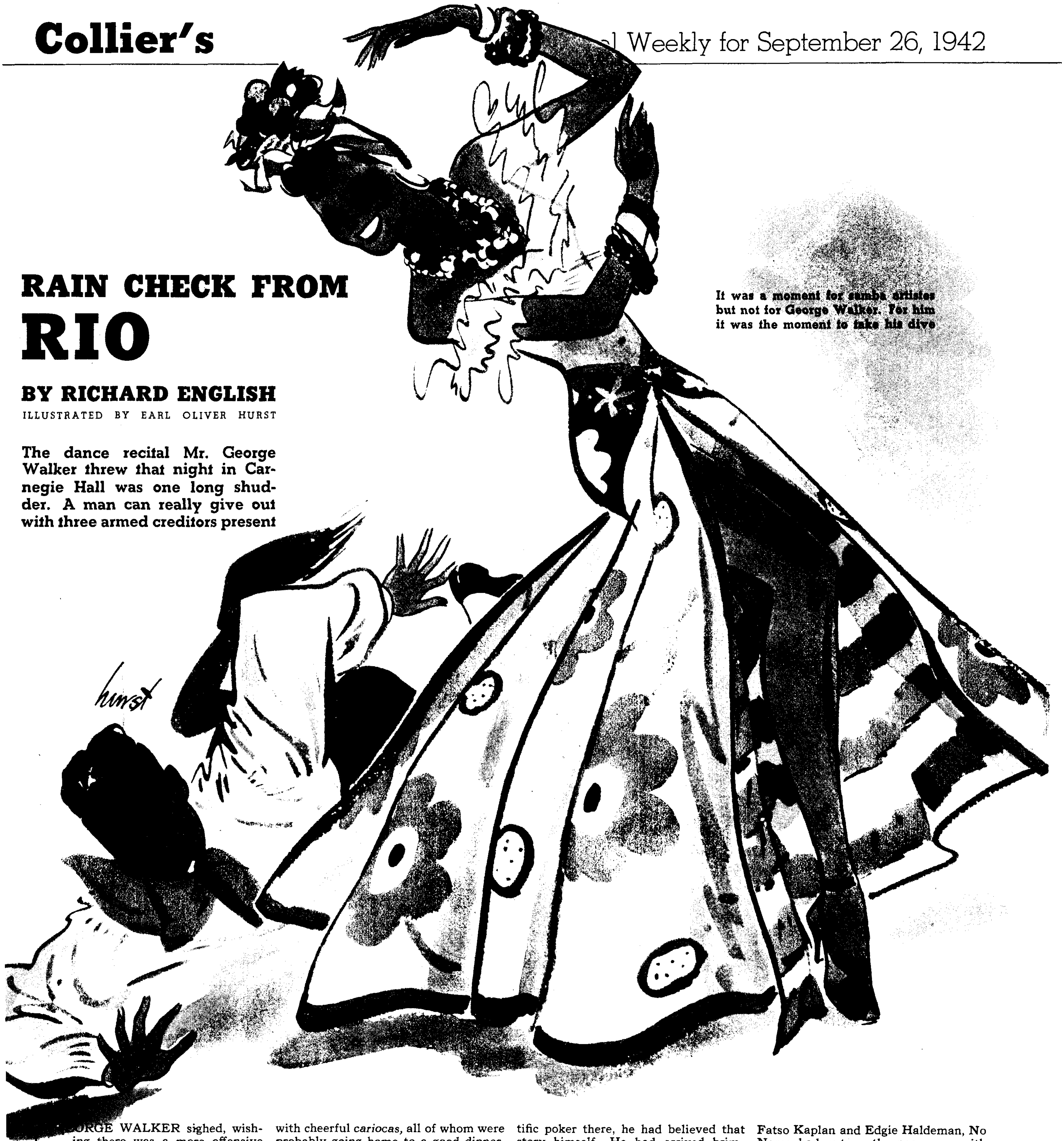


It was a moment for samba artistes but not for George Walker. For him it was the moment to take his dive

# RAIN CHECK FROM RIO

## BY RICHARD ENGLISH

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

**The dance recital Mr. George Walker threw that night in Carnegie Hall was one long shudder. A man can really give out with three armed creditors present**

GEORGE WALKER sighed, wishing there was a more offensive manner in which he could make it plain he was one party who could take his Rio de Janeiro or leave it alone. He had settled for being the only patron in the sidewalk café who sat with his back to the throngs on the mosaic sidewalk; but not even that conveyed his full indignation at being stranded in Brazil. It had always been the dearest wish of his heart never to be stranded anywhere, let alone on the Avenida Copacabana. At dusk Copacabana was filled with cheerful *cariocas,* all of whom were probably going home to a good dinner, and George wanted no more of them or the good-neighbor policy either.

The waiter brought him his third *cafézinho* and George sighed again. "Brazil," he thought glumly. "Better I should have starved in my own language."

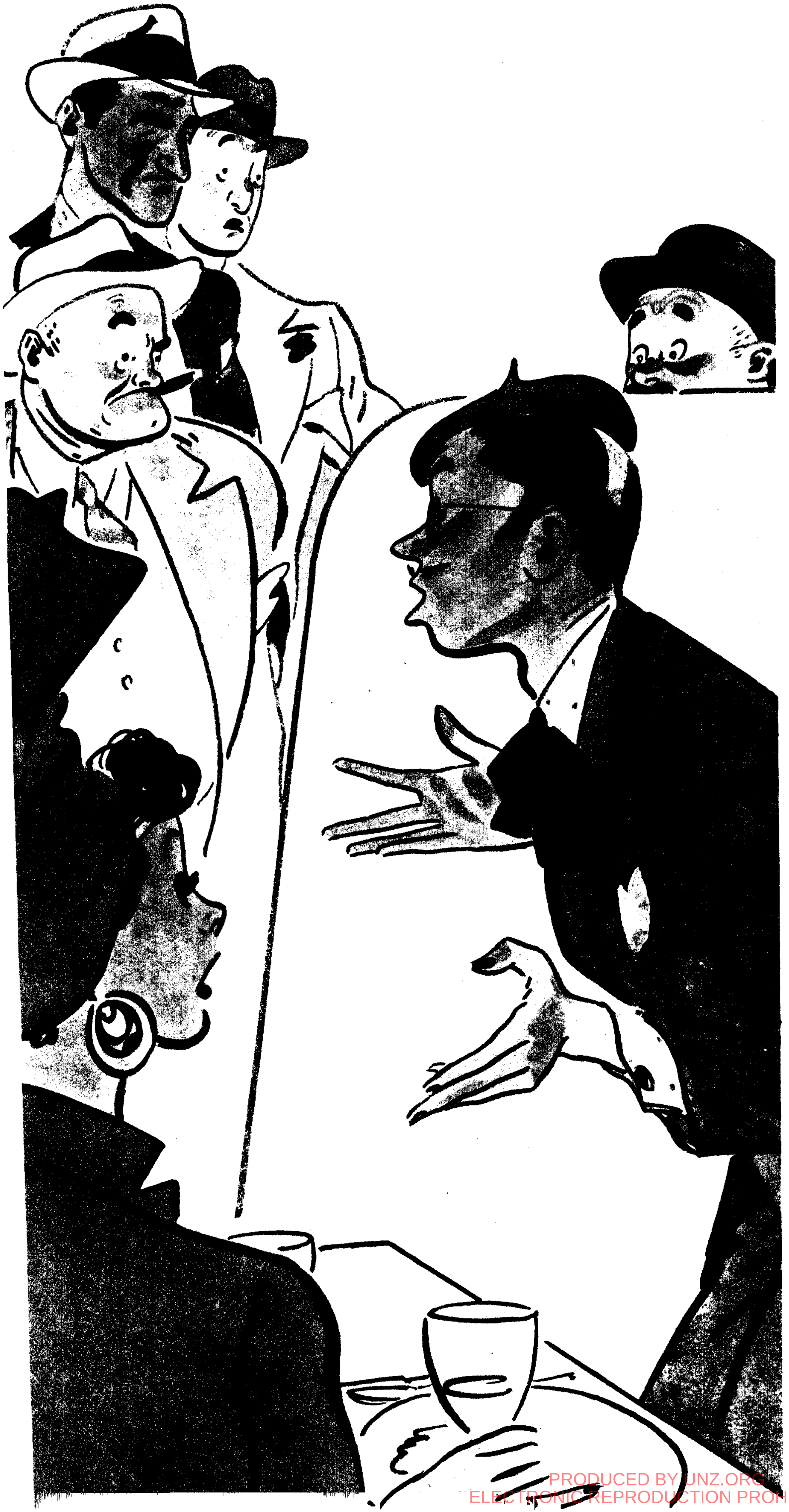
George had long since discovered that the State Department was misleading honest businessmen with all that propaganda about South America, the land of golden opportunity. Until his unfortunate attempt to introduce scientific poker there, he had believed that story himself. He had arrived brimming with good will and carrying a few marked decks just in case of a tie, only to learn that even in Brazil the lot of the pioneer is a hard one. The Brazilians refused even to play poker, let alone serving as pigeons in same.

That hurt most of all. George, always willing to let others defray his expenses, had come to Brazil as the foreign representative of Mr. No Name McNavin, the prominent pigeon fancier. With his partners, the Messrs. Fatso Kaplan and Edgie Haldeman, No Name had put up the necessary, with George agreeing to split the take four ways. Only that morning there had been a terse communiqué from his backers, inquiring what gave. In three words No Name, never a party to toss his chips about in boyish abandon, had made it plain George would do well to make with the dividends.

GET IT UP, the cable said grimly.

"Get it up." George scowled. "Three bucks he spends telling me to get it up when I haven't even got eating money!"

**George stood up shakily. "No compreende," he said shrilly. "No compreende this George Walker. Only yesterday I arrive from Brazil, no, Letiga?"**



He frowned, gloomily debating whether he should have one more *café-zinho,* when he felt a hand on his shoulder. George was very nervous about people laying hands on his shoulder and he was halfway out of the café before he saw it was only Alfredo Delgamo. Alfredo was Brazil's number one samba artiste, taking up where Carmen Miranda leaves off. But tonight he was perspiring and wiping his brow, and lacking in that poise so becoming to the samba master.

"George," he said, "George, I hear you very much wish to return to the States, no?"

"You can say that again," George said sadly, sinking into his chair. He was a small party with frostbitten features, always ready to accommodate anyone who could make his weight, but he was so touched at discovering he had one friend in this strange land that he was almost polite. "I guess I was sorta previous, Alfredo," he admitted bleakly. "Comes the time Brazil appreciates poker they'll have already put the last clean shirt on George."

Alfredo threw his arms around him. "Better it is not so," he cried. "To see you so sad it is better I should give you my own ticket to New York. Even in my own name I will let you travel!"

George, always solid on the percentages, stared at him. His eyes, always on the alert for that double shuffle, lost their softness.

"Well," he said, "this is somewhat unexpected, Alfredo. What is this about my traveling in your name? Maybe you better give me the chorus."

"Chorus?" Alfredo repeated. "About the dance this is not, George. Tonight I care not that I am the finest samba dancer in Brazil. Tonight I am unhappy. It is I have just come from the cinema. I see now that it is not good that I should personally visit your country."

"The picture must have been quite a turkey," George said.

"No, no," said Alfredo, "it is the newsreel that distresses me, *compreende?* With my own eyes I have just seen this conscription of which we hear." His dark gaze clouded. "Like phffft, men are being made into soldiers, so fast they do it. It is not good that I should step from the plane and be given a uniform, George. It is not that I am afraid. It is only that it is very bad for my career if I am perhaps shot in a foreign tongue."

George admitted, "Well, Alfredo, while I wouldn't wish to worry you, we do have a quick army. Only last week they put my grandfather into the parachute troops, earphone and all."

Like all samba artistes, Alfredo ran more toward soul than bloodshed and he shuddered. He wasted no time in giving George the verse as well as the chorus. He, Alfredo Delgamo, had been so unfortunate as to let it be known he was about to visit the Estados Unidos as his personal contribution to the good-neighbor policy. Had not the newspapers printed the news? Had not the farewell parties been given? Now, if he did not depart, there would be the ugly gossip and the raised eyebrow, neither of which was becoming to a man so much in the public eye.

"Well," George said kindly, "you are certainly with troubles, Alfredo. If I can be of any service you may count on me."

"My *companheiro,*" Alfredo said, "it is of that I would speak."

THE lyrics were simple. Let George depart as Alfredo, and who would be the wiser? They were both small and dark and if only George were to grow a mustache and wear the dark glasses, the public would never suspect that Alfredo had merely retired to his father's fazenda for a few weeks. Nothing would be left to chance. George's picture would be pasted on Alfredo's passport. He would even depart wearing one of his berets.

George had already figured the percentages. Once he was home he would lie low, playing the Flatbush circuit until he could repay Mr. No Name McNavin. No Name was highly sudden and George had no wish to pass the time of day with him until he had that cabbage. "Even with the beret," he said warmly, "it sounds good."

Ten days later an unusually large crowd lined the fence at La Guardia Field, witnessing the arrival of a plane bearing passengers from Brazil and points south. They were rewarded with the prompt appearance of a small man in a beret and dark glasses who popped down the steps before the pilots had even shut off the engines.

George had never gone in for that bunting and parade stuff but the sight of his native heath—lovely, lovely Manhattan with its skyscrapers and garbage scows—had filled him with all the patriotism of a congressman facing an election. At long last, he had returned to a land where poker was loved.

"There he is now!" cried Mrs. Henrietta Bacon. "This way, girls!" Before George could take to his heels he was snowed under by matronly ladies bearing the flags of the Pan American republics. Photographers' bulbs flashed on all sides. Mrs. Bacon, wheezily introducing herself as the senior chairlady of the Latin-American Guild, then unleashed the reporters.

"I knew you would have just a few words for them, Senhor Delgamo," she said winningly. "You know, about the samba and how nice it is to be here."

George shuddered, needing that reception committee like he needed a hole in the head. Too late, he was learning that one does not idly become a celebrity without assuming some of the grief with the gravy.

"The sky line I like very mooch," he said, remembering he would do well to come equipped with an accent. "American women I like very mooch. Some other time we talk more." He gave them what was to be that final brush-off, the blinding smile and the speeding exit. Nobody moved.

Mrs. Bacon thrust something into his hands. "There," she said, in plump satisfaction. He found himself gingerly holding one end of a Brazilian flag while Mrs. Bacon held down the other, giving out in her best rotogravure manner. Mrs. Bacon had the dimensions and coloring of a gray whale, and the more she

*(Continued on page 38)*

HEYER-PIX

# BIG SPLASH

**By Kyle Crichton**

**How Hollywood, not having seen anything like this since the days of Annette Kellerman, is making the most of Esther Williams, who can act as well as swim**

THERE is a new girl out at M-G-M in Culver City named Esther Williams, who is a cross between Lana Turner and a seal. An interviewer recently chased her from the studio to her home in Los Angeles and thence to the beach at Santa Monica, where he was told she certainly would be found. Inquiry of a lifeguard established her presence.

"That's her, out there, durn her!" said the lifeguard pointing to a bobbing speck out in the ocean.

Having said which, the guard pushed his lifeboat into the surf and rowed three miles out into the roaring deep. By the time he reached the little lady, he was bitter, irritated and worried.

"Get back in, won't you, Esther?" he pleaded tearfully.

Responding to his urgings, Esther turned her face shoreward and started to plow through the waves.

"Not with me, you don't!" cried the guard bitterly. "You race yourself in. I'm a wreck now."

Miss Williams happens to be that fortunate thing—a knockout in looks and one of the greatest swimmers in the world. She was a national amateur champion, and her one previous professional appearance was at the San Francisco Aquacade, where she duplicated the success Eleanor Holm had in a similar show at the New York World's Fair. Her first motion picture places her opposite Mickey Rooney on one of the interminable Andy Hardy triumphs. After that she will do the lead in the first great swimming picture Hollywood has had since the days of Herbert Brenon and Annette Kellerman.

"In this one," says Miss Williams, "I break the last remaining eardrum and become a mute."

Without attempting to make Miss Williams a monster of intellect, it may be said that the young one is as fully endowed with sense and wit as anybody seen in the film colony since the days of Mabel Normand. When Billy Rose launched the San Francisco Aquacade, he not only brought along John Murray Anderson to superintend the production but sought to save a few kopecks by using the old costumes from the New York show. When the company lined up at dress rehearsal, Esther wrapped her arms around her and hoped that nobody would notice her. She is five feet seven. Eleanor Holm is five feet four, and Esther was wearing the antiquated Holm costume. She looked like something discarded by the Salvation Army.

### The Retort Personal

"My dear Miss Williams," cried Mr. Anderson, from the orchestra seats, "are you sure you look just right?"

Miss Williams stepped to the microphone, so there would be no possibility of missing it. "My dear Mr. Anderson," she said, "are you sure *you* would look right in Billy Rose's old clothes?"

Since Mr. Rose has the approximate stature of a gnome, this silenced the opposition.

Miss Williams was born in Los Angeles, where her father is a commercial artist and her mother is a child psychologist in the Los Angeles public schools. This latter fact has caused Esther some embarrassment.

"When they used to ask what my mother did, I'd tell them the truth and they'd look at me in a way that showed they knew why Mother took up child psychology."

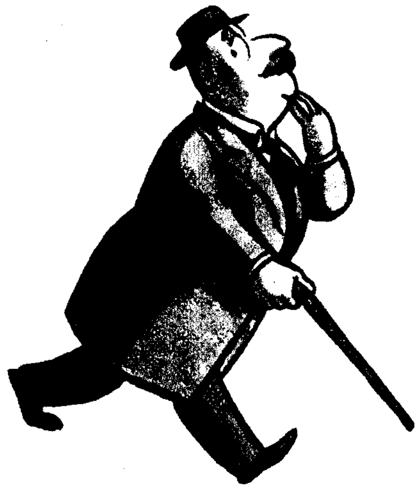
Although she had swum since childhood, she got her real start at Manchester Pool in Los Angeles, where she made enough money counting towels to buy a ticket for the pool. She went in at the noon hour when only the guards were around, with the result that her style is still less beautiful than powerful. She is lithe and feminine in looks but she has the strength of a man and plows through the water with the same effectiveness.

She was around ten at this time and in rather short order she was beating all the other girls of her age. That gave her ambitions, and what she wanted most of all was a chance at the ocean races. In training for that, she used to go out to Santa Monica early in the morning to practice.

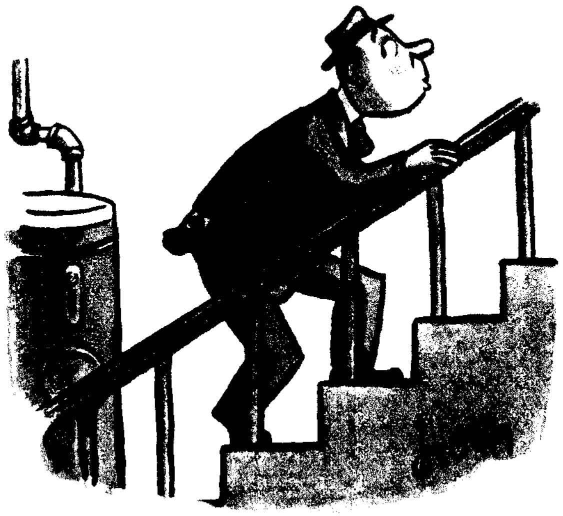
*(Continued on page 96)*

# THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR FROM ANY GAS ATTACK IF YOU'LL JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE, OFFICIAL RULES

1 Serious injury may result from exposure to liquid gas which may fall from airplanes. It is, therefore, imperative to remain indoors and to keep all your windows tightly closed up.



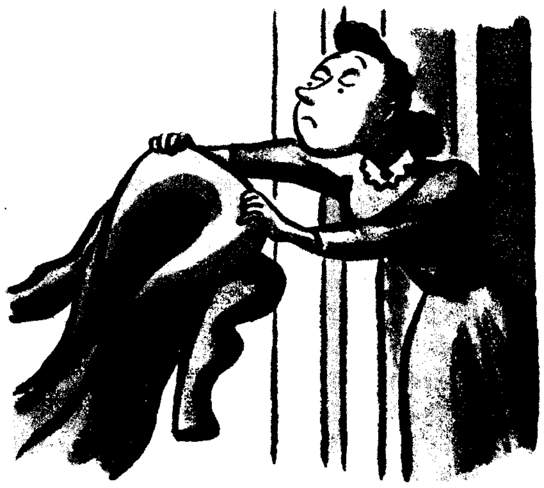
2 War gases are heavier than air. If you are inside a building remain there, and, if possible, go upstairs. Do not complicate the military effort by leaving your house unless circumstances make it absolutely necessary. If you are outside and not able to immediately go indoors, walk—do not run—get out of the gas area. Avoid puddles of liquid gas, basements, valleys and other low-lying places.



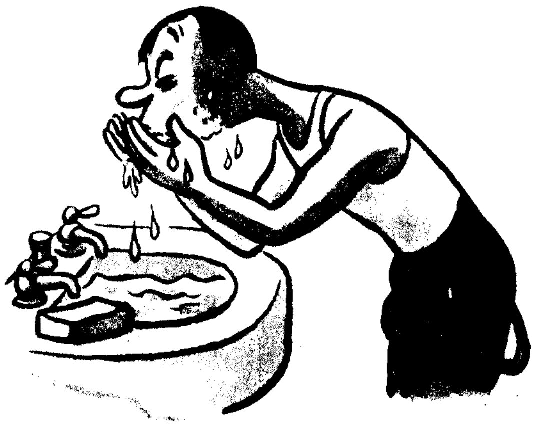
3 If the windows of your room are broken, go to another room, or seek shelter in a more gasproof building.

4 If you have been exposed to any of the various types of war gases—

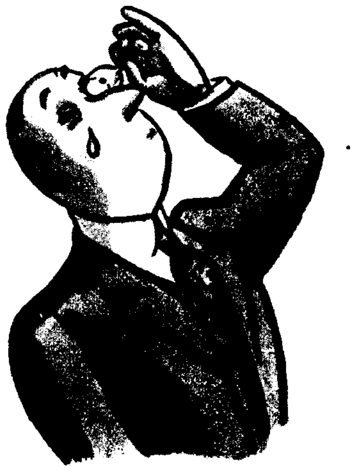
(a) Breathe through cloths well saturated with baking-soda solution.



(b) If you can go inside a building, do so, but first remove your outer garments and leave them outside.

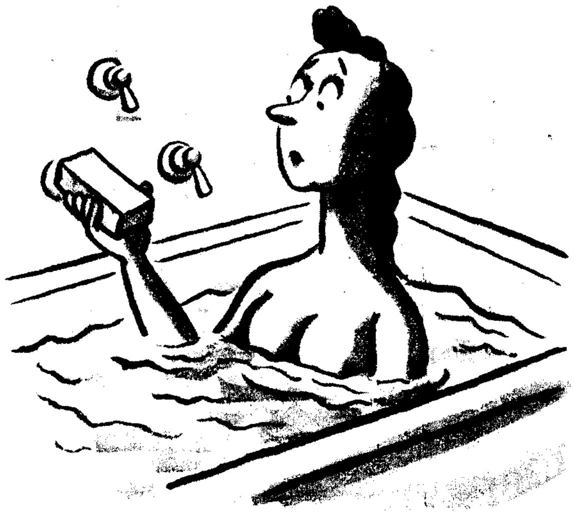


(c) Wash your hands and then your face with laundry soap and water.



(d) Wash your eyes at once with a large amount of a solution of baking soda; one teaspoon of baking soda dissolved in a glass of water.

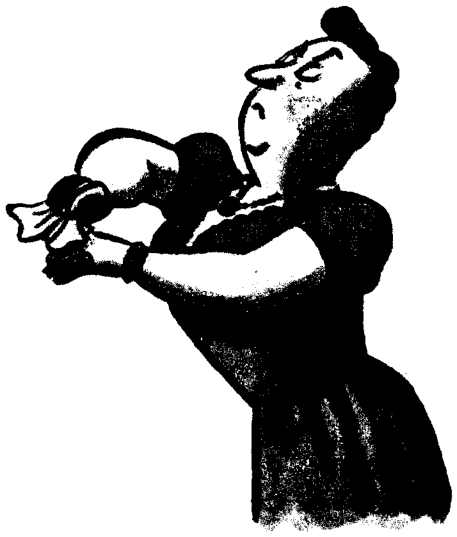
(e) Take a bath, use plenty of laundry soap and work up a rich lather.



(f) Wash your eyes again with the baking-soda solution—as before.

5 If splashes of liquid gas have gotten on your person or your clothes—

(a) Using small pieces of cloth, cleansing tissue or toilet paper, blot up as much of the liquid as you can, being careful not to spread it.



(b) Daub the contaminated area with cloths wet with Clorox, Purex, Sani-Clor, and similar disinfectants.

6 Do not get excited. Lie down and cover yourself with a blanket. Your air-raid warden will summon medical aid and any other help needed.

# The Truth About Poison Gas

## By Leonard Milliman

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

**The most formidable thing about poison gas is the panic it can cause among uninformed populations. As a weapon it's relatively a flop when you know all the things to do about it, gas mask or no gas mask**

NEARLY 2,400 years ago, during the Greek tribal wars, some warriors attacking the city of Megara put on a gas attack. They soaked kindling wood in sulphur and pitch and set it afire to windward of the town. The idea was okay—but the wind changed and the attackers cried their eyes out while getting away, fast. The Megara boys said it just went to prove poison gas never would replace the spear.

Down through the centuries since then, poison gas has been touted as the thing to replace bows and arrows, culverins, battleships, tanks, warplanes and snickersnees—but it never has. It is a great deal less deadly than high explosives or shrapnel; a lot easier to guard against or just simply dodge. Its greatest danger to us is that it may cause mass hysteria among people ignorant of its effects and how to combat them. But gas will fail, even as a panic-maker, against a civilian population that knows what it is all about.

Fear of poison gas has been created largely by fictionists and by "facts," such as "a ton of mustard gas will kill 45,000,000 people." This last is theoretically true—if you could get 45,000,000 people to file slowly into a lethal chamber saturated with the gas.

A better fact, however, is that at the close of the last war, when most soldiers had some protection, it took eight tons of mustard gas to kill one fighter. In this same war, three and a half years of scientific and military effort to kill and injure men by gas and smoke resulted in 91,198 deaths and 1,205,655 nonfatal injuries. In three normal years, Americans kill more than 100,000 and injure more than 3,000,000 other Americans on highways—without trying.

Gas casualties in the other war would have been much lighter but for the fact that many soldiers at first were completely unprepared; other thousands were given no instructions in what to do after they had been gassed, and so died because they did not take simple precautions.

If gas is used against American cities in this war, it will be for one main purpose—to create panic. Defense against that is a clear understanding concerning various gases, how to foil them, how to nullify their effects.

Within the past decade, every great nation has been credited with possession of some new, mysterious and super-deadly gas. However, as far as American chemists know, these stories all are untrue. There may be and probably are new combinations of old gases, but that's about all; no "Dew of Death" to wipe out whole cities in a few seconds. As far as anyone knows, there is no gas that can't be guarded against by any intelligent citizen who knows what to do. One man who didn't quite know what to do was gassed, by mustard, on October 14, 1918—a guy named Hitler. Didn't get enough of it, though. Too bad.

There are six or seven major war gases. Let's have a look at some of them, in the hope that familiarity will breed, not contempt, but confidence.

First, there's chlorine. It comes in greenish-yellow clouds; gauze masks usually are sufficient protection. Then there's phosgene, a combination of chlorine and carbon monoxide. The latter, of course, is the odorless, invisible gas emitted by millions of automobiles in city streets, without ill effect because it is in small quantities and quickly dissipated upward. Phosgene is deadlier than straight chlorine, but is made harmless by masks dipped in a solution of sodium phenolate.

Then there's mustard, the so-called "King of War Gases." The vapor from this brownish, oily-looking stuff may persist in some spots for a week. It poisons everything it touches. It penetrates clothing and shoes, raises skin blisters, temporarily blinds, inflames the lungs and induces pneumonia. It is a nuisance gas, putting forty people out of action for every one it kills.

Another gas—lewisite—is American, invented just as the last war was ending. It's one-fifth deadlier than mustard, but not as persistent or stable. It's hard, dangerous and expensive to make, and contains arsine, a poisonous arsenic compound. There's arsine, too, in another poison gas—ethyldichlorarsine. This temporarily paralyzes the hands, raises blisters and causes vomiting, but it isn't as deadly as lewisite.

Chloropicrin and diphosgene are lung irritants, like phosgene, but not as troublesome. In addition, there are irritant smokes. One is called adamsite. These smokes cause great pain, if they get into your lungs.

Since all war gases are heavier than air, they can be sprayed from planes as well as dropped in bombs or carried in artillery shells. What you should never forget is that gases flow downhill like water and drift with the wind. That means for you: Stay away from low places and get to windward of a gas bomb. There is, mathematically, only one chance in three million you will be directly hit by a bomb.

### How to Seek Shelter

If you are caught near a gas-bomb burst, walk briskly across wind out of danger. Any near-by building will provide some protection; the lee side of a second floor is relatively safe. A third-floor apartment or office on the side away from the wind is good protection against anything except a long, tremendously heavy gas attack. Shut the windows and stay inside until the gas-decontamination squads have sounded an "All clear."

Anyone living in a home lacking second and third stories can quickly make a relatively gasproof room on the leeward side of the house. On the next windy day, survey your potentially gas-resistant room for leaks and drafts.

The antigas room should not be in a corner, if avoidable, and should have a minimum number of windows. It should also be a blackout room, because lights will be needed for gas-proofing at night.

If an attack comes, go into the room, close all doors and windows and ventilators, and put out the fire, if you have one. Stop up the flues as best you can with old clothes. Seal the joints of doors and windows with adhesive or plastic tape. Caulk any crevices, such as around radiator pipes. You may use wet newspapers for larger cracks. If you have plywood over the windows, seal it along the edges. If you don't have plywood, tack wet blankets over the windows in case high explosive blasts out the glass.

Five years ago, the British government proved the safety of a protected room against gas. A windy-side room was selected, to make it tougher, and the windows were boarded up and a single blanket hung outside the door. Nearly two tons of chlorine, released twenty yards away, seeped perceptibly into the other rooms of the house within seven minutes. Air in the gasproofed room stayed pure. Then mustard was sprayed on the house for an hour, followed by a 20-hour attack of mustard vapor. Animals held in unprotected rooms were not even seriously hurt, while those in the protected room were not harmed at all. Then tear gas was tried. It got into unprotected rooms in thirteen minutes, but not into the gas-proofed apartment.

A few casualties have to be expected from a gas raid, but far fewer than from a high explosive attack. But, of course, any dolt can get himself killed or badly hurt by staying deliberately in a gassed area.

The persistence of any gas in a neighborhood depends largely on the weather. Rain, winds and updrafts are all death on gas. Decontamination squads, looking like invaders from Mars, eliminate gas in various ways and get rid of pools of liquid mustard or lewisite, which give off poisonous vapors. But you could safely stand upwind from a pool of lewisite or mustard. It isn't recommended however; the wind might change or another bomb might burst farther upwind, putting you on a sort of lee shore.

Dread of poison gas is as natural as the fear of being killed by any other means. It was felt even by F. N. Pickett, who in 1918 had the job of destroying the most gigantic accumulation of war gas of all time, in ammunition dumps in France. Pickett probably went through more gas clouds than any other human being, and he went through unharmed. He used to tell his helpers, "You'll feel frightened, but don't be ashamed of it. Have complete confidence in the precautions you take. Once you have controlled your fear long enough to carry out the rules, your fear will vanish."

For bad cases of "gas nerves" Pickett used to recommend a couple of aspirin tablets or a five-grain tablet of potassium bromide.

If you want to go into the thing thoroughly, you can buy a $5 "Sniff Set" through the Office of Civilian Defense. This is a set of liquid-filled bottles with simulated odors of typical war gases, and sniffing them is completely harmless.

The generally accepted odor-descriptions are these:

Mustard smells like garlic, horseradish, or mustard. Lewisite is like geraniums and gives a biting sensation if concentrated. Phosgene smells like freshly cut corn, or like ensilage, if concentrated. Chloropicrin resembles anise, flypaper or licorice. Chloracetophenone (tear gas) smells like locust or apple blossoms or ripe fruit. Adamsite is like coal smoke.

Since 1918, the only acknowledged improvements in gas warfare have been in methods of protection, in development of the irritant smokes, and in the means of dispersing gases. The strangest variation in methods involves chloropicrin, a bad lung irritant used by the Germans against the Russians in the other war. Now gas-masked nurserymen near Olympia, Washington, sow chloropicrin in the earth to kill weeds, root rot and harmful fungi before planting evergreen tree seedlings.

### Millions for Masks

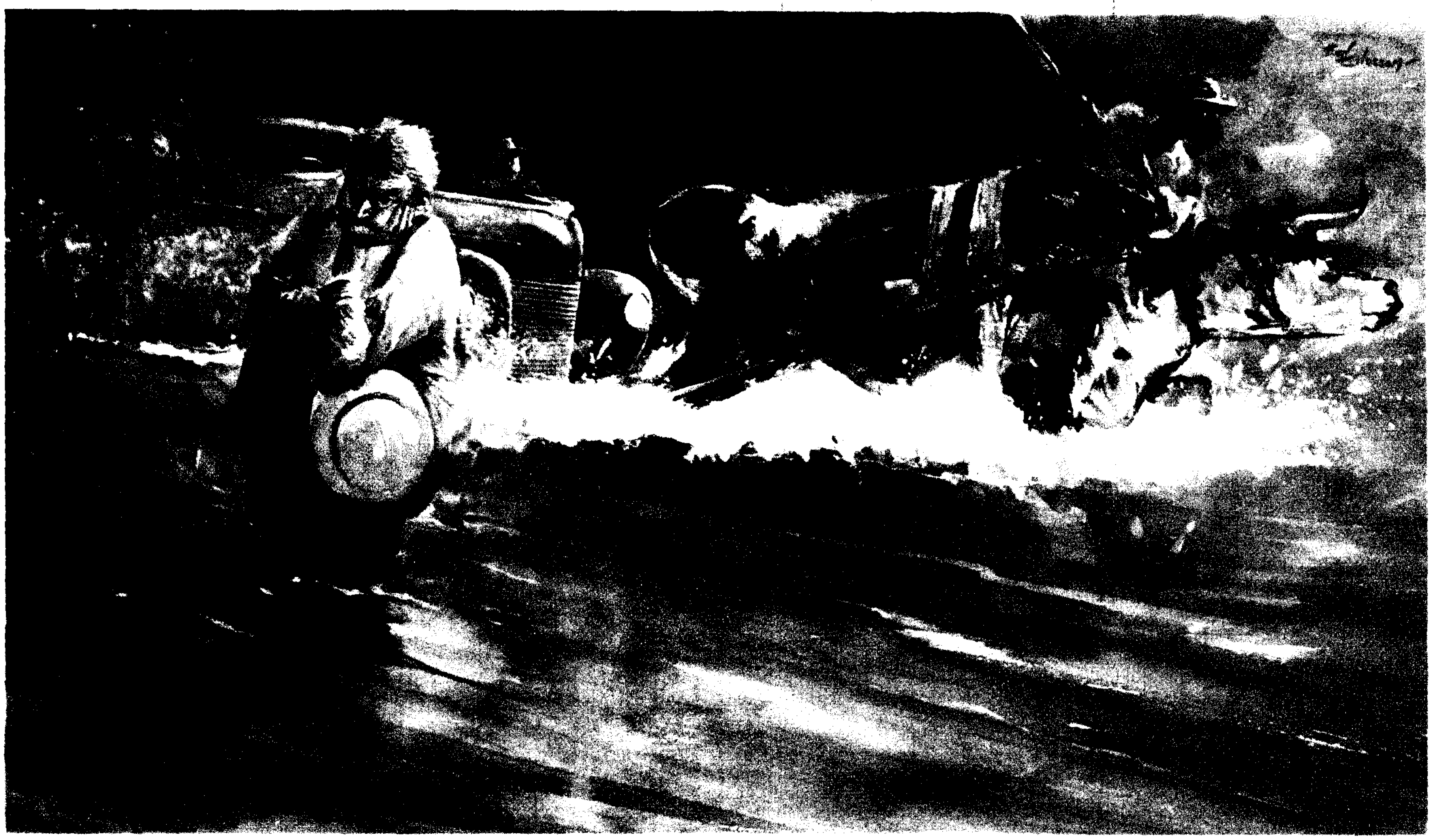
These men, who work in a swirl of deadly gas, are most emphatic in telling you: Don't be afraid of poison gas.

Churchill has warned Hitler against using poison gas against the Russians. President Roosevelt has warned the Japanese, who have been repeatedly accused by the Chinese. The Roosevelt threat was that "retaliation in kind will be meted out in full measure," and probably no nation is better prepared to mete out this sort of punishment than our own. We never have subscribed to any of the international paper scraps outlawing gas.

Our own precautions, too, are more extensive than is usually realized. In February, Congress set aside $29,893,894 to buy gas masks for civilians. They cost, in peacetime, about $3 each and, like Army masks, are invulnerable to all known war gases. In many combat zones, especially on the Pacific Coast, policemen, firemen, air-raid wardens, fire watchers and others, now carry masks. Precautions in Hawaii, where decontamination squads hold regular drills, include "Bunny Masks" for toddling youngsters.

For months, many Civilian Protection Schools, staffed by officers from the Chemical Warfare Service, have been offering courses in gas detection, dispersal and defense. Doctors have similarly been schooled in recognition and treatment of gas cases, to prevent repetition of mistakes made by some physicians in 1917—who at first diagnosed mustard gas blisters as scarlet fever. Nothing like that is likely to happen this time.

Remember this about gases: Respect them, don't fear them. Before an attack, learn what to do and practice doing it; in an attack, keep your head and do the right things, and the chances are you'll be all right. ★★★



ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Luther kind of shook his head, but he said, "Hup!" to the ox again. You'd have thought it was pulling its heart out

# Don't Sit Under the Rubber Tree

## By Philip Clark

**Mr. Whately coveted his neighbor's tire, and the neighbor didn't like it. A South Carolina drama in which justice, as usual, wins**

IT WAS getting on for two o'clock and it was good and hot. Carolina hot, that sort of unconnects a man's muscles and makes just sitting the only thing a sane man would do. Anyway, it's what I was doing, in a rocker on the porch of the store, and Luther Simmons was doing likewise, only down on the steps.

Luther is tall and kind of corner-built, and so black it's a comfort just to look at him on a hot day. We weren't talking—just looking out through the two gas pumps at the concrete highway, that comes down from Princetown and curves off through the pines and palmetto scrub and stretches of salt marsh toward Beaufort. There wasn't a thing anywhere on the road but sunlight, and I figured it would be a long time before anything came by to cast a shadow. Leastways, anything that needed tires and gas to get there.

After a while, I said, "Luther, you reckon we could fix up the cabins to keep bees?"

Luther looked at the row of cabins, and then he looked at me. He said, "Mr. Bob, you ever try to handle bees?"

I said, "Can't really say as I did."

Luther said, "I done it. Once."

After a bit, Luther said, "Mr. Bob, you see what I see?"

I said, "I been thinking I saw it for five, ten minutes. But I thought it was a mirage."

Luther said, "No, sir. It ain't no mirage. It's Mr. Ned Whately. Walkin' the road."

I said, "Mirage or miracle, it's still a thing to see."

Because nobody had ever seen Mr. Ned Whately walk a foot farther than from his car to the nearest shady porch since time began. And here he came, walking the highway in the full heat of the day, and his place a good two miles down the road. His fat face under his Panama hat was the color of a past-due tomato, and every twenty steps he'd stop to gasp and fan himself and wipe off the sweat.

When he got within about ten yards, he was too whipped down to speak, but he did smile. When I seen Mr. Ned Whately smile, I felt my fingers kind of twitch. I knew why they done that. They wanted to get a good grip on my pocketbook, and hold tight. I wouldn't say that Mr. Ned Whately was a sharp customer, exactly. But I wouldn't sleep near him with my mouth open, either. Not with false teeth costing like they do.

He made it to the steps, and flopped down in the chair beside me. For about five minutes, all he could do was pant and sweat. I said, "It's a hot day for walking."

He said, "Any day's a hot day for walking."

I said, "Ain't it the truth? You saving gas?"

He managed a kind of sickly smile. "Not gas. Tires. Blew my front right. Bang! Right in the front yard. And no spare. Just when I was leaving out."

He didn't say where to, but I could guess. To see a certain widow lady over near Deane Hall. A widow lady with the nicest piece of cotton land this side of Princetown. With no mortgages, factor debts, or encumbrances whatever. It wasn't just heat that had Mr. Ned Whately down. It was heartbreak, too.

I SAID, "That's a real, low-down shame. That fine new car of yours. Just high and dry. And the ration board so chinchy with their tires." I said, "Why, even if they allowed your application, it'd likely be months before you could *get* a tire."

He looked at me, and his smile got kind of thin. But he held it. After a bit, he mopped his face again, and said, "Luther, you're looking mighty well."

I thought, oh, oh! I knew Luther thought it, too. But you couldn't tell by his face. A lot of people look at Luther, and all they see is an oldish black man in a ragged shirt. But there ain't nothing ragged about Luther's brains. He said, very polite, "Thankee, Mr. Ned. I doin' all right."

Mr. Ned Whately rocked a couple of times, moving that smile back and forth. He said, "Fishin' pretty good?"

Luther said, "Early season yet, Mr. Ned. They come kind of one-one. But I eats."

Mr. Ned Whately said, "I bet you do." He rocked some more, and said, "There's times I envy you nigres right down to the ground. Fish keep comin'; and make a little for side meat and grits, and you ain't got a care in the world."

Still rocking that smile. Me and Luther just watched him. Like you watch the high grass, to see is it just wind moving, or really a snake.

Mr. Ned Whately said, "Not a care in the world." He rocked some more, and then he said, "Luther, what size tires you got on that old wreck car of yours?"

So there it was. And not wind, either. Luther said, "Why, Mr. Ned, I wouldn't know, 'xactly. Not lessen I went to look."

Mr. Ned. Whately said, "Might pay you to look, Luther."

Luther looked at me, kind of appealing. But short of Mr. Ned Whately tried to use actual, physical force, there wasn't much I could do about it. Luther kind of sighed and said, "Them tires is five an' a quarter by eighteen, Mr. Ned."

Mr. Ned Whately's rocking lost that nervous jerk, and got slow, smooth, and contented. He said, "Now ain't that really luck! Five an' a quarter by eighteen's an awful odd size. I could've searched the whole county, and not

*(Continued on page 44)*

# ARGENTINA-
# Unwilling Enemy

### By Waldo Frank

**BY CABLE FROM SANTIAGO DE CHILE**

**Waldo Frank is an American writer who not only believes in free speech, but practices it. Lecturing in Argentina at the invitation of various universities, he said many things which Adolf Hitler could hardly endorse. So one morning a few weeks ago, six armed men broke into his Buenos Aires apartment and, when his back was turned, hit him with a pistol butt. They followed this up with a thorough Nazi going-over. In his article here, Waldo Frank explains the tragic state of Argentina's affairs which makes such attacks possible**

NOW that I have told the whole truth to Argentina, face to face, as one should speak to a friend, I am free to tell the strange story of this remarkable and unhappy people to the United States. While I was in the country I could not do it, not so much because of censorship as because I needed to be sure of all my facts.

An important part of the picture was the people's and the government's reaction to plain truth-telling. I never had doubts about the people, and the way they rallied and spoke out, after the government had shown its true face, should make the world know what I knew already. The truth is, the Argentine people are with us in this fight, and the government is against us.

The people are with us—not with England; with us to an extent and with a depth of feeling that probably is not equaled in any other of the big Latin-American countries. This is so, if for no other reason, because the whole Argentine nation reads the papers so passionately and knows what the fight is about.

But the government of this highly intelligent people is against us for two reasons, of which the second is the more important: (1) because it thinks we are going to lose; (2) because it knows in its heart that if we win, all it stands for is sunk forever.

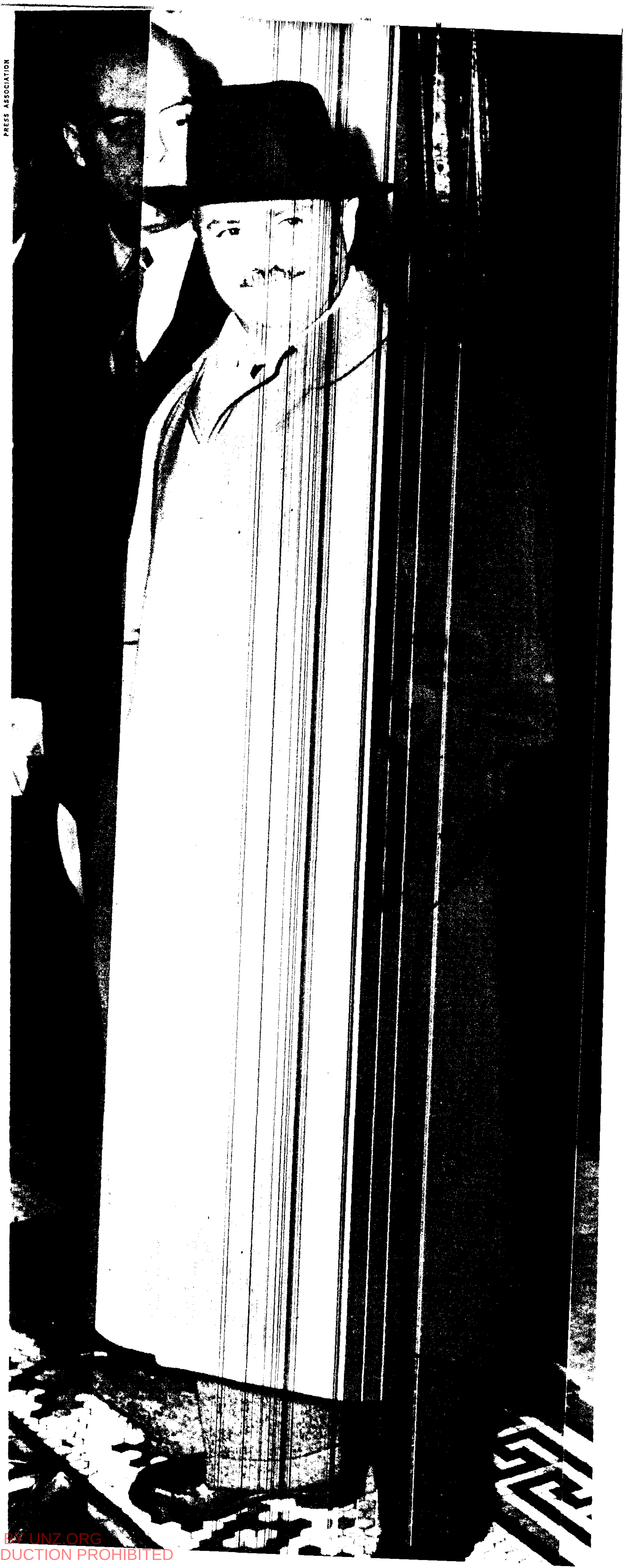
My lecture tour, which took me from the extreme north of the republic down to Tierra del Fuego—a distance as great as from New Orleans to the heart of Greenland—expressed this strange conflict in dramatic terms; not I. The Argentine people turned my journey from a cultural literary event into a political act; not I. They really wrote that "farewell" of mine which, at last, made the government (prompted, as we shall see, by the Nazi embassy) turn against me.

As soon as I got to Buenos Aires, the Society of Argentine Writers gave me a banquet. The president, Eduardo Mallea, and I gave addresses describing the true nature of this war in general terms, which would be safe under the state of siege that forbids direct discussion of international policy or criticism of the government. Then Senator Alfredo Palacios, who is president of the University of La Plata, and former Foreign Minister Carlos Saavedra Lamas, who is rector of the University of Buenos Aires, got up and gave straight fiery political speeches in favor of us and against the official behavior of the country. The four hundred diners were electrified.

Next day, the muzzled papers printed long accounts of my talk and Mallea's with only vague references to the others, but the entire banquet had been broadcast over the nation. Two days later, when I gave my first lecture for the general public, traffic was stopped for an hour, so large was the crowd that tried to get in, and this became more or less the rule.

Wherever I went to speak, the people of Argentina came to hear me. Barred from direct expression of their feelings by a government absolutely out of touch with them but sustained by a pro-Nazi

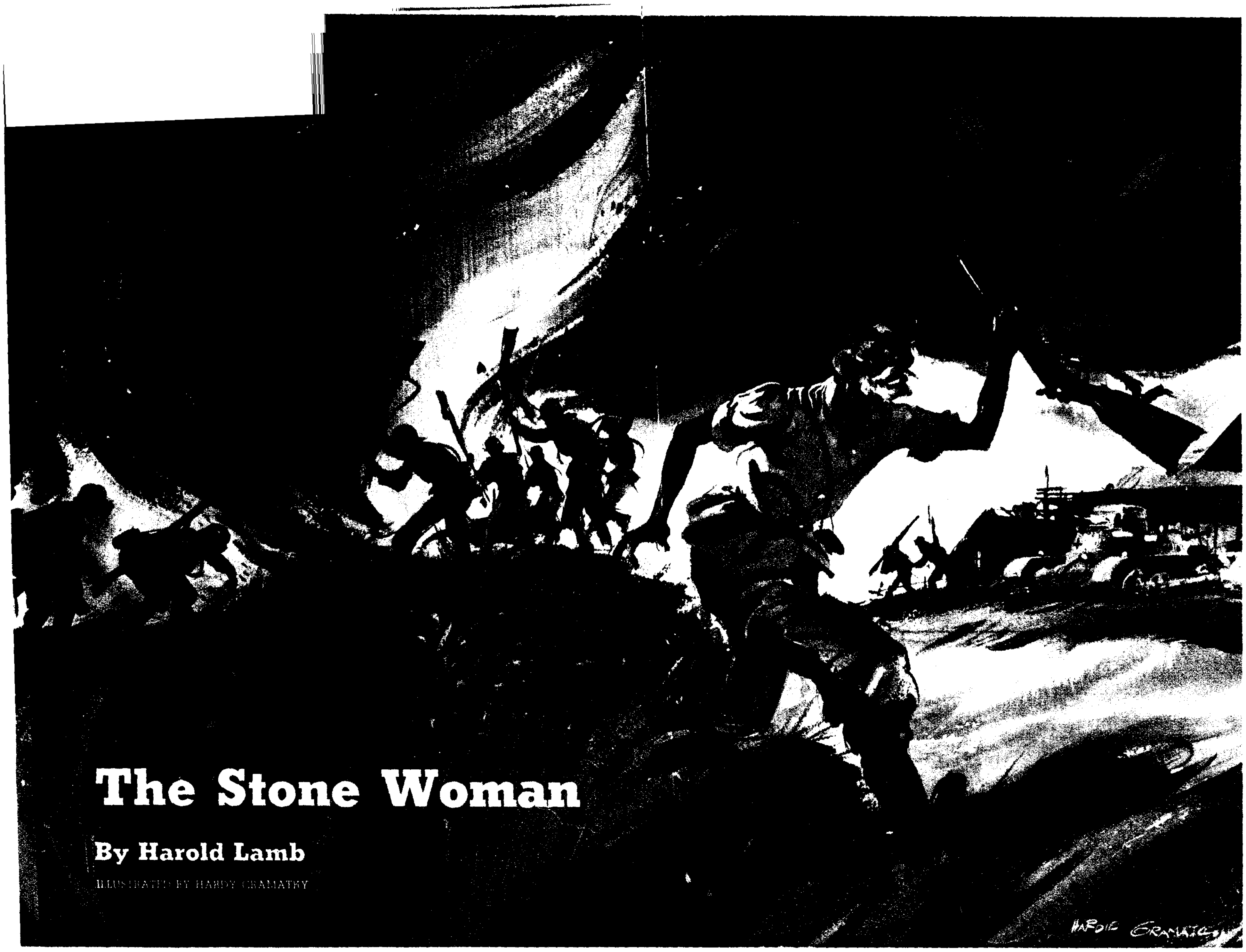
*(Continued on page 67)*



PRESS ASSOCIATION

**Below: Waldo Frank in a Buenos Aires hospital after being beaten by Nazi sympathizers. Right: Leaving courtroom after giving his account of the attack**

PIX



# The Stone Woman

## By Harold Lamb

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDY GRAMATKY

Waving his musket, Yarak leaped away, running. The Germans were too busy beating at the fire to pay attention to him

**Uncle Yarak played a little Russian tune which the Germans didn't appreciate at all**

LATE that afternoon, Uncle Yarak found the flag. Actually, the wind whirled it along the ground in front of him, and he picked it up, not understanding that it was a flag but thinking that he might make use of that small piece of cloth.

He was picking his way along the road to the Dnieper River, heading toward the setting sun. Instead of following the road itself, Yarak kept to the tall grass and the gullies at the side, his blue eyes under shaggy brows questing through the underbrush, his lean, sun-blackened head bent. One hand held a loaded musket, low. A full powder horn weighed down the pocket of his stained breeches, and the rest of his equipment consisted of a steel knife blade, bits of flint, and a bullet punch.

The steppe grass, that mesh of wild wheat, thornbush and stalks of the Ukraine, rose as high as his chest. Down in the gullies where pine growth screened the sandbanks, Yarak could stand up to his six-feet-three of height. "The sky," he repeated to himself, "is a Cossack's rooftop, the saddle's his home."

Yarak, however, had neither horse nor saddle. No horses were to be found here, far from home and behind the German lines. Moreover, a man with a musket on a horse would have been visible a half mile away, over the steppes. And Yarak had discovered by experience that to be sighted from the road was to earn a greeting in the form of a burst of bullets.

On his part he had a shooting feud with the mechanical monsters that passed along the road; with the tanks and armored cars and supply trucks of every nature that chugged back and forth through the billowing dust, usually in herds. He was trying to hunt down such German machines—so far without any luck. The herds of machines passed by for the most part, he noticed, at night and at speed. If they would venture off the road, he might set fire to the steppe grass to windward of them and damage the machines by the resulting furnacelike flame. . . .

TOWARD sunset, he saw the grass stirring on a knoll in front of him. It was not a wind gust striking the grass, because the tops did not bend. Cautiously he investigated, to see if it was a pig moving away. On the summit of the knoll he found a small space beaten down.

"*Lopazik,*" he grunted. Beyond doubt, it was a lair where something quite different from a wild pig had been hiding out. A small sheepskin lay on the ground with a bottle, which Yarak found to contain nothing but water. At the end of that hot day he was thirsty enough, but he wanted more than water.

There was also a small tin box which had in it a flower-embroidered cap, some printed pages much soiled and illustrated with women's dresses. In the papers, three matches had been tucked away carefully. Yarak decided that the occupant of the *lopazik* had been a woman, and a small woman. "*Hai, dushenka,*" he called, low. "Hi, darling!" And got no answer.

He did see, however, that from this lair by the road, a ruined village was visible, and, nearer than the village, a mound upon which stood the gray figure of a woman looking his way. To this, Yarak paid no attention. Such mounds and such gray motionless women were found often enough in the steppes, watching the east. The figures were stone, and Yarak knew them as the stone *babas*. Usually, he was careful to keep his distance from them.

This time, because he was thirsty, he decided to investigate the village which appeared to be empty. He ambled into the cottages, and stopped, puzzled.

These houses sprawled on either side of the road, and those nearest the road had one side crushed in. Between their thatched roofs, over the road itself, wires and poles were stretched with a network of pine branches woven through them. But no living person remained in the village, to sit in the shade of the makeshift canopy. Yet the ground around Yarak reeked with fresh oil. He felt that this place had been occupied very recently and then abandoned.

Before he could investigate, the Cossack sighted a plume of dust down the road, and he headed toward the nearest high grass, which happened to be around the mound where the stone statue stood.

THREE mechanical monsters approached the village and slowed down, turning in under the camouflage. The first, an armored car, was followed by two tank trucks. The Magyar beside the driver of the armored car put away his field glasses.

"Thought I saw two of them stirring around," he said. "One certainly had a rifle."

The captain commanding the detachment, a heavy man who had been a factory manager two years before, said nothing. He was standing on the step, to watch the area of the sky for any sign of hostile planes. The two tank trucks behind him contained gasoline.

"You thought," he muttered presently.

The Magyar, commanding the armored car section, seemed to him to be careless. The captain's copy of the *Militär-Wochenblatt* stated that, "The members of the Supply Organization work with unflinching force and unswerving care of detail along the roads which are the arteries of the army structure."

While the captain was maneuvering, without the loss of a minute, the two gasoline trucks into two ruined houses where they would be screened from observation from the air, the Magyar merely told his section sergeant to

*(Continued on page 86)*

# Amanda and the Ph.D.

### By Josephine Bentham

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

**At one point in the proceedings Aunt Lucy could have torn her little niece limb from limb. But in the end it appears the terrible child had the right idea**

AMANDA BRADSHAW took her stand by the kitchen door and looked up at her mother with the accusing eyes of a child who has not been adequately fed.

"Can I have a chocolate brownie?" she inquired, plaintively. "Can I have one of those chocolate brownies with chocolate frosting on it, Mummy? Can I? Please? Can I, Mummy? *Can* I?"

Amanda's mother did not take her eyes from the grocery list. She had been checking up on the supplies in the spice cupboard.

"No, Amanda," she said, rather absently. "You had two of those chocolate brownies for lunch. And that was enough!"

"But," said Amanda, "I'm *hungry!*"

Amanda was far from being defeated. She was, actually, just beginning her campaign. Her mother knew how it would go—from one strategic move to the next. There would be a long discussion about the lapse of time since lunch. Then it would be argued that the brownie was much too small to interfere with a person's appetite for dinner. There would be passionate avowals concerning the need and desirability of this particular brownie, to be consumed at the moment. There would be equally passionate disclaimers of any interest in any other brownies, to be consumed at any time in the future.

"*Mummy!*" cried Amanda. "*Why* can't I have another one *now?*"

"All right!" cried Amanda's mother. "Take one! And then leave me alone, Amanda!"

She was a little ashamed of this early capitulation and she glanced around, half involuntarily, to see if her sister Lucy were anywhere within earshot.

LUCY was a nice girl, but she was almost too intelligent. She had been graduated with top honors from Wellesley. Then, not content with an M.A., she had gone on to get herself a Ph.D. She was *Lucy Fairfield Bigelow, Ph.D.,* on the title-page of a book called *The Child in the Modern Home*. This was a book containing theories so sound, so logical, so convincing that it had wound up, surprisingly, in the best seller list. As a recognized authority on children, it was small wonder that she should have taken a keen professional interest in the upbringing of her own little niece.

She would not have approved of the affair of the chocolate brownie. "Once you have given a command to a child," she had said, "it is absolutely imperative that you follow it through. How else is the child to have any respect for your authority?" Amanda's mother permitted herself a faint and cryptic smile. "All that stuff—!" she muttered, obscurely. Then she returned, in peace, to her grocery list.

Amanda had ambled out to the front porch, taking her time over the chocolate brownie. She was licking the frosting from it in slow, voluptuous strokes of the tongue. She found her Aunt Lucy there, wearing her new white sharkskin dress and sitting in the yellow porch chair.

"Hello, Amanda!" her aunt said—and then looked at her more closely. "*Should* you be eating between meals?"

Amanda answered, coolly, from a well-nigh impregnable position. "Mummy gave it to me," she said.

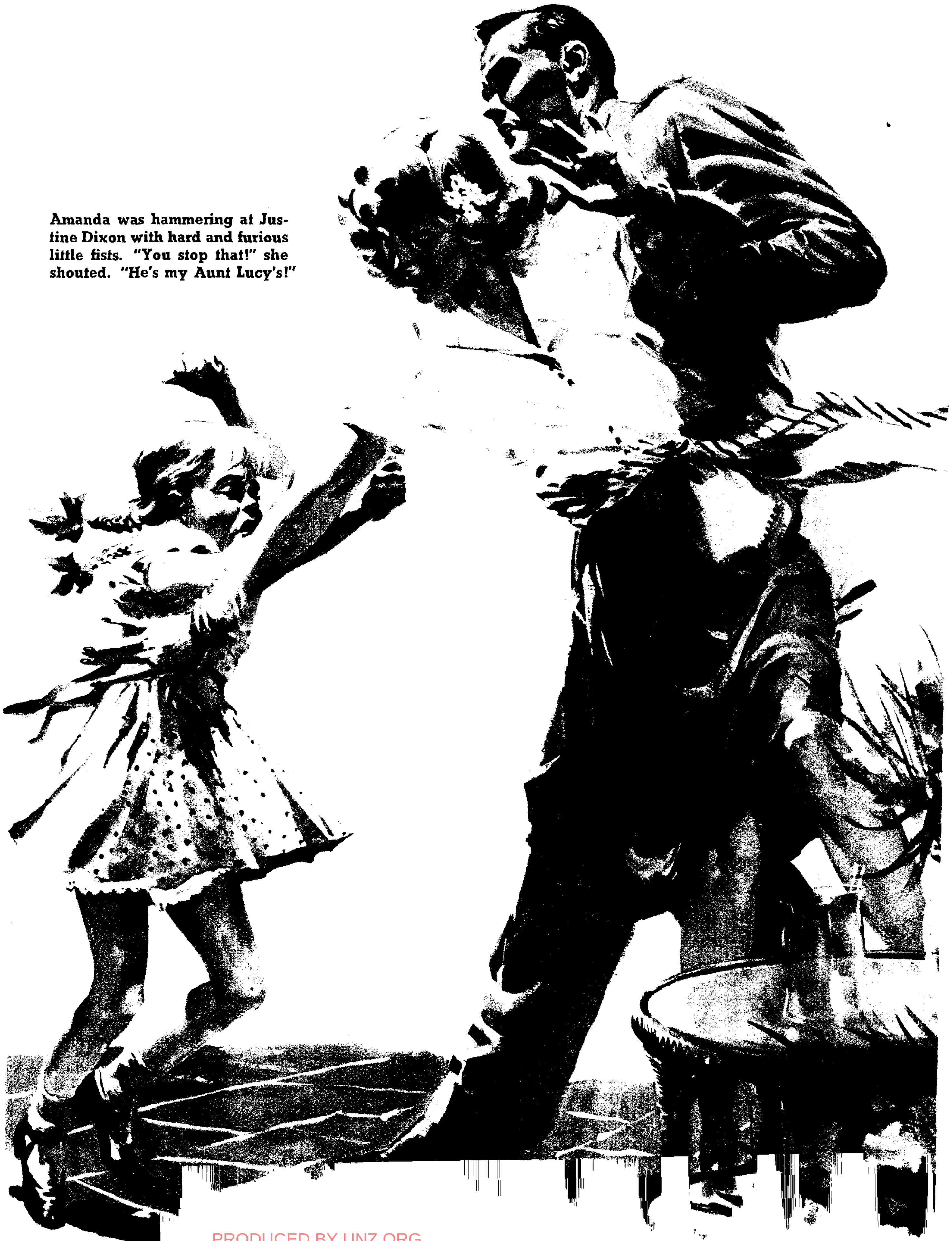
Lucy bit her lip. Only yesterday she had been talking to Amanda's mother about the need for a sterner discipline in regard to the child's diet.

Amanda went on nibbling the edge of her brownie.

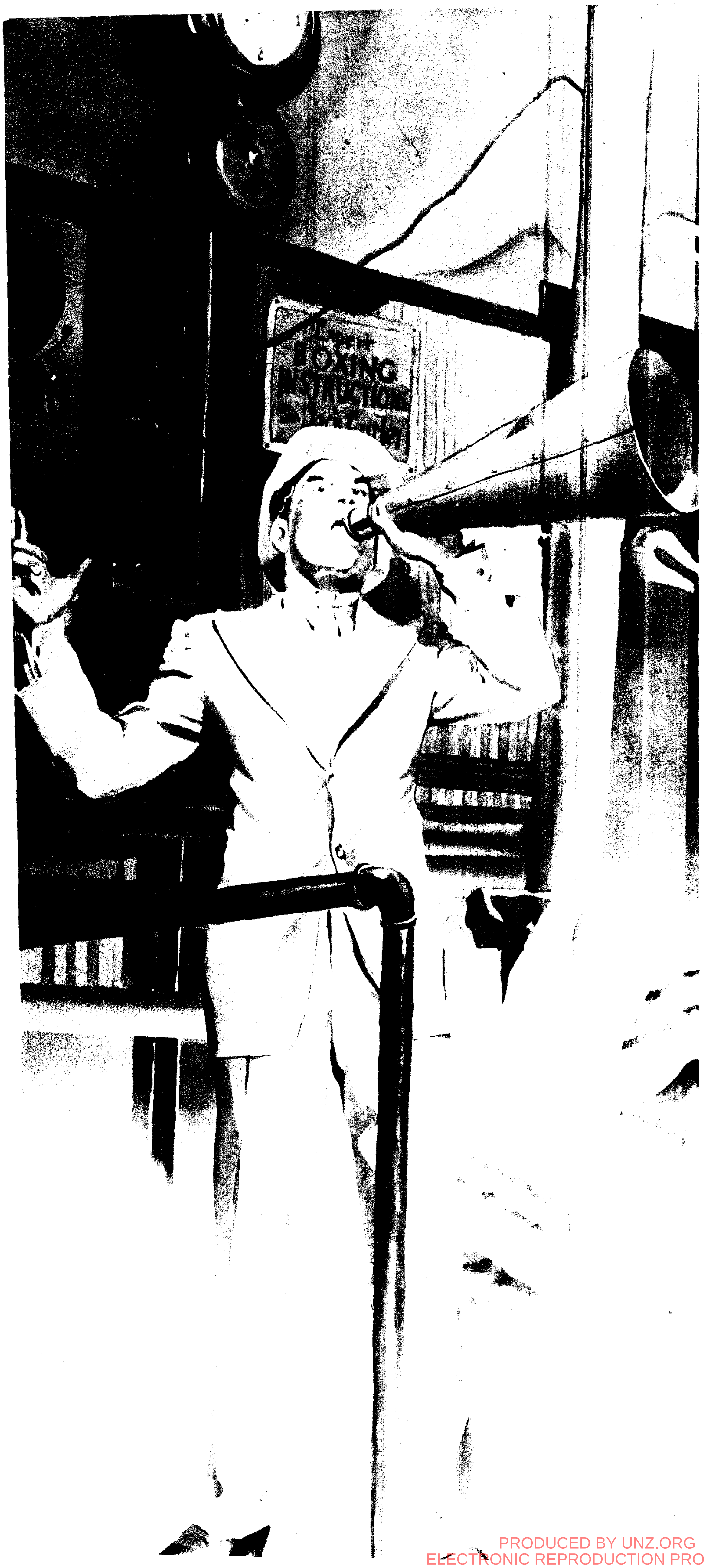
"What are you doing out here, Aunt Lucy?"

Miss Lucy Bigelow flushed to the roots of her hair

(Continued on page 59)



**Amanda was hammering at Justine Dixon with hard and furious little fists. "You stop that!" she shouted. "He's my Aunt Lucy's!"**



# Memory in White

## By Budd Schulberg

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

**Young Pancho Villa the Third had his standards. He always gave the customers a run for their money**

HE ALWAYS used to stand at the entrance of the Grand Street gymnasium, a little yellow man in an immaculate white suit, white Panama hat, white shoes, white tie. This was Jose Fuentes.

If you remember him at all, and you must be an old-timer at the fight clubs if you do, you remember a tough little Mexican kid with a wild left hook, weak on brains but strong on heart. Young Pancho Villa the Third, he used to call himself. No champion, never in the big money, just another one of the kids who come along for a while, who only know how to throw roundhouse punches from any angle with either hand and to bounce up after a knockdown without bothering to take their count and get their wind. The kind the fans go crazy about for a year or two and then don't recognize when they're buying peanuts or papers from them outside the stadium a year or two later.

Club fighters, they're called, a dime a dozen, easy to hit and hard to hurt. At least, hard to knock out. Plenty of hurt, sure, plenty of pain, but that all comes later, when they can't seem to get fights any more, when they start hanging around the gym. Not training, not working, just sort of hanging around.

Now there are plenty of bums hanging around the gym every day in the week. A bum is any boxer who thinks he's going to be on Easy Street when he hangs up his gloves, and winds up on Silly Avenue instead. After that, they just hang around. They hang around waiting for another break, another manager, or a chance to pick up two, three dollars a round sparring with somebody's prospect, or a job as a second, or to put the bite on an old friend or a cocky youngster who wants to feel like a big shot. The gym is the only place they know, so all they can do is hang around and hope to make a dollar.

But no one ever hung around like Young Pancho Villa the Third. Young Pancho went into the occupation of hanging around the gym as if it were a serious and respectable profession. None of this sitting around all day on the long wooden benches with your legs stretched out in front of you as if life were one long rest period between rounds. No loitering for a man who calls himself Young Pancho Villa the Third, in honor of the Indian *guerrilla* whom the *compañeros* in the *cantinas* still sing that *corrido* about. And his valiant little namesake who lost his flyweight championship in a San Francisco ring, and, some hours later, his life in a San Francisco hospital. No panhandling for a man with a name like that. No, Young Pancho Villa the Third had a vision. He was going to get somewhere in the world. He was going to be an announcer.

For it was a funny thing, whenever he tried to think back to his days in the ring, all those fights, even that high point in his career, that main event at the Legion when Pete Sarmiento had him down nine times but couldn't put him away, all those beatings, all those rounds, all those punches he threw and the ones he caught, the whole thing seemed to run together. He would start thinking how it was in that tenth round against Sarmiento, hanging on to Pete to keep from going down, and instead he would be hanging on to Frankie Grandetta, or was it Baby Arizmendi? The memories kept spilling over and running together.

There was only one memory that stood out sharply, refusing to blend with the others. It was a memory in white, the memory of a man in a very white suit, a very important man with a megaphone who used to climb through the ropes while Young Pancho and his opponent were sitting in their corners, and say in a very important voice to which everybody listened in respectful silence, "Lay-deez and gen-tle-men . . ."

A white suit, a megaphone and everybody listening. That was the vision. Young Pancho Villa the Third, the stocky little Mex with a child's face hammered flat as an English bulldog's, walked down Main Street in pursuit of a vision, a white-linen, double-breasted vision that floated ahead of him, leading him past the burleycue houses and the pool parlors, the nickel flophouses, the dime flophouses and the exclusive clean-sheets-every-week two-bit flophouses, leading him past the saloons with their threadbare elegance, the gaudy juke boxes, the gaudy and threadbare B-girls, past all those wonderful and tempting ways to spend his money. But Young Pancho kept his thick little hands in his pockets until he came to Manny (Nothing Over Five Dollars) Liebowitz' High Class Clothing Store For Men.

None of the other guys who hung around the gym were getting any gold stars on their report cards for neatness. Most of them wore suits that looked as if they had been used to mop up the floors of Happy Harry's saloon on the corner. So Pancho was going to be smart. Pancho was going to look like *(Continued on page 52)*

**Pancho shouted his announcements, thrilled with the sound of the beautiful deep voice that rose from his lips like organ music**

# The Fighting Cardinal

By

**Quentin Reynolds**

RADIOED FROM LONDON

BRITISH COMBINE

**Britain's Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Hinsley, frailer now than when lunching with General De Gaulle, says he will fight the Nazi menace with all his remaining strength, and exhorts his fellow Catholics to do likewise**

AN IRISHMAN died, and all of Britain mourned. An Irishman died and Westminster Cathedral was packed with 3,000 people of London who wanted to pay their last respects. The Irishman was 21-year-old Wing Commander Paddy Finucane, the idol of the R.A.F., who had crashed over the Channel three days before.

A frail and elderly British cardinal arose from a sickbed to conduct the services over the remains of Paddy Finucane. He was Arthur Cardinal Hinsley. It is a pity that his eloquent words in praise of Paddy Finucane will never be heard by the boy's relatives in Eire. The words and actions of His Eminence Cardinal Hinsley are banned in southern Ireland.

After the services I went to see Cardinal Hinsley. He is tall, and the weight of his years and the troubles of his people have stooped his shoulders a little, but his smile is friendly and if his veined hand trembles a little, his handshake is firm and hard, as the handclasp of a fighting man should be. And let there be no mistakes: His Eminence Cardinal Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster, is one of the great fighting prelates of our times.

"It is a pity that southern Ireland thinks so ill of me," he said, seating himself in a comfortable chair. "Although I am half Yorkshire, I am also half Irish, and I feel very close to the people of Ireland, but, like Paddy Finucane and some 150,000 other Irishmen who serve in the British Army, Navy and Air Force, I am not and never have been a neutral.

"When you consider the evil that has sprung from Hitler's desire to substitute Germania for Christianity, I do not see how any Catholic can be neutral; cannot but be willing and anxious to fight. Anyone who has ever read Pope Pius XI's Encyclical *Mit Brennender Sorge,* in which he unmasked the lying and the violence of the Nazi regime, or who read his Christmas Allocution in 1937, must know that everything Nazi is anti-Catholic; that everything Nazi avowedly wants to destroy our faith. In the face of these facts and of the persecution of Cardinals Faulhaber and Innitzer in Germany, I say that any Catholic who is neutral is untrue to his religion. I believe that my religion and my country are worth fighting for; worth dying for; and when I talk of the Nazis"—the cardinal's eyes twinkled—"don't remind me of my Christian charity."

Long before the war began, Cardinal Hinsley was earning the admiration of the people of Britain—people of all faiths—by his outspoken attacks on Hitler and Naziism. Cardinal Hinsley was not one of the Munich appeasers.

"Britain and America have held as a principal motive for entering the war, the defense of the interests of the spirit, the defense of personal and corporate liberty."

The cardinal gasped and his right hand clutched his heart. His eyes closed with pain and then his hand reached out for a small box of pills which stood on the table beside him. Laboriously he raised two of the pills to his mouth, then slowly he stood up. He breathed heavily and that was the only sound in the small room in the mansion.

"I've tired you. I'll go," I said.

His face was ashen but he shook his head, and then the color came back and in a moment his breathing was normal. He sat down slowly.

## Message to American Catholics

"Ah," he said ruefully, "I am half blind, half deaf, and have only half a heart left, but as long as I have anything left at all, I will exhort my fellow Catholics to fight against those Nazis who would destroy our faith, our liberty.

"I do not live in London any more. There are only a few habitable rooms left in the mansion here; you'll notice most of the windows were bombed out. I must go to the country today, for I know I couldn't last long in London. But I wanted to see you before I went. I wanted to give you this message to my fellow Catholics in America, in all parts of the world."

The drugs had temporarily pushed away the dreaded clutch on his weak heart. His color had returned and he fingered the cross that lay golden against the brilliant crimson of his sash. Through his spectacles, his eyes twinkled again.

"There is so much to do and so little time to do it in," he observed, with a smile. "We English are noted for our readiness to compromise but there can be no compromise between the first principles of right and wrong; no compromise between Christianity and the rival brands of anti-Christianity. As a Catholic, I justify my belligerent part in the war by knowing that we fight for and defend the principles as expounded by Pope Pius XI, which I have already mentioned. That document and the Atlantic Charter are two documents for Christians to use as guides. Your magnificent President Roosevelt has said that we are fighting for the Four Freedoms. He is right. And they are worth fighting for!

"You know, the esteemed Nazi radio propagandists have been going to work on me lately," he continued. "They tell me that my Catholicism is inconsistent with my being a loyal British subject. I can only repeat the words of the one-time Lord Chancellor of England, Sir Thomas More, 'I am a loyal servant of my country but God's servant first.'

"The Nazi propagandists remind me of Humpty Dumpty in Lewis Carroll's Through The Looking Glass. Humpty Dumpty said, 'When *I* use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less.' Humpty Dumpty is no longer a character in a fairy tale. He lives in Berlin. The Nazi Humpty Dumpty says that there is no God but the German soul; no immortality but in the pure Nordic blood; the new religion is the German race. Chief Humpty Dumpty is Herr Rosenberg, who was entrusted by the Fuehrer with overseeing 'all spiritual and philosophical schooling and education.' His theory of blood, race and soul makes him the perfect Humpty Dumpty."

The cardinal chuckled over the apt analogy. The weight of his eighty years has not crushed his sense of humor. His sermons, the most brilliant perhaps delivered in Britain, are always spiced with humor and colloquial allusions.

The cardinal rested a moment. Shadows of the late afternoon were creeping through the open window, burnishing the gold of his cross and darkening the crimson of his biretta and his sash. It was very quiet in Westminster, and then from a neighboring house came the voice of the radio giving us the news.

"The Russians are fighting desperately," the calm BBC voice went on. "Stalin has given the order 'not one step backward.' The Germans have crossed the River Don at terrific cost."

## The Proof of Religion

"Ah!" The cardinal smiled gently. "Those magnificent Russian people. They are willing to fight to the death to defend their country from the scourge of the invader. Should we not show the same courage? I get impatient with Catholics who still look askance at our Russian brothers. Instead, we should take an example from them. We should fight by their side against our common enemy. The Russians do not understand us or our religion. Perhaps if we gave them one hundred per cent help and gave them one hundred per cent faith, they would understand us and our religion better. A Catholic in America who would not give all aid to Russia is not true to his faith. Who knows but by our example we might one day show Russia the value of our religion.

"Think of this war as a rugby game. It can only be won by teamwork and by all team members having perfect confidence in one another and with each willing to help the other to the utmost. That is how I feel about our great Russian teammate."

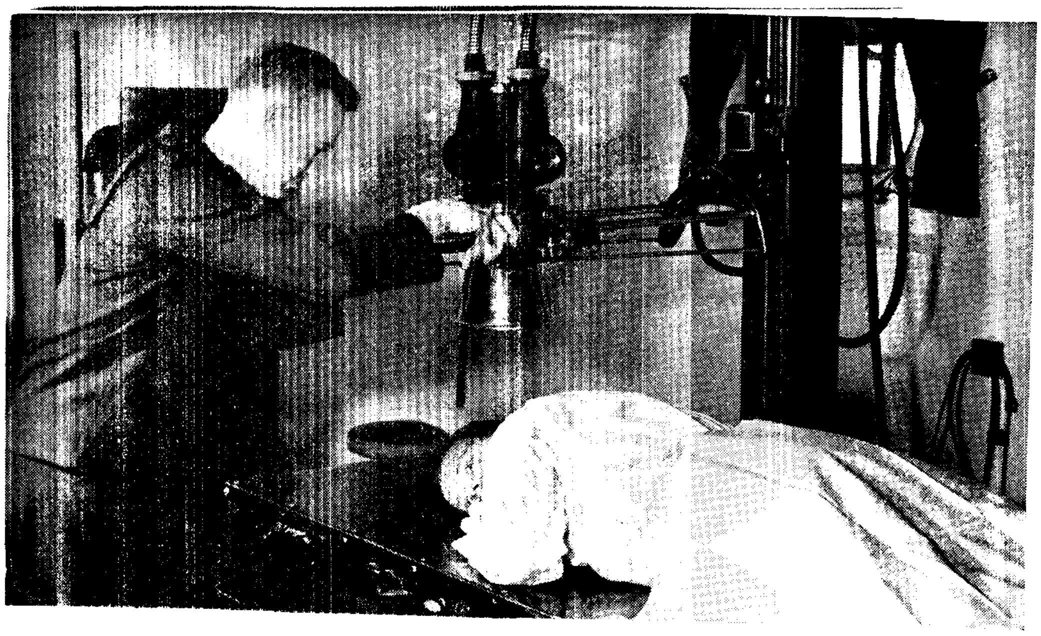
The cardinal was tired, and now the shadows were halfway across the room. I was very proud to kneel, to kiss his ring, and ask his blessing. I have met most of the great fighting men of the war, but none are equal to this fighting man who, in loving his country, worships his God all the more. He had said, "I am half blind, half deaf and have only half a heart left."

If the rest of us in America and Britain could see as well, could hear only as well and had only half of his great heart, the grim specter of Naziism would soon be but a painful memory, and peace would come to bless us once again. ★★★

# SEAGOING SURGERY

### By Hannah Lees

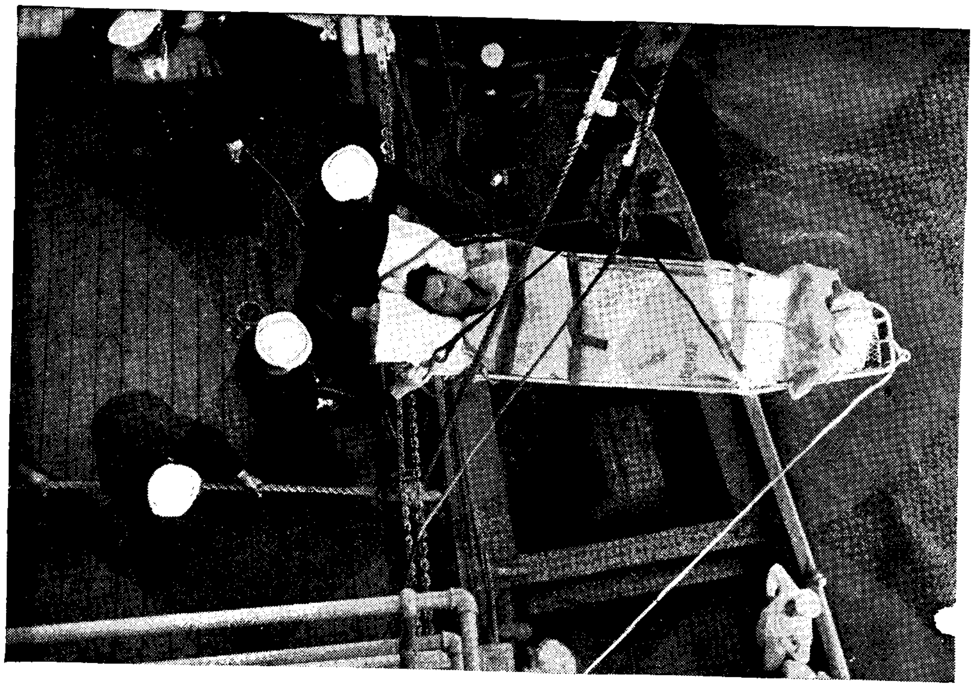
**The best medical skill looks after our men in the Navy. And hospitals follow the fleet. Miss Lees takes you to sea to inspect our floating facilities**



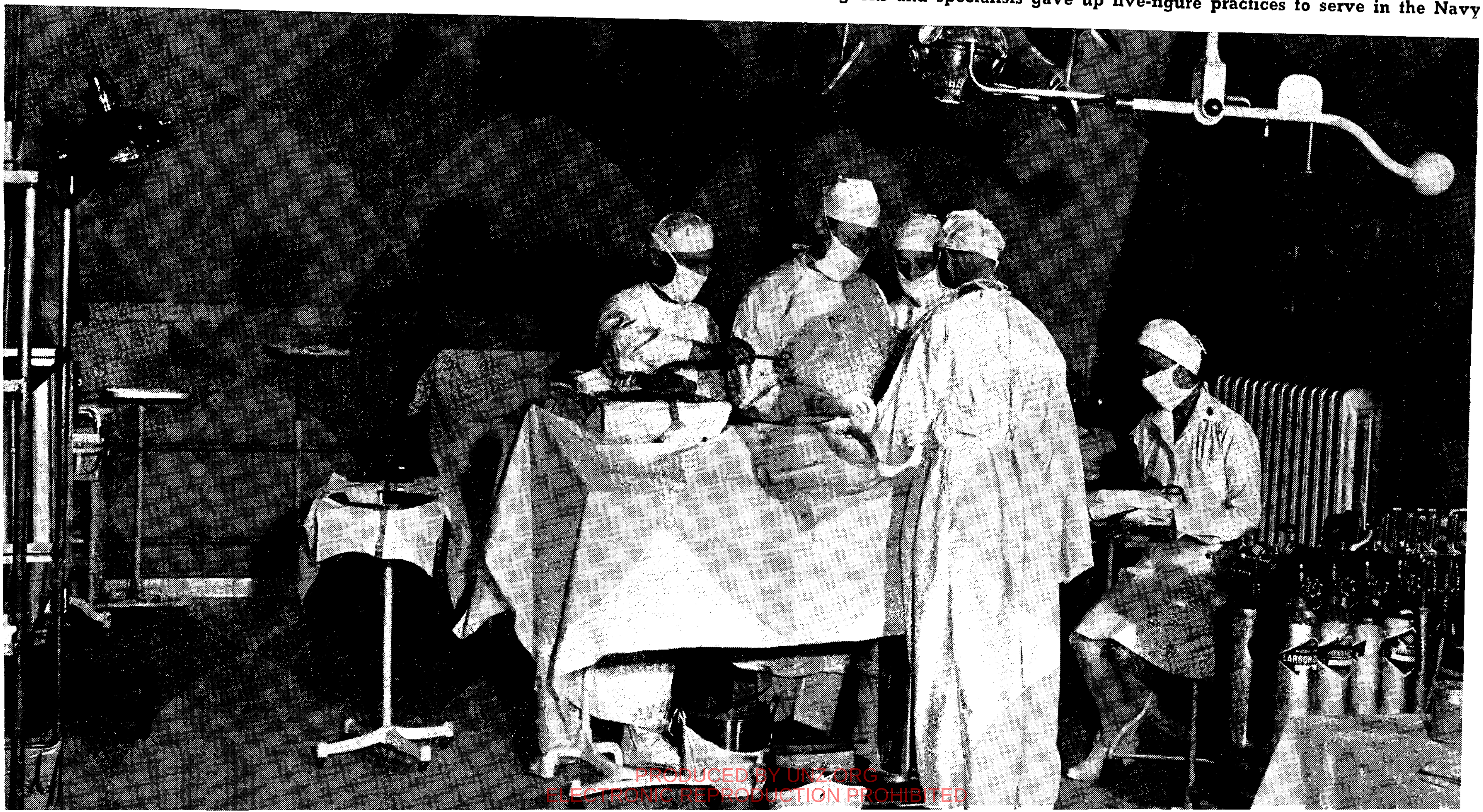
Every kind of medical equipment is found on the Navy's hospital ships. Here Leslie H. Joslin, pharmacist's mate, 1st class, prepares to take an X-ray

Hospital-ship nurses take a turn around the deck. They are required to wear cumbersome life-jackets at all times when the ship is under way. Nurses are assigned eighteen-month stints, during which time they seldom set foot on shore

An injured sailor goes over the side in a Stokes stretcher. In one of these, the patient can be carried or hoisted without aggravating his injury



Hospital ships follow the fleet, standing ready to receive patients. Here in the operating room a surgeon performs an emergency appendectomy. Some of the surgeons and specialists gave up five-figure practices to serve in the Navy



IT WAS cold in the North Atlantic last winter, cold and rough . . . too rough. On one of the tin cans prowling around up there . . . destroyers if you're a landlubber . . . a seaman was going aft on ice-coated decks. He was a first-class seaman with first-class sea legs, but a wave came along that made the ship look like a stick in a spring freshet. It slapped him into one of the davits, hard and right across the belly. When they fought their way out to pick him up it was obvious that he was badly hurt. This was an injury that needed a hospital.

A hospital? There in the middle of the North Atlantic? Why certainly.

The ship's doctor went to the captain. "Sir," he saluted, "we've an injured man below that ought to be got to the Relief," and he told him about it.

The captain listened and began to give orders. "Radio them we're bringing an injury. Ask if they can send a boat. We'll never get ours lowered in this sea," he said.

The orders were grimly given and grimly carried out. It was lucky they weren't in the midst of a convoy job. It was lucky they could turn around and head for the Relief, the hospital ship that was tending the task force up there. But no one had had a hot meal in ten days, no one had had much sleep with the sea the way it was. The patient wasn't in the best sort of shape for a serious operation even if it could be done at once. And it was going to take time to get him to the Relief, time and a lot of dangerous motion. Of course, there was the Stokes stretcher.

Stokes stretchers are as integral a part of Navy medicine as a bedside manner is of private practice, and a lot more useful. They are shallow wire baskets—heavy galvanized wire fastened to steel pipe frames—shaped very much like a man's body. There is a space for the head, space for the shoulders, a trough for each leg. When an injured seaman is wrapped in blankets, laid in a Stokes stretcher and then fastened in with straps, he can be carried up and down ladders, hoisted in and out of boats, and though the trip may do terrible things to his psyche, it probably won't make his injury any worse. Which, when you're organizing medical care in a high sea, is quite a factor.

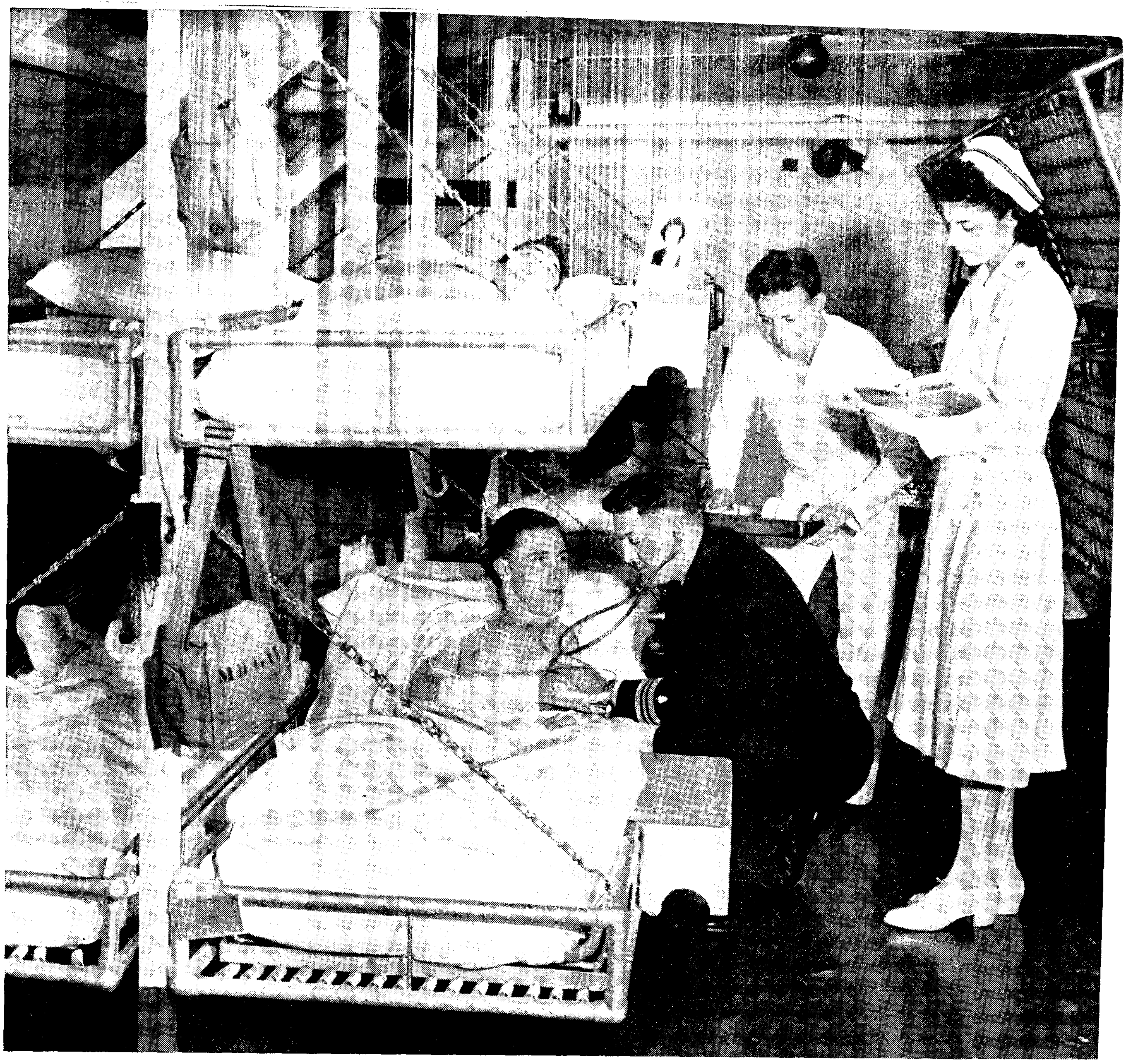
Almost as soon as the destroyer got within hail of the Relief—call it the Relief but it might just as well have been Mercy or the Solace or any kindred noun, for that's the way U. S. Hospital Ships are named—the ambulance boat was alongside. There was no question of carrying the hurt bluejacket down the gangway, not in that sea. A sling was rigged and the stretcher was lowered into the boat like so much cargo. A red and white flag was hoisted at the little boat's bow; signal H, known medically enough as Hypo, which means there's a sick man aboard. And as fast as the waves would allow the sailor was being hoisted into the hospital ship by another sling and rushed to the operating room by a special elevator running up and down through the ship and opening directly at the operating room.

A surgeon was waiting. He looked the man over, gave him spinal anesthesia and operated as fast and efficiently as ever he could have on hard dry land. They use spinal anesthesia almost routinely in the Navy. It's easier on the patient, they think, gives complete relaxation, and most important of all, it's an anesthetic a doctor can give by himself, if he has to. He probably won't have to; hospital ships are equipped with trained anesthetists and all the other standard forms of anesthesia. But it's well to be prepared, and they are.

It was a bad injury our sailor had. His liver was almost hopelessly crushed and peritonitis was beginning to set in. But he couldn't have had better care if he'd been a bank president. His surgeon had been chief of staff at one of the better known New York hospitals before Pearl Harbor. The only thing *(Continued on page 57)*

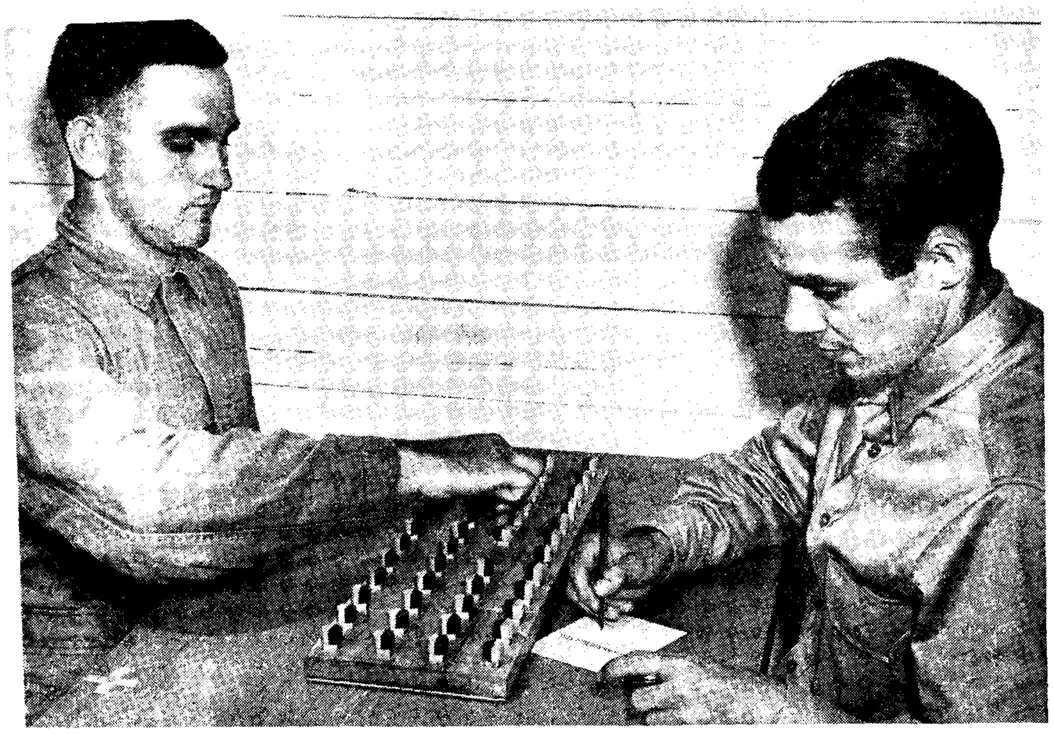
U.S.N. No 7455
7455

**All hospital ships carry ambulances, and whenever a ship approaches within shooting distance of one of our big naval bases, it heads in and unloads patients**

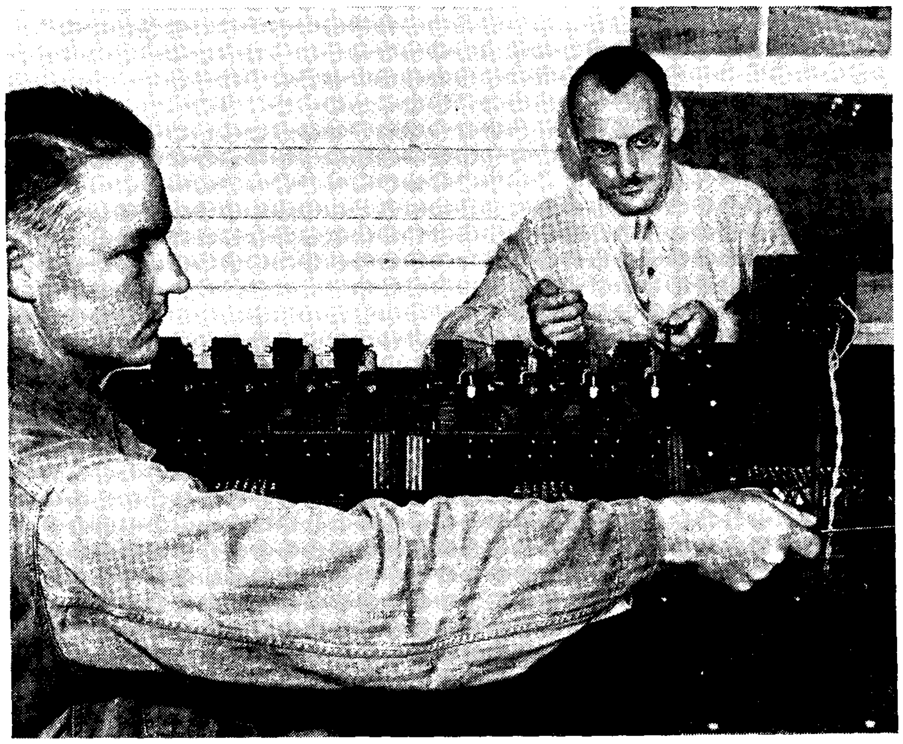


**Dr. Oard, assistant chief medical officer, making the rounds in a medical ward. This ward is almost empty because most of the patients have just been transferred to a shore hospital**

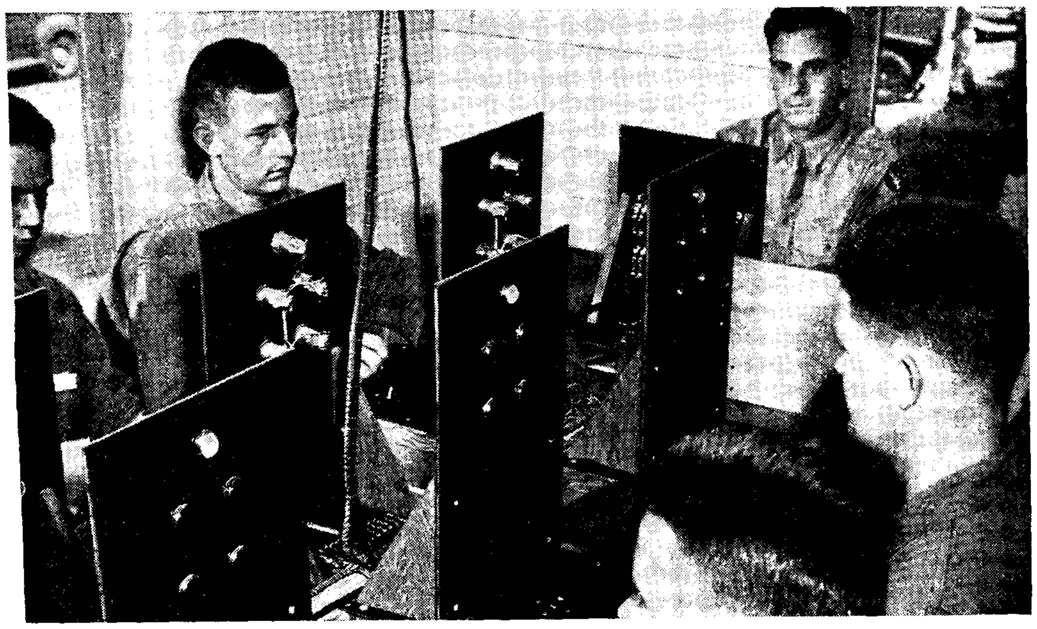
**In the nose and throat clinic, Dr. A. J. Delaney, 11 years in the Navy, treats Dean Polls, pharmacist's mate, 1st class, for a sinus infection**



Pvt. Settlage, with a psychology M.A., tests Cadet Alexander's finger dexterity. Trick is to remove peg from square hole, turn it around, replace it against time



Cadet England tests his steadiness by holding rod in center of hole without touching wired sides. Cpl. Preston holds the watch



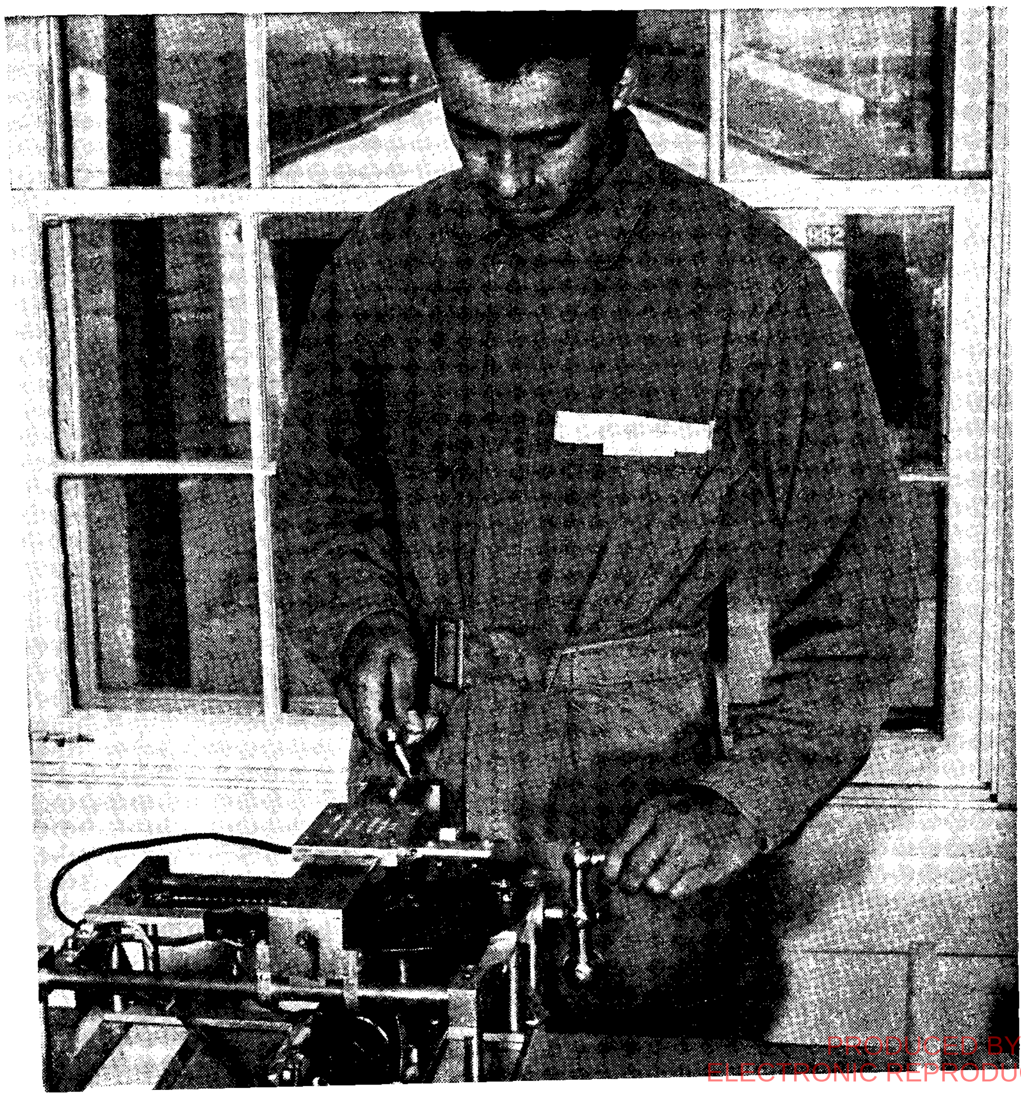
When lights on board flash, cadets must throw a corresponding switch on the table, thus enabling Staff Sergeant Klapper (in background) to test their reaction time

# THAT'S HOW FLIERS ARE FOUND

## By Devon Francis

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

**Out of years of study of what makes a man a fighting flier have come the Army's scientific screening tests that sift out pilots, bombardiers, navigators with automatic precision**



THEY hand you a list of questions which reads something like this: "A simulated airdrome is one which is A—hidden, B—exposed, C—feigned, D—camouflaged, E—occupied."

The man will come over and say, "You have five choices on each question. Just mark on the test sheet which one you think is correct."

He is disarmingly friendly, and you remark to yourself that this is going to be like shooting fish in a barrel.

You sit there in the Army Air Forces Classification Center, conscious of the hardness of your chair and of the itch in the lobe of your ear. You listen to the sound of pencils on other examination papers around you, like distant surf, and you run your eye down that long series of multiple-choice answers. Presently you begin getting that guilty feeling you experienced during final exams in civics or algebra when you failed to bone up the night before.

There are a lot of those questions—150 of them in fact—and as you turn the pages of the Air Corps Qualifying Examination, you begin having your doubts as to which answer is correct. One may say:

"Two wheels are connected by a belt. The diameter of the first wheel is 18 inches and the diameter of the second is 9 inches. If the speed of the first wheel is 200 revolutions per minute, the speed of the second wheel is A—300 r.p.m., B—400, C—200, D—50, E—100."

To prove two-hand co-ordination, Cadet Ortiz turns handles that keep pointer over moving button

If you are a mite shy on your knowledge of mathematics, you will put down the most obvious answer to that one. Then, as you think it over, your self-confidence will begin to ebb and you will resort to pure guesswork. Guesses will be little or no help. The Army has seen to that. The answer, of course, is 400 r.p.m.

But your judgment will be shaken and you will experience some hot and cold flashes before you finish the test. If you are normal, you likely will make a passing grade. That's 90 correct answers out of 150. Passing is very important to you if you want to fight World War II in the air. But much more important to the Army Air Forces will be the telltale psychological fingerprints you leave on your examination paper.

When you have handed in your paper, the Army will have made a pretty good start on determining whether A—you belong in the Air Forces at all, B—you will make a good bombardier, C—you will make a good pilot, or D—you will make a good navigator. All you will be told, though, is whether you passed or failed.

The Army will know a lot more about you. It will have pegged your general level of intelligence. It will know your ability to comprehend and follow directions. It will have gauged your knowledge of mechanics and, in general, determined the soundness of your judgment.

In giving you the first of a series of aptitude tests, it has plumbed you for evidences of temperamental stability. Stability is very important in the air operations of World War II. The A.A.F. can't take a chance on your going to pieces at the moment you have leveled off wave-high, with gunfire making treacherous geysers in your flight path, to launch a torpedo at the flank of an enemy aircraft carrier.

Determination and judgment may be

*(Continued on page 27)*

## Wait! Are you sure you want sugar in your Old Fashioneds?

**MAN:** Sorry. For a moment I forgot we all have to be sugar-misers now.

**US:** True enough, but that's only *one* of the reasons we asked that question.

**MAN:** I don't get it. What's the other reason?

**US:** Well, lately, more and more people have been telling us that it seems a shame to dim the noble flavor of a whiskey as magnificent as today's Four Roses with even a particle of sweetness.

**MAN:** Say—that certainly makes sense. In fact, when I found what wonderful things had happened to today's Four Roses, I started leaving all the fruit except a twist of lemon peel out of my Old Fashioneds. Man—what a glorious cocktail that makes!

**US:** Then we think you'll like a Four Roses Old Fashioned even better without any sugar at all.

**MAN:** O.K., then—I'll leave out the sugar.

**US:** But whether or not you find you like it better that way, you'll still have the most princely Old Fashioned a man could ask for—as long as it's made with today's Four Roses!

*Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*

**YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S FOUR ROSES**

# Boeing or Heinkel, Mr. Spotter?

Can you tell with certainty? The fate of lives, key production plants, perhaps the nation, is at stake.

Can you count the motors, identify the tell-tale silhouette features that distinguish enemy plane from friend?

Faulty eyes fail here. Intense concentration tires them quickly, blacks them out.

It was foolish for anyone, even in peacetime, to put up with defective vision. Now it is a betrayal of trust—in the spotter's tower, at the lathe, over the desk or drafting board, at the throttle or wheel, in first-aid—wherever your wartime job may be. And so unnecessary! In 98 cases out of a hundred, faults of vision can be corrected.

In justice to yourself and your responsibilities, see to your eyes right away. Don't make the tragic mistake of assuming that your vision is "all right." 70% of all American eyes are defective. Only part of them have been given the advantage of true professional care. There are 20,000,000 pairs of eyes unfit to do their patriotic job for Uncle Sam.

Don't wait and don't take chances with slipshod eye care. Eyes that must serve all your life are far too precious for that.

Go where you can be certain of the professional and technical skills essential to the protection and care of your priceless eyes. Good vision will help win the decision. Better Vision Institute, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

**VISION FOR VICTORY**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

# That's How Fliers Are Found

Continued from page 24

at a premium back in Bangor or Baton Rouge but here it is an everyday commodity. That's what makes good armies, and good armies make victory.

The recruiting-center classification test is only one of twenty-one aptitude examinations. The aptitude examinations are only one phase of the screening to which candidates for bombardier, pilot and navigator posts in the A.A.F. are subjected.

Flight surgeons will microscope your ears, eyes, lungs, heart and mental prejudices. They will see whether you have vasomotor instability, a highfalutin name for trouble with that part of a man's nervous system controlling his sweat glands. They will find out whether you were upset by a divorce in the family or by the sight of a two-headed calf at the county fair.

In short, acceptance for an Army Air Forces examination is a free ticket to a physical and mental overhaul. Most people have something wrong with them. It is only the *degree* of wrongness which determines whether they are acceptable as members of warplane crews.

### A Scientific Going-Over

That classification-center test you just took, together with a preliminary physical examination, constitutes the cornerstone of the most elaborately scientific going-over ever given United States fighting men since the alert was lighted for Paul Revere in the steeple of Boston's Old North Church.

For many years, big business houses, government departments and educational institutions have employed screening tests to measure the intelligence and aptitude of prospective employees. The A.A.F. test is an adaptation, but it is an adaptation with a profound significance for the war effort and the postwar world. To understand that, you have to understand how it came about.

The test was forged in the heat of the national emergency and polished in the electric hours which followed Pearl Harbor. It was devised, along with others given at three preflight schools, by some of America's leading psychologists. The motivating idea was simple: to find a way to determine ahead of time whether a man could do what was expected of him in air combat. Mere learning was no criterion. A man of vast knowledge, living in a peacetime ivory tower, might be a complete dud as the member of a bomber crew when the ack-ack blossomed blackly to port and starboard.

Some examination, automatic in its findings, had to be devised to choose the men for the air army of World War II. In all the fifteen years between 1923 and 1938, the Army had examined only 37,000 applicants for air training. Less than a fifth of them had the qualifications. Only a little more than 2,000 finished the course.

Now the Army was talking about an air force of 2,000,000 men. That might mean upward of 70,000 bombardiers, as many navigators, and 350,000 pilots if the war proved to be a long one. Much of the human factor in the selection process had to be eliminated. The day of hand picking American airmen was over.

The flight surgeons knew the problem was complicated. In almost a quarter of a century of examining pilots and prospective pilots, they had learned that they couldn't say the daydreamer, the introvert, would make a bad pilot and that the hail fellow well met, the extrovert, would make a good one. As a matter of fact, a lot of good pilots are slightly introverted; they have to be to enjoy flying long periods by themselves.

The A.A.F. began its job on this premise: Successful military airmen—navigators, bombardiers and pilots—differ in interests, ability and temperament from the man in the street. It wanted quick adaptability. Therefore, it was essential that the tests measure aptitude rather than specific technical information or formal education or specialized training.

The Office of the Air Surgeon decided on six classifications of questions. They would determine a candidate's "vocabulary level," reading comprehension, practical judgment, knowledge of mathematics, alertness to recent developments and mechanical comprehension.

How the Army's system of Aviation Cadet selection finally took form is a story impinging on the stubborn determination of a man named David N. W. Grant.

As late as 1939, the Army was choosing its few hundred cadets each year for Randolph Field, "West Point of the Air," as a town dowager would select the annual crop of fluttering debutantes. For twenty years the school of Aviation Medicine had carried on its research. No longer were the Eddie Rickenbackers, Frank Lukes and Raoul Lufberrys of the First World War enigmas of aptitude.

Flight surgeons had opened the door on a whole new and vast field of human behavior. In this never-never land of personality study, they rode in the back cockpits with students on the last laps of their schooling, lived with them in barracks, asked endless questions about their home lives and childhood interests.

They spotted the chronic worriers and the men who went limp in emergencies. They learned to separate the congenitally calm ones from the dangerously phlegmatic ones. They tumbled to the fact that in certain respects it required a higher degree of intelligence for bombing and specialized navigation than it did for piloting.

But no yardstick existed for a quick measurement of a man's practical intelligence and aptitude. This man Grant was determined to find one. A loosely knit, big-framed Virginian, he joined the Army in 1916 to help Black Jack Pershing chase Pancho Villa through the sun-scorched hills of northern Mexico, but somehow he wound up in the Canal Zone, assigned to an ambulance company, herding mules.

Twelve years ago, he decided to take a course in aviation medicine at Randolph Field, and he wasn't halfway through before he began arguing that the system of cadet selection ought to be changed.

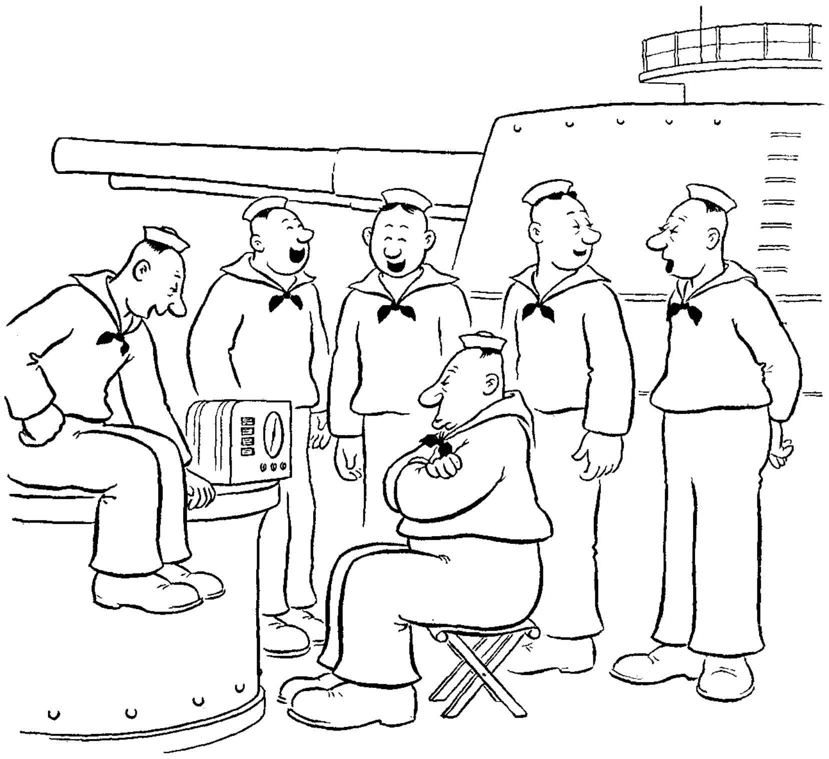
### A Plain Case

"It's like this," he explained, keeping a straight face. "Suppose a boy comes up before an Army flight surgeon, and the flight surgeon in the course of the examination asks him what he had for breakfast. The boy says, Well, he had beans for breakfast. That's all right because the boy is from Boston. But the flight surgeon happens to have a drawl that you could cut with a knife, and to a Southerner it is a plain case of psychological maladjustment if a man eats beans for breakfast."

Nobody listened. Grant bided his time. When the storm of World War II began reaching its full fury, he acted.

Five months before Pearl Harbor, a dimpled, quiet chap named John C. Flanagan reported for duty with the Army Air Forces at the invitation of David N. W. Grant, then a colonel and the Air Surgeon. Flanagan, commissioned a major, was a graduate of the University of Washington, held a doctor of philosophy degree in mental measurements, and had studied under Harvard's Professor Truman Lee Kelley. He had worked on methods of teacher-selection for the American Council on Education, and in 1937 had conducted a special flier-behavior study for the Air Corps.

On a sweltering July day, Colonel



"Alfred is very discriminating. A joke has to be *awfully* funny before *he'll* laugh at it"

COLLIER'S F. HUMFREVILLE

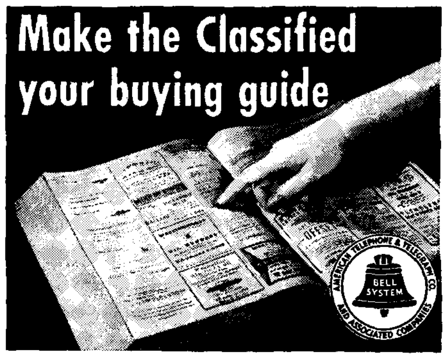
PLEAD
READ
CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
SPEED
BICYCLE REPAIRS
TAYLOR

**MORAL:** *When you need a wheel for your bicycle, auto or watch, look in the Classified.*

What will you find in the *Classified* section of your Telephone Directory besides names, addresses and telephone numbers of concerns?

You will find much detailed information about the services local tradespeople offer such as: "Call for & deliver." "Open 24 hours a day;" also the authorized dealers who sell and service advertised products.

Let the *Classified* help you choose the tradespeople best fitted to serve you.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to help relieve constipation caused by insufficient bulk.
NABISCO BRAN

**A FLAVOR YOU DREAM ABOUT!**

Yes, Nabisco 100% Bran is so delicious you'll rush down to breakfast! And for wonderful muffins—try the recipe on the package!

**GENTLE AS A DOVE!**

Nothing "harsh" about this *mild-acting* bran. Double-Milling makes Nabisco 100% Bran fibers smaller—less likely to be irritating.

Contains important iron, phosphorus, Vitamin $B_1$, too! Nabisco 100% Bran comes in pound and half-pound packages. Start eating it regularly—today! If your constipation is not helped in this simple manner, consult a competent physician.

Accepted by the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN
NABISCO 100% BRAN DOUBLE MILLED
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Grant outlined the problem to Major Flanagan.

"We've got to train more fliers," he said, "than have been trained by any nation anywhere, and we've got to do it fast. We have two responsibilities, one to the government, the other to the parents of these cadets. We must choose men who will have the capacity to learn navigation, bombing and piloting. How about it?"

Flanagan nodded. "I think we can do it." He telephoned and telegraphed. Prominent psychologists hurried in for consultation. Some, including Captain Walter L. Deemer, formerly of the Educational Research Corporation and Harvard University, and Lieutenant Paul M. Fitts, director of personnel at the University of Tennessee, were commissioned for the duration. Flanagan persuaded William J. Carnahan to leave his post with the research division of the U. S. Civil Service Commission and assist on the program.

Then Flanagan studied the hit-and-miss selection operations of the first World War, when a man's nerve was a free ticket to air training.

He combed through the selection programs of England and Canada in World War II. Most important, he reviewed the Air Surgeon's reports on more than a thousand men who currently had been eliminated from flight training. He discussed the reports from their instructors with Lieutenant Colonel George F. Schlatter, in charge of pilot training.

Finally, he talked with Professor Phillip J. Rulon of Harvard, to whom he had gone to school. Professor Rulon had more than theory to offer; he had just demolished his private plane when a propeller tip let go on take-off.

"We've made an important discovery," Major Flanagan reported to Colonel Grant, after a period of weeks. "It appears that there are twenty specific reasons why men fail as aviation cadets, and they fall into four classifications."

Those were: Intelligence and judgment; alertness and observation and technique; personality and temperament. If a man failed, it was almost certain he was below average in one or more of these attributes.

The Battleship Arizona had been at the bottom of Pearl Harbor only eleven days when Flanagan launched a round table for the final editing of the first of the aviation cadet qualifying examinations.

### Beginning a Great Experiment

Sitting in on that momentous meeting were Professors Kelley of Harvard, Neal E. Miller of the Yale University Institute of Human Relations, and Irving D. Lorge of Columbia University's Institute of Educational Research; Charles R. Langmuir of the Carnegie Foundation, Dr. George K. Bennett of the Psychological Corporation, and Dr. Fred B. Davis of the American Council on Education.

The conferees rose from their chairs with their fingers crossed. One of the world's great experiments in human behavior was about to begin.

The questions read something like this:

Pyrotechnic signals make use of A—cannon, B—depth charges, C—fireworks, D—smoke columns, E—radio. (The candidate choosing "C" would have good word-comprehension.)

In looking over his equipment, a farmer discovers that the bolts in a piece of farm equipment have rusted so badly that he cannot turn the nuts with his wrench. The first thing he should do, from the following alternatives, would be A—use a cold chisel to knock off the heads of the bolts, B—saw the nuts off with a hack saw, C—heat the nuts with a blowtorch, D—put kerosene on the nuts and let them soak for a few hours, E—use a very large wrench to force the nuts off. (A man with good judgment would mark "D" correct.)

German Stukas are A—gliders, B—pursuit planes, C—dive bombers, D—"sausage" balloons, E—huge troop-transport planes. (A "C" answer would show an alertness to current developments.)

They weren't all that simple. Questions on mechanics took a good deal of doing to find the proper answer, and those on mathematics required a knowledge of arithmetic, including simple algebra. But a candidate for the A.A.F. could fail one whole section and still get a passing grade on the other five.

An Army board headed by Major General Walter R. Weaver, then Chief of the Air Corps, approved the examination.

On January 7th the tests went into effect. They supplemented but did not substitute for the standard physical and neuropsychiatric examinations which the School of Aviation Medicine perfected in twenty years of hard and often dangerous work. Flight surgeons still had to determine whether a man had eyes with the proper depth perception. Under the direction of Colonel W. S. Jensen, expert in abnormal psychology, they still had to decide whether a man with a feeling of persecution was a potentially dangerous paranoiac.

These and many other older tests were indispensable but now the screening tests buttressed them to help bury a bugaboo—the cost of finding out that a candidate can't navigate or bomb or fly.

It's working out all right. David N. W. Grant, now a brigadier general, won't admit as much until more returns are in from the country districts, but anyone can tell in a few minutes' conversation with him that he is as proud as all get-out of the work done by his psychology division.

A quarter of a million men, candidates for key jobs in the Army's fleet of warplanes, have been processed. In addition to the classification-center screening, cadets get six hours of group and two hours of individual screening in preflight schools. The advanced tests, given by fifteen officers and sixty-five enlisted men, all with psychological training, are on the list of restricted information. All are changed periodically to keep their contents from getting noised around and to effect improvements. The psychologists have an ambitious goal—to see eliminations at flight schools reduced to zero.

Passing a screening examination isn't difficult but it does take application, determination and hard work. Guessing won't do. The multiple answers give you a slimmer chance to win than you get on the corner slot machine, and a man with temperamental instability will have the jitters at the end of the first half-hour.

The flight surgeons and psychologists have made some interesting discoveries. The Army used to insist that its aviation cadets have two years of college or the equivalent. Fewer than half got through. In a sampling of high-school seniors who volunteered for the A.A.F. since Pearl Harbor, the Army found that 50 per cent of them were first-rate material.

### You've Got to Pass the Tests

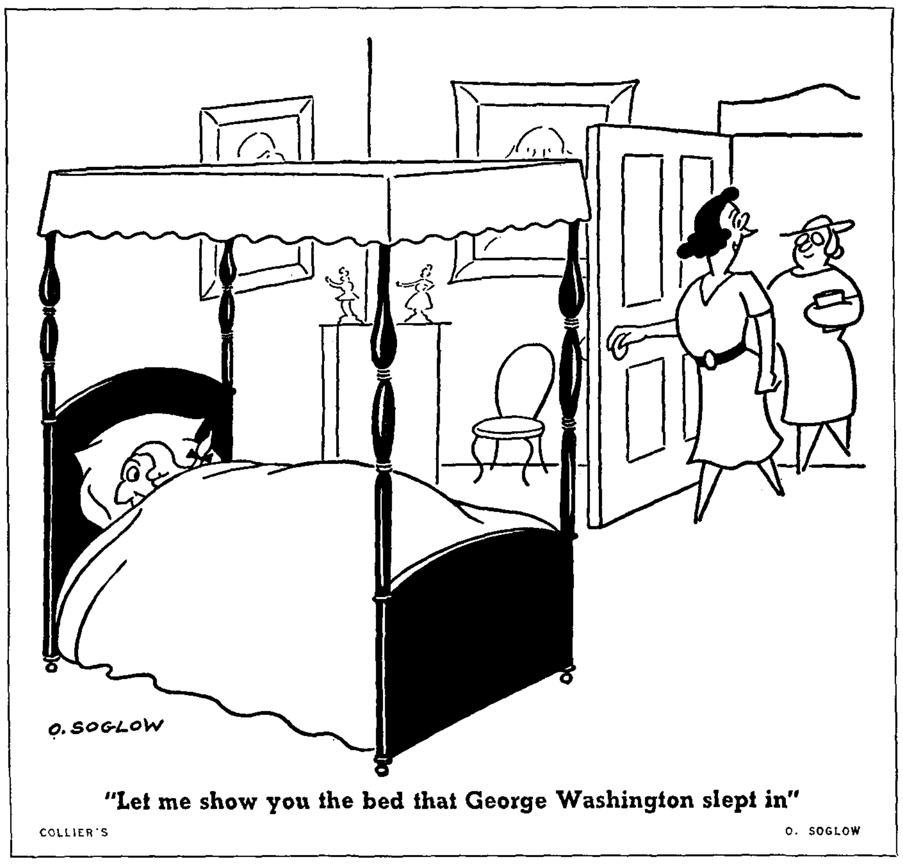
Most cadets want to be pilots. Until a short time ago some in fact deliberately flunked the navigation and bomb-dropping tests in the mistaken belief that it would give them passports to pilot training. Only a man who passes all the tests can have his choice of what he wants to do. When the Army let the word leak out at the preflight centers that bombardier and navigator candidates had, in some respects, a superior intelligence, the percentage of men who yearned to be pilots dropped off.

General Grant doesn't look on the screening system as a cure-all for the Army's wartime air-crew training ills.

"It isn't perfect," he comments. "We're making mistakes in selection but we're making a lot fewer than we used to and we're giving a great many more men the chance to become bombardiers, navigators and pilots. Many a heartache is caused among youngsters who fail the classification test. But better a thousand heartaches than one mistake in selection!"

He is a doctor first and an officer second. "This office," he explains, "feels strongly about its obligations as a professional group. After all, the whole subject of aviation medicine is preventive medicine."

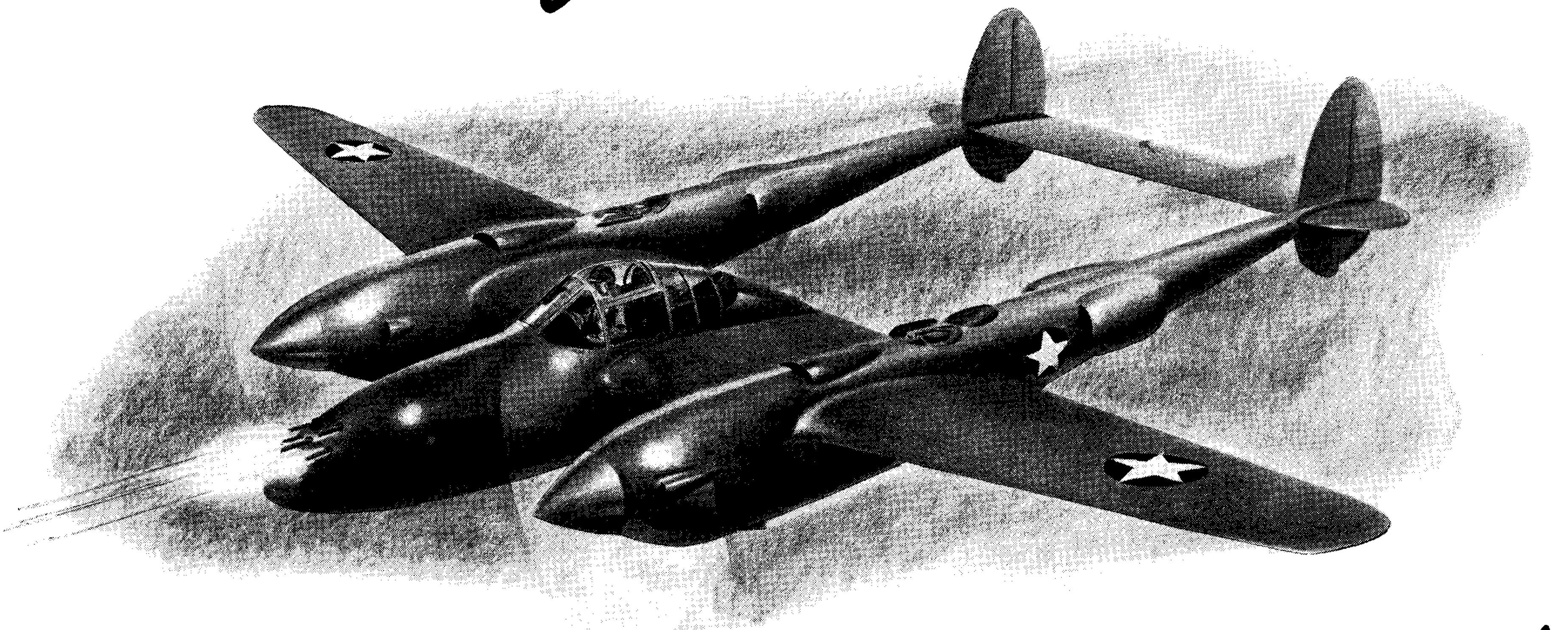
THE END



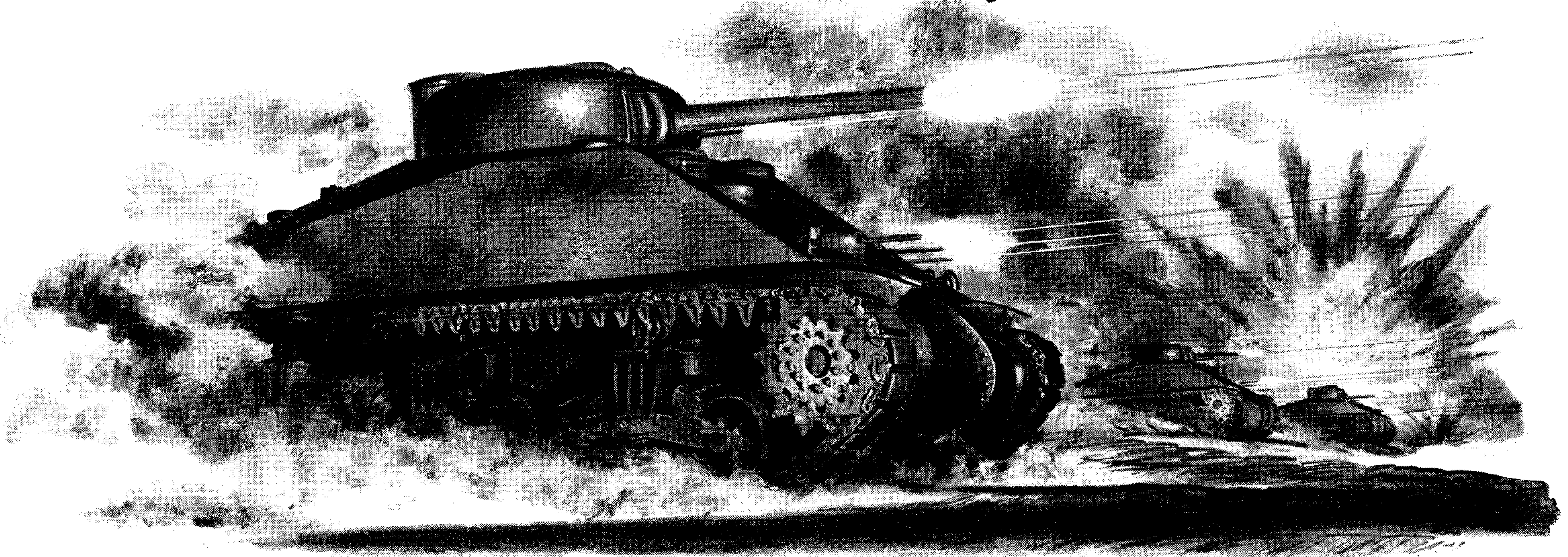
**"Let me show you the bed that George Washington slept in"**

COLLIER'S O. SOGLOW

# CANNON !—*zoom out of the clouds!*



# CANNON !—*roar out of the dust!*



FOR VICTORY, BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS!

## *RAPID-FIRE, HARD-HITTING* CANNON *BLAZE THE WAY FOR THE OFFENSIVE!*

OUR JOB
KEEP 'EM FIRING!

HATS OFF to those courageous cannoneers in America's great new mobile army!—They're as tough and smart and "fighting" a crew as ever went gunning for victory! They shoot "on the fly" . . . from battle planes at 400 miles an hour. They shoot from the turrets of monster tanks that tear like mad over roughest going. They shoot straight—they shoot fast! They've a job to do . . . and they won't stop till they've done it!

It's our job, at Oldsmobile, to back them up with "fire-power"—and plenty of it!—To support the matchless ability of our cannoneers with a matchless stream of production! To turn out, in volume, automatic cannon for fighter planes . . . big guns for tanks . . . armor-piercing shot and high explosive shell! That's what we've been doing for over a year. That's the very least we can do, here at home—when our boys overseas are going all-out, every day, giving *everything—to win!*

ARMY E NAVY

*The Army and Navy have joined in presenting to Oldsmobile the new Army-Navy Production Award, in recognition of achievement in war production. The joint Army-Navy "E" pennant, emblematic of this honor, now flies over the factories at Oldsmobile.*

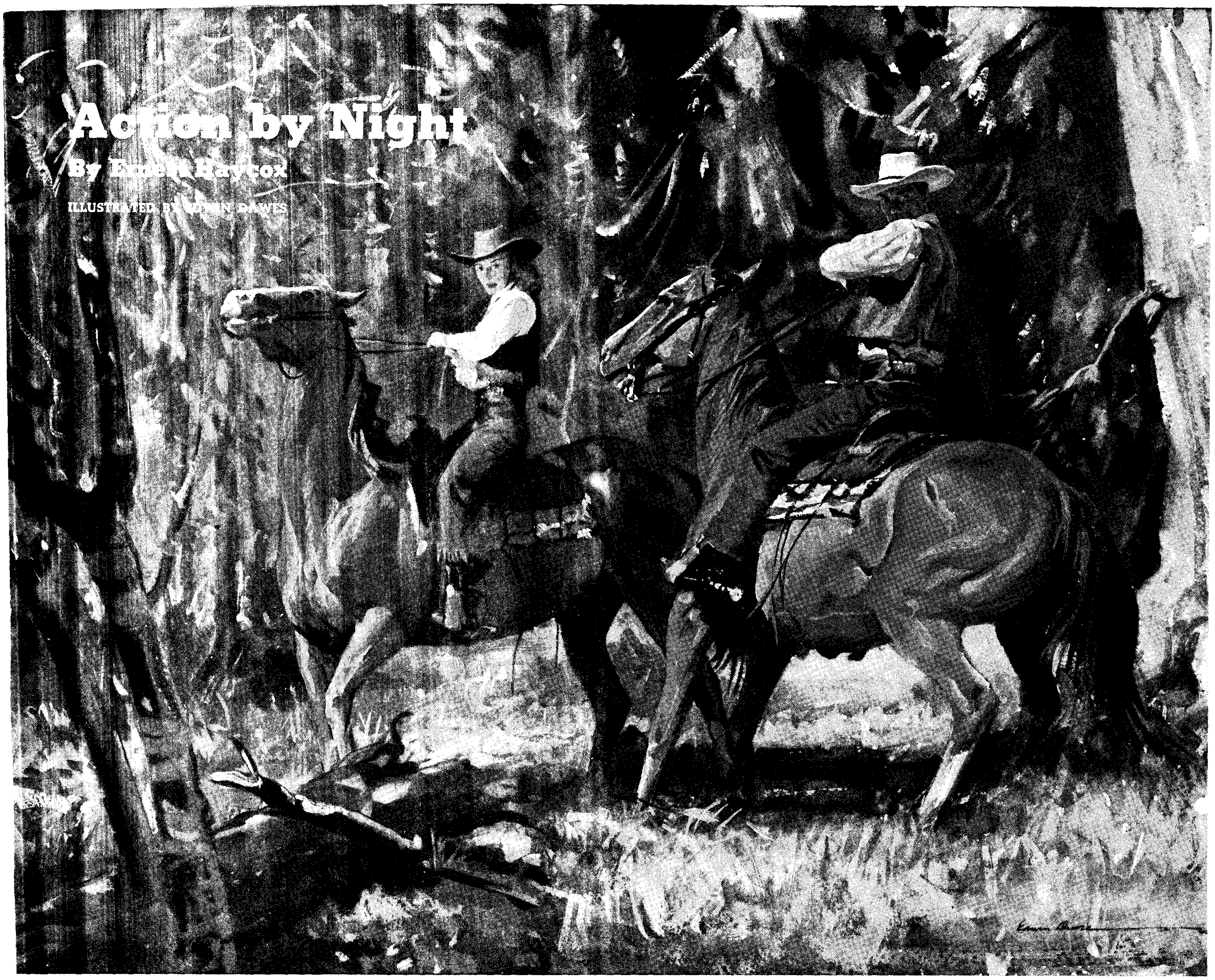
**OLDSMOBILE** DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

★ *VOLUME PRODUCER OF "FIRE-POWER" FOR THE U. S. A.* ★

# Action by Night

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible] DAWES



Ann made a sharp swing downgrade and looked around, whispering, "This is dangerous. We're drifting into the canyon"

*The Story Thus Far:*

LIVING in Texas, old Ben-Tim Howlett hears that all is not well at his ranch—"Horsehead"—far to the north of the Lone Star State, in the War Bonnet area. He sends Tracy Coleman, his most trusted foreman, to investigate.

Arrived at the ranch, Coleman soon learns that Dan Stuart, a powerful cattleman, is plotting to steal it; and that Drew Trumbo—who loves Stuart's daughter, Ann, but loathes Stuart—also has his eyes on the property. Then, following a series of clashes with the two scoundrels (who, enemies though they are, finally combine against the newcomer) he finds himself engaged in a savage range war. . . .

Ben Solvay, one of the Texan's new acquaintances, suddenly decides that he does not care to marry a girl—Valencia Wilder—who, courted and won by correspondence, has joined him. At Solvay's suggestion, Coleman takes Valencia in as his house guest; and Doña Gertrude, Howlett's old Mexican housekeeper, watches over her tenderly—*as she falls in love with her host!*

With a number of their followers, Stuart and Trumbo make a sudden attack on Horsehead. In the ensuing melee, Doña Gertrude is killed. Realizing that, if he continues to fight, Valencia may be shot, Coleman reluctantly runs away; accompanied by George Pairvent, his foreman; the hands, Ray Miller, Ed Drum and Baldy Bickle. Valencia and Solvay (who is visiting him at the time) ride back into town on Coleman's insistence.

There, preparing to beat off another attack in a wild canyon, Coleman sends "Alvy"—a rebellious boy whom he does not entirely trust—back to keep an eye on Horsehead. The young fellow is caught by Trumbo, who forces him to divulge Coleman's whereabouts and kills him. . . .

Shocked by the cowardly attack on Horsehead, Ann Stuart leaves her father's home, vowing never to return, and succeeds in finding Coleman. Coleman urges her to go back, but she refuses to do so. Instead, she volunteers to lead the little party to a better hideout; and soon they are all on the trail.

A few minutes later, Trumbo, Stuart and their henchmen find Coleman's campfire. Trumbo says, "We're on the right track." Stuart grunts. "Go on," he orders impatiently. "Get it done."

## VIII

ANN halted in a small bowl-like area lying in the heart of these massive, uptilted and fast-blackening mountains. Coleman, thrown off in his sense of direction, made a slow turn. He pointed a hand and said, "That's south."

"West," said Ann.

Pairvent grumbled, "You've got us lost, girl."

"I'm not lost," she said.

"You're soon pullin' out," said Pairvent. "That leaves us in a damned dark alley. If we get flushed by Star Cross we better know where we are or else we'll head straight into a blind corral. Where's the trail?"

"That way," said Ann, and pointed. "But don't try to go that way when you leave. Star Cross will block it first thing, if they come. Don't go north. That will bring you to the edge of the Olally cliff, which boxes you in. Don't try the west. You could never get through with your horses unless you had me along. The way out is to the south."

Pairvent grumbled some uneasy thing half under his breath. His man-feeling was offended to be thus dependent on a woman and he had no faith in any Stuart. "We'd better go on south then. Right now. One back door ain't enough. They might close it on us."

"Neither my father nor Trumbo knows the country well enough," pointed out Ann.

Baldy said, "I'm hungry. Why didn't you fellows think to bring some of that grub along?"

Ed Drum grumbled, "Shut up. I'm empty too."

Blackness crowded into the bowl, skylight was vaguely above them. Horsehead's crew stood alert and glum and uncertain. Ann had moved away. Coleman heard her voice from a far spot. "Tracy," she said, and drew him on by the sound of her voice. She touched his arm and went into the farther blackness with him until the discontented talk of the crew was a murmur. She stopped and turned and he saw the pale outline of her face as it lifted. "Tracy," she said, "a man like you never runs unless he's unsure of himself. You have been in the hills all day, just waiting. It isn't like you to wait. There's something holding you back. I feel it and the crew feels it. I can tell by the way they look at you."

"You're tellin' me to move against Star Cross?"

"I'm telling you that you must either start out of the country now, or else you must fight my father. But you cannot fight him with half a heart. It will make you slow, and if you are slow you will be killed. What I fear is that I have made you undecided. I don't want you to think of me. Do what you must do, regardless of how it hurts anybody else."

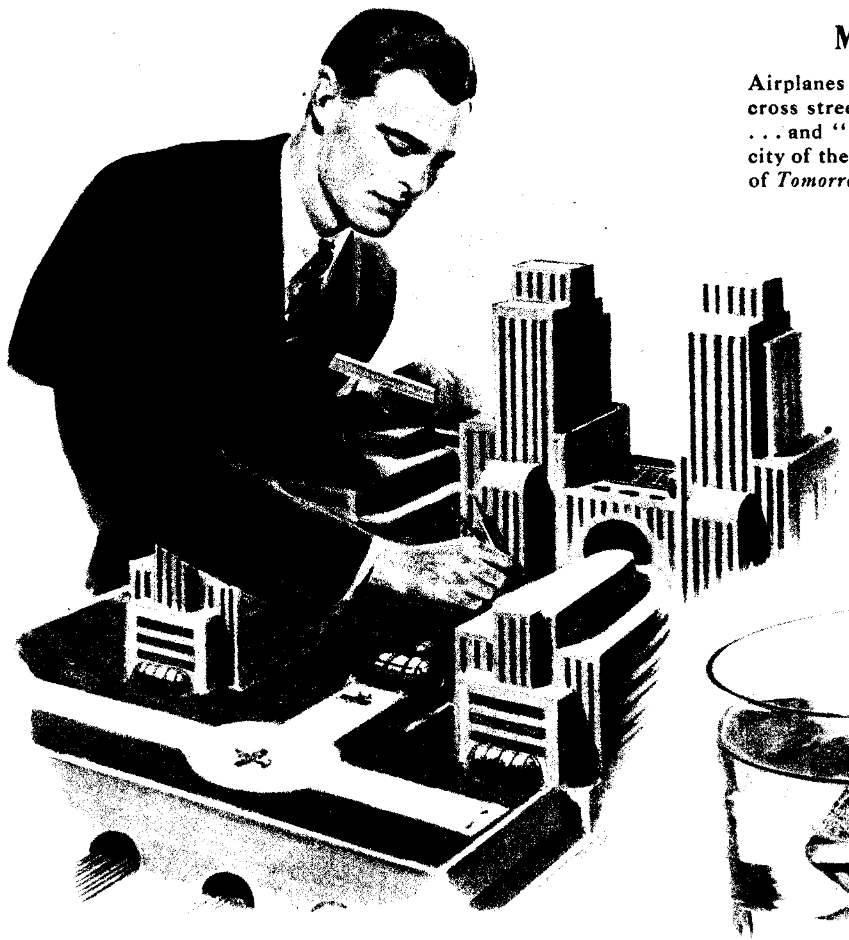
"It would go hard for you to stand over your father's body and know that I killed him."

She sighed and her voice lessened: "You are less a stranger to me than my father. It would be harder for me to know that he had killed you, than to know you had killed him."

"I do not understand that."

*(Continued on page 70)*

# Men Who Think of Tomorrow Prefer CANADIAN Whisky at its glorious best!



### Men Who Think of Tomorrow

Airplanes landing in the heart of downtown . . . elevated cross streets to speed traffic . . . dream homes to live in . . . and "streamlined" buildings to work in. That's the city of the future—being planned today by Men Who Think of *Tomorrow!*

JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
CANADA
IMPORTED
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SEVEN YEARS OLD
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LTD
WATERLOO · ONTARIO · CANADA · DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
86.8 PROOF
LITHO IN CANADA
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!
For the World's lightest Highball!

SEAGRAM'S foresight makes Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN a smooth and gracious whisky with a delicate, pleasant taste. Carefully blended for finer flavor, the precious whiskies in Seagram's V.O. were laid away when Haile Selassie first made the front page . . . when the Normandie crossed the Atlantic on her maiden voyage . . . when passenger planes began flying from coast to coast overnight. Through the years, these rare whiskies have been mellowing for *Tomorrow*—to make the Seagram's V.O. of today so truly delicious, so gloriously LIGHT!

## Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Seven Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

MACMILLAN
RING-FREE
MOTOR OIL
REDUCES WEAR BY REDUCING FRICTION
ONE U. S. QUART NET
.8327 IMPERIAL QUARTS NET
.946 LITERS NET

*Non-refillable!*

# MACMILLAN PIONEERS AGAIN!

## New 1-Quart Container without metal for RING-FREE MOTOR OIL

HERE IT IS! The quart container for motor oil which motorists and dealers have been expecting!

And it's Macmillan who pioneers again! A "can" without metal for RING-FREE!

With the steel mills converted to war purposes, the supply of metal cans for oil has dwindled and virtually disappeared. That was natural and right.

But motorists, wanting to be sure of getting RING-FREE—in its own quickly identified quart containers—have been hoping that this difficult packaging problem would be solved.

Now the new quart is ready! Now every *independent* dealer selling RING-FREE can open this new container before your eyes!

Among other things, Macmillan pioneered with RING-FREE motor oil ten years ago. There never has been an oil like it. There can't be because it's refined by an exclusive, patented process.

That's why it removes carbon, saves as high as 10 per cent on gas, reduces friction fast, saves wear and repairs and lengthens the life of your car.

Now Macmillan pioneers again!

Watch for the Macmillan sign at *independent* filling stations, garages and car dealers. Drive in and get your fill of RING-FREE today!

MACMILLAN
RING-FREE
MOTOR OIL

35c
A QUART IN U.S.A.

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**Try it at OUR risk!** Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil removes carbon, cleans the motor, saves gasoline, reduces wear—or your money back. RING-FREE Motor Oil is *guaranteed* to make your motor run smoother, give more miles per gallon of gasoline, reduce wear and repair; because it removes carbon, cleans the motor and reduces friction fast, by thorough lubrication. Try *one* fill, and if you are not satisfied that RING-FREE is doing these things, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.

Ask your independent dealer for "What You Can Expect from Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil." our new circular, or write us for it direct.

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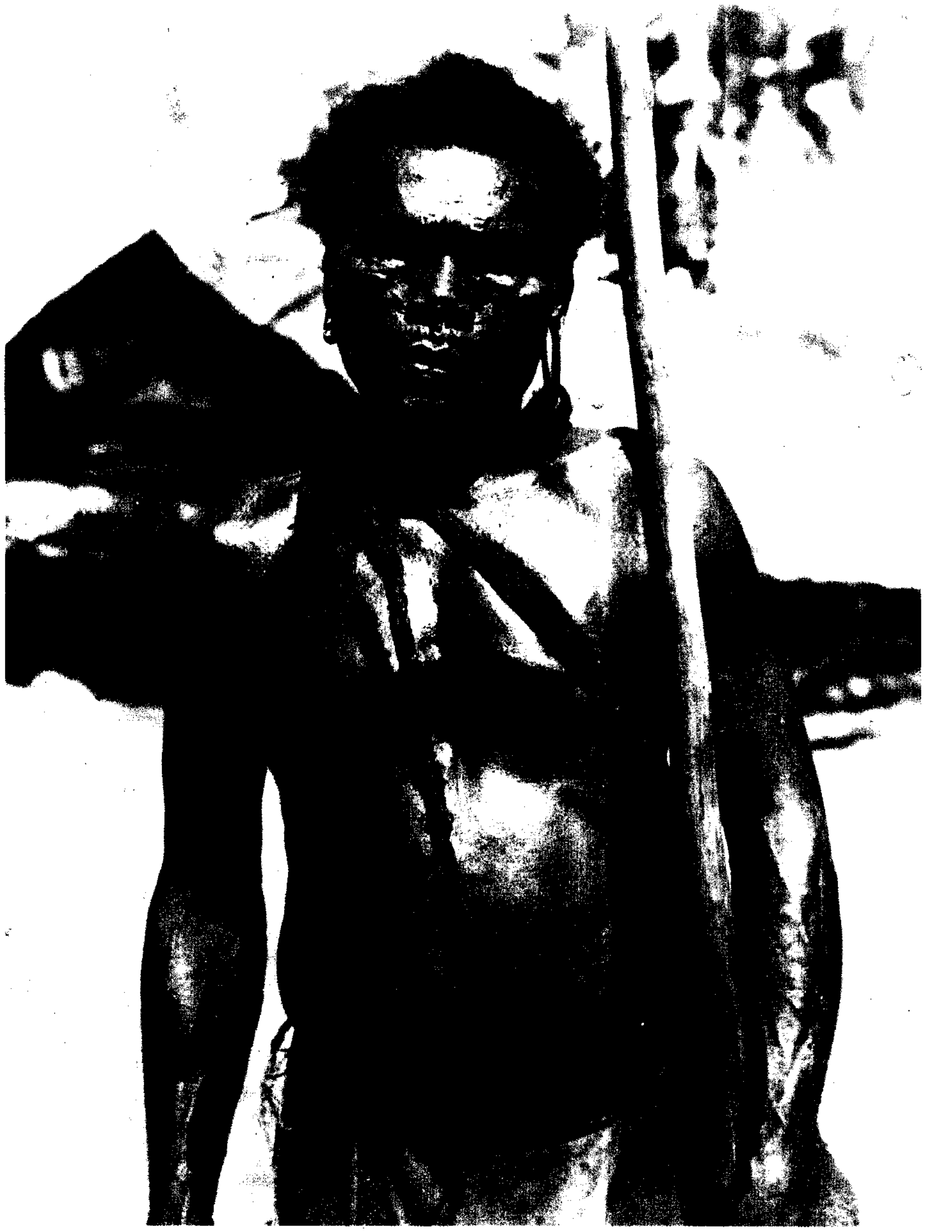
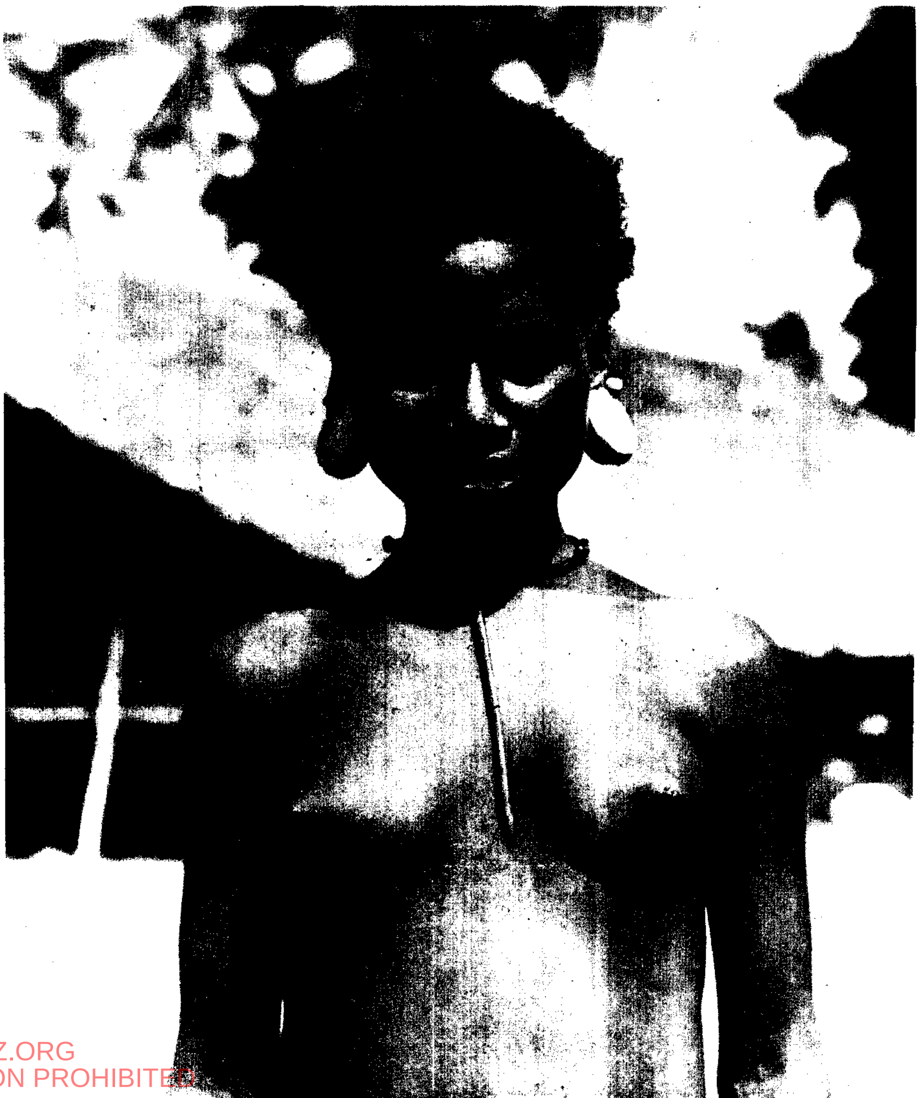


**A Solomon Island warrior with decorative abrasions and tattooing on his fac Women do the hard work so that men can play warrior and beautify themselv**

**An unusually handsome girl of Santa Ana, with wooden disks in her earlobes. B cause women are considered weak and inconsequential, they are treated like di**



PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

**Family portrait in the South Seas—a mother with her three children. The bead jewelry is her handiwork, as is most of the work on the bamboo house**

# LIFE IN THE SOLOMONS

## By Osa Johnson

**Osa Johnson is the greatest woman explorer and big-game hunter. At seventeen, she "Married Adventure"—the late Martin Johnson. For 25 years this famous couple trod the strange and dangerous outtrails of the earth. Their books and films thrilled millions. Here she tells from firsthand experience what your fighting boys will see and do in the Solomon Islands**

IT'S not anything that our Marines, with the finest medical and fighting equipment in the world, have to worry about now. But when they come marching home again, your boys in the United States Marines—or in the Navy, or the Army Air Corps—are going to have tall tales to tell you about other people and things they encountered in the Solomon Islands besides Japs.

They'll be able to friz your hair with stories about cannibals, also about a thousand and one pests, discomforts, oddities of food and nature, and beauties—of scenery, not of womanhood. You needn't be afraid of your Marine sweetheart losing his heart to a Solomon Island siren. I know.

With my husband, Martin, I went to the Solomons when I was only seventeen, a bride, on the very first of our explorations and adventures together. There we filmed our first big motion-picture success, Cannibals of the South Seas, and were captured—and very nearly eaten—by our chief actors.

Immediately, I was to find that a woman was less than nothing in the Solomon Islands. Everywhere I went I was taboo. The British officers said, "This is no place for a woman," and the natives were terrible. I couldn't go into their idol houses or ride in their war canoes; I couldn't walk through certain parts of the forest or down certain paths and I couldn't cross streams without "contaminating" the water. All this was pretty tough for a girl from Kansas who was accustomed to having her own way. But the native women were a spineless lot and so ugly in appearance that perhaps the taboos were warranted.

They were treated like dirt, in addition to having to do all the hard work, so that their husbands could loll around and play warrior and make themselves look pretty by making bracelets for themselves of shells and sharks' teeth and fixing their hair into fancy coiffures and decorating themselves with flowers. If a woman were caught being untrue to her husband, she was cruelly punished. I saw one girl who had been branded with hot knives and another girl who had had hot stones placed under her tightly bound legs, crippling her for life. When a man died, his wife had to go and sit beside his grave to mourn for him for whatever period of time the chief decided, eating her food there and never once leaving the spot.

When a woman or man reaches a certain age and is decrepit, and the chief thinks she or he is of no further use, he orders the old one dispatched. I don't know whether the victims are always buried alive but we have seen several old people buried alive, and they seemed to take it very complacently, as though it were God's will. The young men of the tribe would dig a pit, leading the old person into it and shoveling in the dirt and then tamping the grave down with their feet while they intoned a chant that made my blood run cold.

I was watching natives on one of the Solomon Islands bury a dead man. They rolled him in a mat, then rolled him in banana leaves and carried on for hours, weeping and moaning and singing and dancing, whereupon they finally rolled him unceremoniously into the pit. The grave was too short and his feet stuck out. Two of the braves seized his feet and pushed them in with such a sound of cracking bones that I presume his

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Siegel

**Wife:** There—now you're my handsome hero! Let's have a big going-to-a-party smile!
**Hubby:** That *sounds* okay, but gee, Peg, I guess I'm just not the party type.

**Wife:** That, my pet, is a lot of nonsense. All you need is a little more of the old 'oomph.' You know—a little more *pep appeal!* You haven't been eating right lately; I'll bet you're not getting all your vitamins. And say, that gives me an idea. You pop down to the kitchen with me right now.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN ENRICHED

**Wife:** I just want you to taste *this!* It's KELLOGG'S PEP, a crunchy cereal made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat. What's more, it contains extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins—$B_1$ and D. You know what they say—vitamins for pep!
**Hubby:** Whoa! All that chatter, and hardly a word about how *good* it tastes! By golly, if getting the rest of my vitamins is as much fun as eating PEP, I'll expect to be wearing a permanent party smile!

MADE BY KELLOGG'S
IN BATTLE CREEK

U.S. NEEDS US STRONG
THIS TYPE OF FOOD
IS AMONG THOSE
RECOMMENDED IN THE
NUTRITION FOOD RULES
EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

SOLD BY GROCERS
EVERYWHERE

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

*Pep contains per ounce the minimum daily requirement of vitamin D and 1/4 the daily requirement of vitamin $B_1$ (1/2 for children up to 5).*

LONG'S
*Hats*

*The Aristocrat of Fine Felts*

**"Fashion-smart" America acclaims these finer felts. Custom detailing and distinctive style features make Long's the choice of discriminating men.**

*Longworth* $4.40
*Long Royal* $6.00

LONG'S HATS
*"Wear like the Name"*

*Featured at all* ADAM HAT STORES
and other fine Shops Everywhere

knees had been broken But they think nothing of these maneuvers, for once a man is dead, the spirit is gone and that is the end of him.

Even in those days, there were Japanese fishing fleets in all these waters. When they came ashore, the men had cameras, some of them better than ours, and the British even spoke jokingly about the malicious interest of the Japs but no one regarded them as a serious menace. We all underestimated their cleverness and overestimated our strength.

Our boys will live on the fat of the land in the Solomons. Meat, fruit and other native foods. Wild pigeon and wild chicken, wild pig, crawfish, shrimp, clams, prawns and a large variety of tropical fish. Yams, papaya, bananas of all sizes and shapes, coconuts, taro (something like a potato) and pineapples. The natives eat huge black bats which they called "black flying foxes," but I never could bring myself to eat bat.

To offset the rare and good food, and the extraordinary scenic beauty of the Solomons, our boys there will have certain inconveniences. Such as mosquitoes, which were so bad that, in desperation, I used pure kerosene on my face until I decided that it was worse than the mosquitoes, after which I just let them bite.

Some people seem to be immune to malaria, as well as to other diseases, and I must be one of these, for, except for catching cold and having pneumonia, I have never been ill in all our jungle travels. My feeling is that if one takes care of himself and takes precautions he can keep out of trouble in the jungle as well as anywhere else.

And Uncle Sam is certainly doing his job well, in telling our boys what to expect in those regions, training them and toughening them beforehand, and also giving them the right kind of medical care. To anticipate and prevent malaria, our officers are giving the boys ample quantities of salt and quinine. Dysentery can be prevented by boiling or distilling one's drinking water; and by disinfectant applied to raw fruits and vegetables.

White ants were one of the things I hated most; along with crocodiles. But there was no snakes in the Solomons, for which I was grateful.

### Philosophy of the Cannibal

Cannibals seems to be more ritualistic than malicious about killing and eating their victims. Like other peoples on this sorry globe, those tribes have their enemies and are usually at war with some other tribe. Some taboo is violated or some insult given, or one tribe wants another's land or property or "place in the sun." And there is a certain virtue in killing—a man is not regarded as being a he-man until he has killed someone and thereby shown his superiority.

When a man kills another he eats his victim, not because he is necessarily hungry or lacks meat but because by eating the other fellow he thinks he acquires his victim's strength. But a man never troubles to eat a woman; she is weak and inconsequential. So the men eat the men, and the women eat the women.

Our boys in the Solomons can take care of themselves if they watch their P's and Q's. I will bet on them to take heat, insects, pests and cannibals all in their stride.

The Solomons gave me my first adventure and I dare say that it will give many of our boys their first taste of it. But they will come back bronzed and toughened, and with experiences which they would never find in any other part of the world.

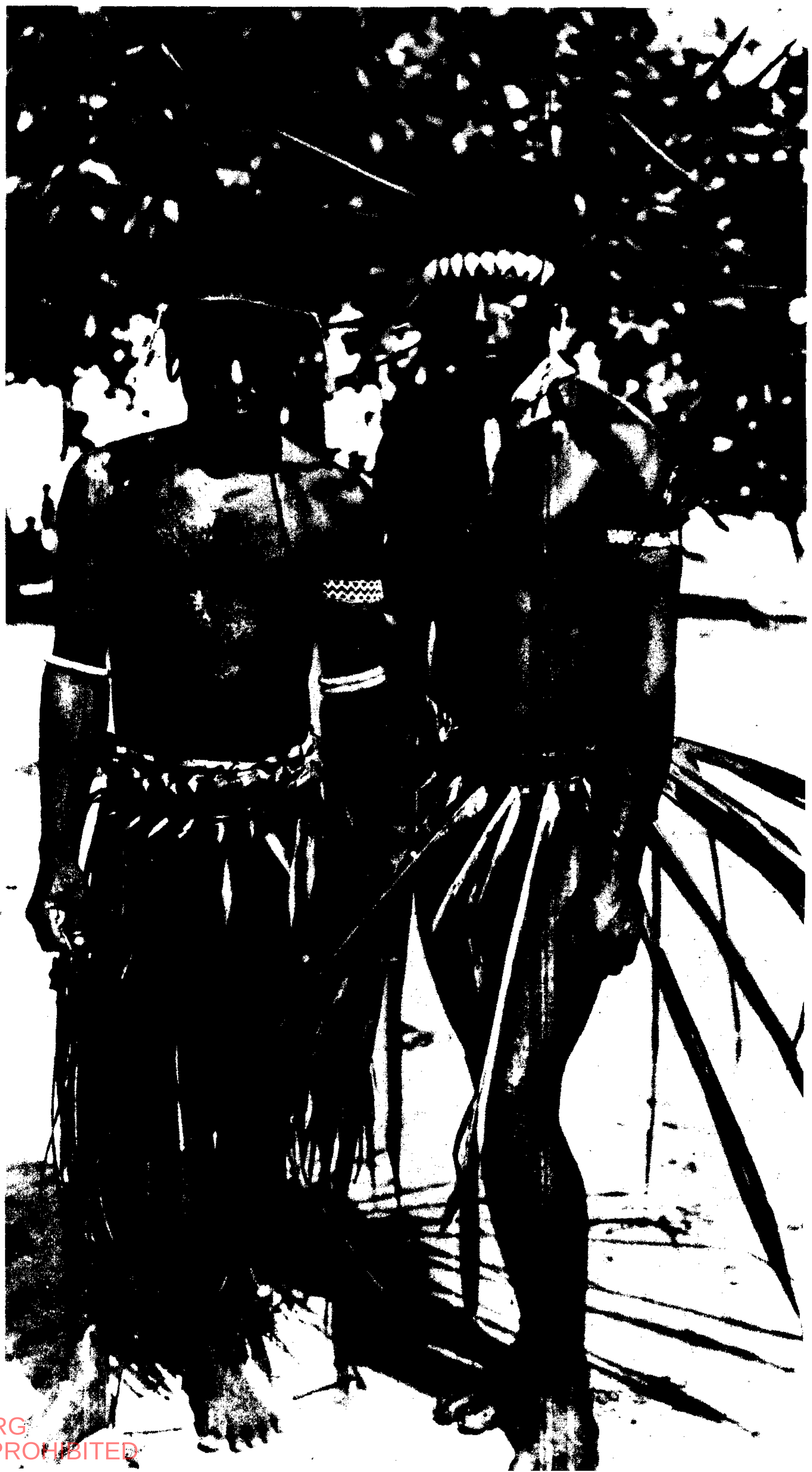
Unless it be Boreno, I am sure there is no more beautiful place in all the world than the Solomons. Certainly, there is no place where bird life is so abundant and exquisite. Parrots of every color; cockatoos in gray-pink, white-yellow, white-orange and other combinations; and the glorious bird of paradise. The trees and the air are sometimes literally filled with fluttering flashes of color.

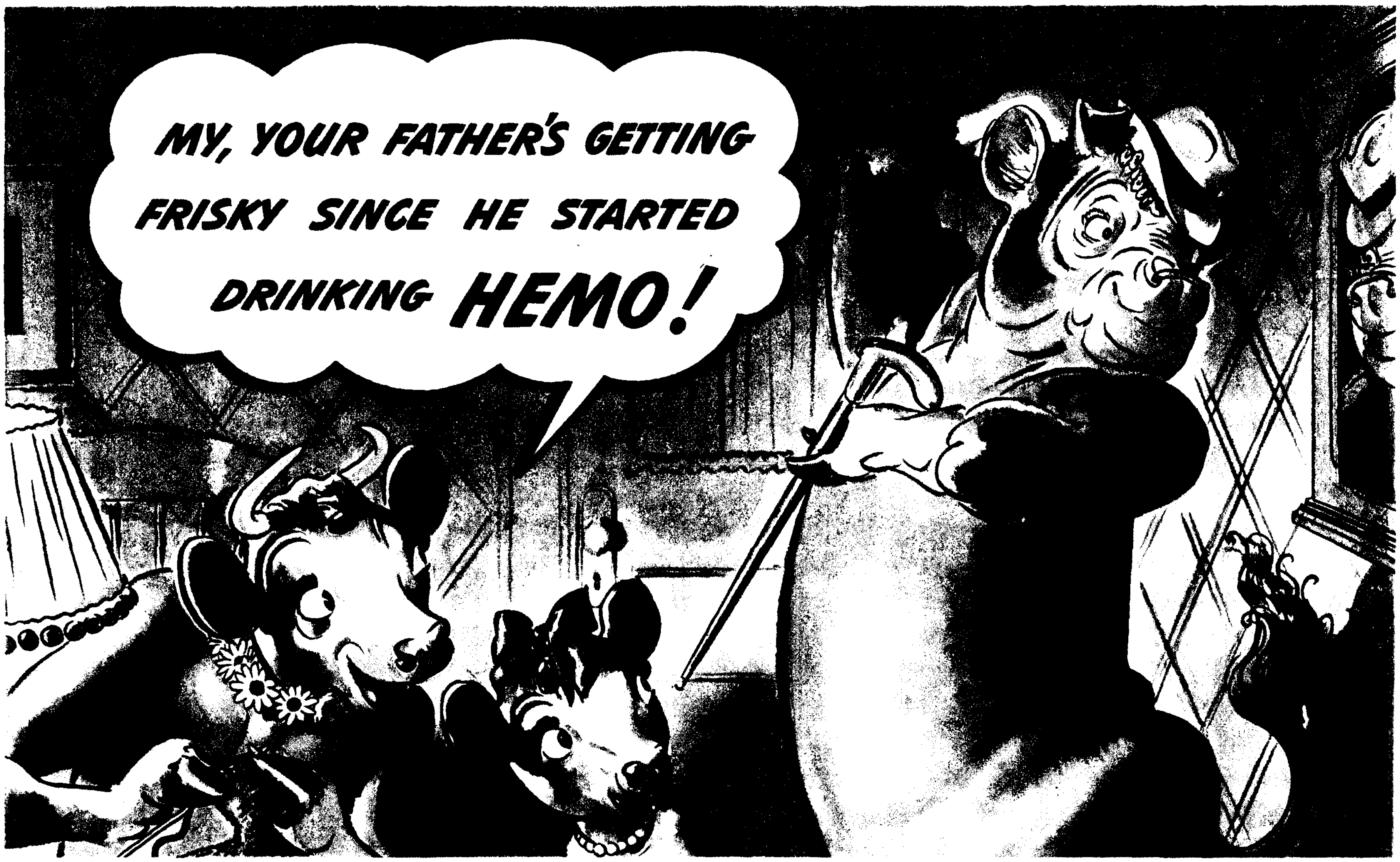
The more I have seen of the Solomons, the more romantic they have become. Jade seas and vast stretches of white and golden beach; long, rolling surfs making lacework patterns on the sand; golden days and languorous, moonlit nights; majestic mountains of cloud piling up against skies of turquoise blue; and an endless succession of sunsets, no two alike, and nowhere else to be seen in such profligate and extravagant color—sunsets which we were always photographing and which no one who sees them can ever forget.

THE END

**Osa Johnson calls this one of the most beautiful of cemeteries, with it clean sanded surface. The stones are of coral dyed with berry juic**

**Natives of Santa Ana Island dressed in their finery. Their skirts are made from coconut leaves, their adornments from bone, sharks' teeth and shell**




MY, YOUR FATHER'S GETTING FRISKY SINCE HE STARTED DRINKING HEMO!

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# It's here... It's Hemo–The New Way to Drink Your Vitamins and Like 'em!

***WHAT'S THAT?*** You haven't tried HEMO! What a pity!

For HEMO is the grandest malted drink that ever lapped its way up a soda straw. But HEMO is *much more* than that.

**HEMO is brimming** with vitamins and minerals! *Vitamins and minerals that 3 out of 4 Americans don't get enough of*—according to a U. S. Government survey.

Just one glass of HEMO—*just one*—gives you half your daily requirements of vitamins A, $B_1$, D, G, and iron. PLUS generous amounts of calcium and phosphorus.

*Can you name any other malted drink filled with so many vital food elements?*

Can you name any other food drink so downright good for you—your children—for oldsters, convalescents, sandwich-lunchers, weight-watchers?

***And... enough HEMO to make one full glass—costs just 2½¢.***

Get the HEMO habit today. Get the zing in your life—the bounce in your step that only the young and healthy know!

*At your favorite fountain*—this sanitary, individual envelope brings you a full measured serving of HEMO. Guarantees full flavor, full vitamin and mineral values... in every drink!

Borden's
Hemo

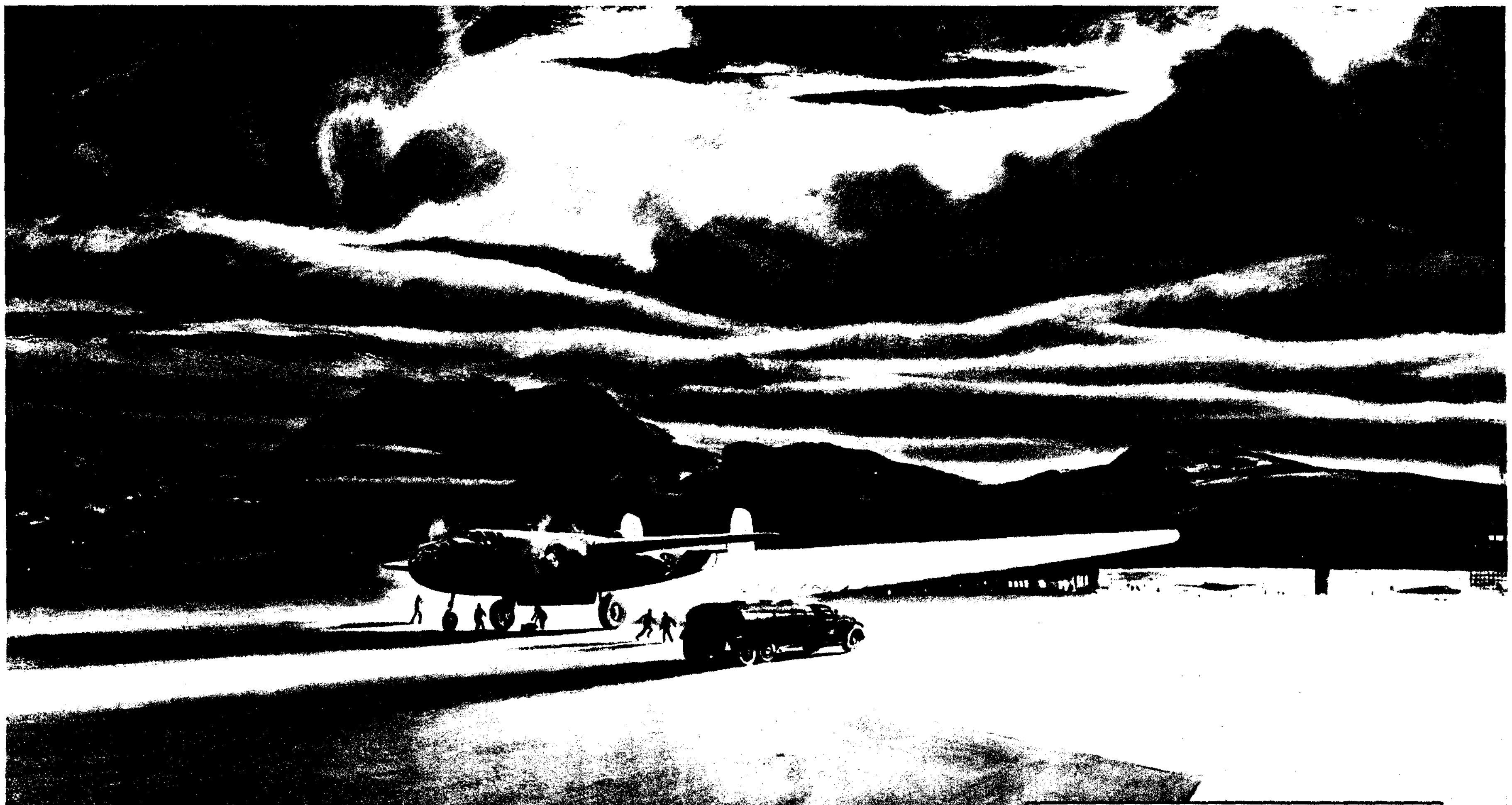
*For home use—full pound, 24 delicious drinks,* **59¢** HEMO is easily mixed at home. Just follow directions on the pound can. Chocolate flavor. Enough HEMO for one drink costs but 2½¢.

**JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:**

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
*PLUS*
The Vitamin $B_1$ in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
*PLUS*
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
*PLUS*
The Vitamin G in 4 servings of spinach!
*PLUS*
The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
*PLUS*
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

*Borden's*
**Hemo**

*IF IT'S BORDEN'S IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!*



*RAYMOND ROANE from Hagerstown, Maryland, is General Foreman of wing assembly in the California plant of North American Aviation, Inc. His crews give wings to the B-25 "Mitchell" medium bombers. It's Roane's job to "keep 'em coming". . . to see that production in his department is on schedule. "Time is the big factor here," he says, "you can bet I rely plenty on my Elgin watch!"*

# He gives wings to the B-25's . . .

## *He works for Victory on Elgin time!*

DAY AND NIGHT, off the assembly lines they come . . . B-25's . . . "Flying Fortresses" . . . "Lightnings" . . . "Thunderbolts".

Thousands of the men and women building these superb planes—as well as the crews who fly them—are able to do their jobs better because of accurate, star-timed Elgin watches.

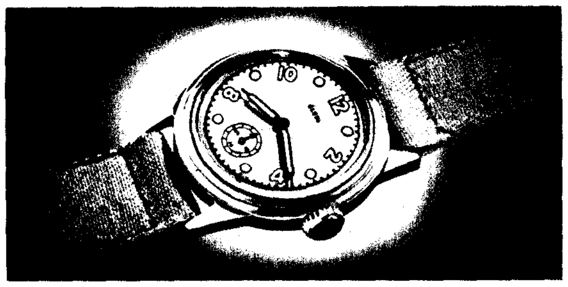
Furthermore, Elgin is now creating on government order an important share of the precision instruments and special timing devices needed by America's armed forces. Here, ready to be focused on the task at once, was a unique partnership of craftsmen and scientists . . . 77 years of experience . . . and the facilities of the world's largest fine-watch factory.

*FEWER ELGINS FOR CIVILIANS!* At present, Elgin watches for civilians continue to be available at most jewelers'. Each is a splendid example of Elgin's famous tradition for accuracy, for beauty, for fine design.

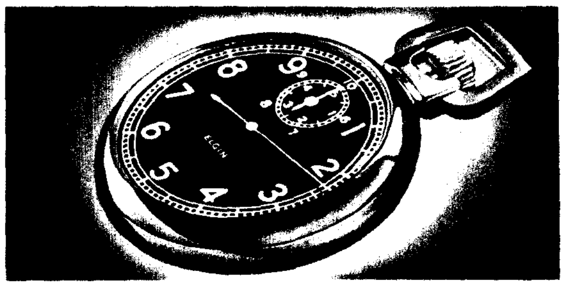
If you find your choice of these watches is limited, please remember Elgin has "joined up". Until victory is achieved, America's war requirements will continue to be Elgin's first concern.

★ ELGIN ★

*Greatest Name in American Fine Watchmaking since 1865*



*15-jewel Elgin. Waterproof. Luminous dial.*



*Elgin Aviation 10-Second Timer.*

ON BOTH FRONTS TODAY—ELGIN SERVES!

For men and women serving at home: *Lord and Lady Elgins, Elgin De Luxe watches, professional models for doctors and nurses, railroad and transportation watches, and other fine Elgin timepieces.*

For the exclusive use of the armed forces: *navigation watches, stop watches, aviation clocks, tank clocks, service watches, chronometric tachometers, compasses, time fuzes for shells, jewel bearings, special timing devices for naval and aviation use.*

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

# Tokyo Nightmare

RADIOED FROM RIO DE JANEIRO

**By Robert Bellaire**

FORMER UNITED PRESS CORRESPONDENT
IN TOKYO

**Six miserable months of terror and starvation in Japan's worst concentration camp, as told by a man who lived through it. You will wonder how he did it**

IN THE darkened hallways of the Tokyo concentration camp, the murmur of muffled voices could be heard faintly. Outside, grim-faced Japanese sentries paced their posts, guns alert for use against any of us who might attempt the desperate break for freedom into the wintry night.

In the darkness, half a dozen Roman Catholic priests were quietly saying Mass. They spoke from memory, not daring to light even one candle, for the Japanese police had forbidden religious services in camp. Glass fruit jars served as chalices and water as wine. Several times during the night, footsteps were heard on the stairway leading up from the main office. The mumbling voices fell silent. The footsteps hesitated, then retreated. The mumbling began again. In all, seventeen priests said their Masses. They did not know the penalty if they were detected, but every night for two weeks they ran the risk without being caught.

After the Swiss authorities repeatedly protested against this anti-Christian regulation, the Japanese police finally grudgingly permitted the saying of Mass publicly.

This was the concentration camp Swiss authorities labeled "the worst in Japan." We had been arrested and brought here the day after war broke out, and locked up, thirteen men to a room. The building was formerly a French Catholic orphan asylum, but now heavy bars covered the windows, barbed wire encircled the grounds, and thirty armed sentries guarded us day and night.

A cynical Japanese premier once gave his officials these instructions for dealing with restless, starving peasants: "Neither let them live, nor let them die."

This same policy was adopted against us as enemy nationals. For years, Japanese propagandists loudly extolled the alleged virtues of *Bushido,* the moral code of Japan. They said *Bushido* was a higher moral code than Western Christianity or chivalry. But we who have experienced *Bushido* in this war have this definition for it: "Honor and respect your enemy—after he's dead."

On the first night of our internment, a bespectacled, moon-faced Jap detective in a shabby blue suit read the camp regulations. He barked at us in a menacing manner, frequently resting his hand on a revolver slung from his belt. Deprived of our shoes and shivering in the December night's cold, we sat huddled together in grim silence on the floor, as he read under the dim flicker of blacked-out lights.

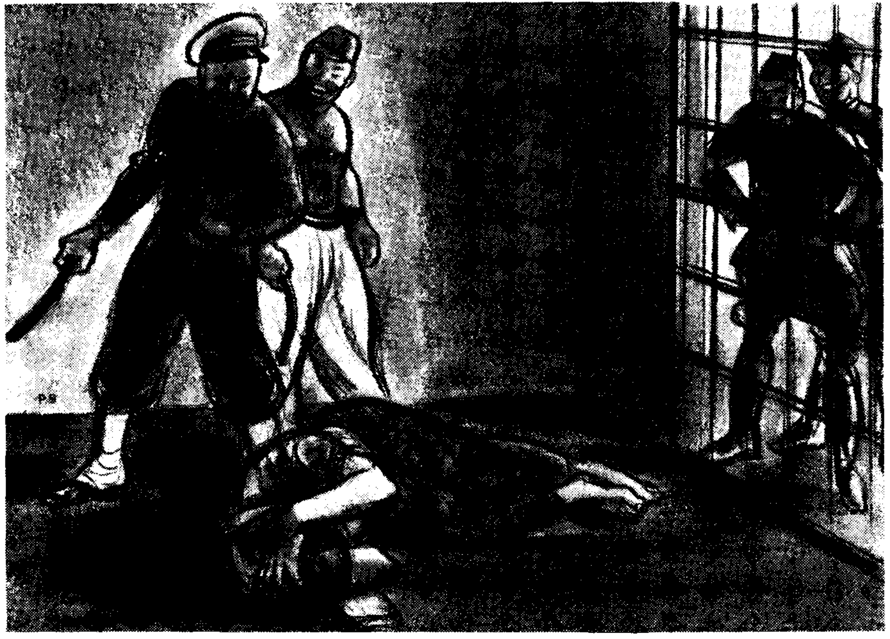
"You will be shot on sight," he snapped, "if you try to escape. Don't forget this." He said we were all very suspicious characters and would be held incommunicado indefinitely, and he added that if we permitted light to leak through the blackout curtains, we would be deprived of all lights. In conclusion, he told us he was "very sorry" for us because the camp kitchen hadn't yet begun to operate, and therefore we would somehow have to feed ourselves for the next three days.

When the camp kitchen opened three days later, it was evident that we would not receive sufficient food to maintain our health. The standard breakfast the Japanese government supplied during the next six months was half an orange, a cup of hot water slightly colored with tea leaves, one slice of bread, and ground fishbones which smelled like rotten fish as far as fifteen feet away. Lunch frequently consisted of greenish whale meat or rotten fish, with boiled alfalfa. A small, ground meatball and a boiled onion, or fish and rice, were typical dinners.

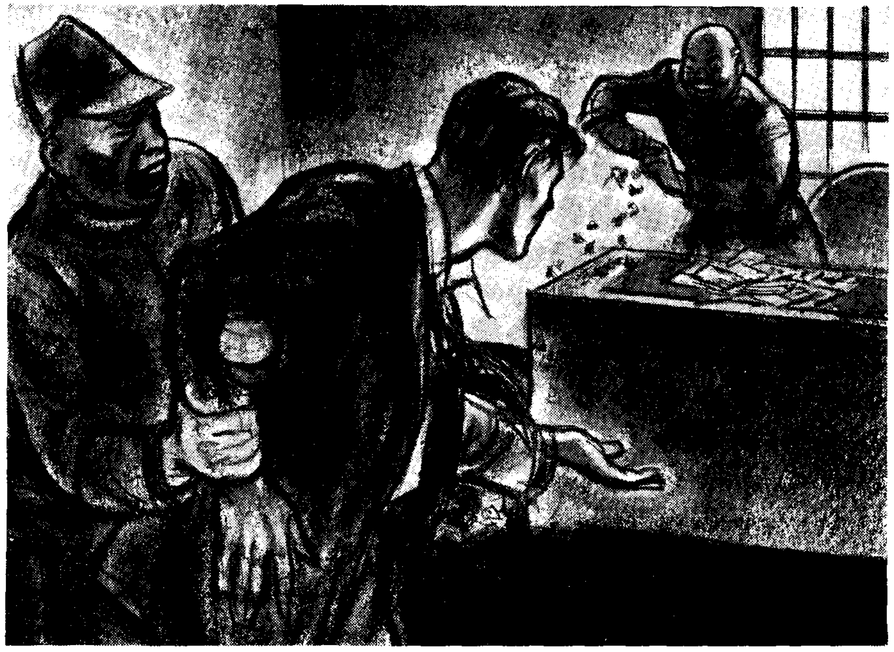
Even before the war, police investigations showed that ground meat served in the leading hotels of Tokyo and Yokohama was from dead cats and dogs. So there was no reason for us to believe we might get anything better in the worst concentration camp in all Japan. On holidays the cooks failed to appear and we had to eat as best we could.

*(Continued on page 49)*

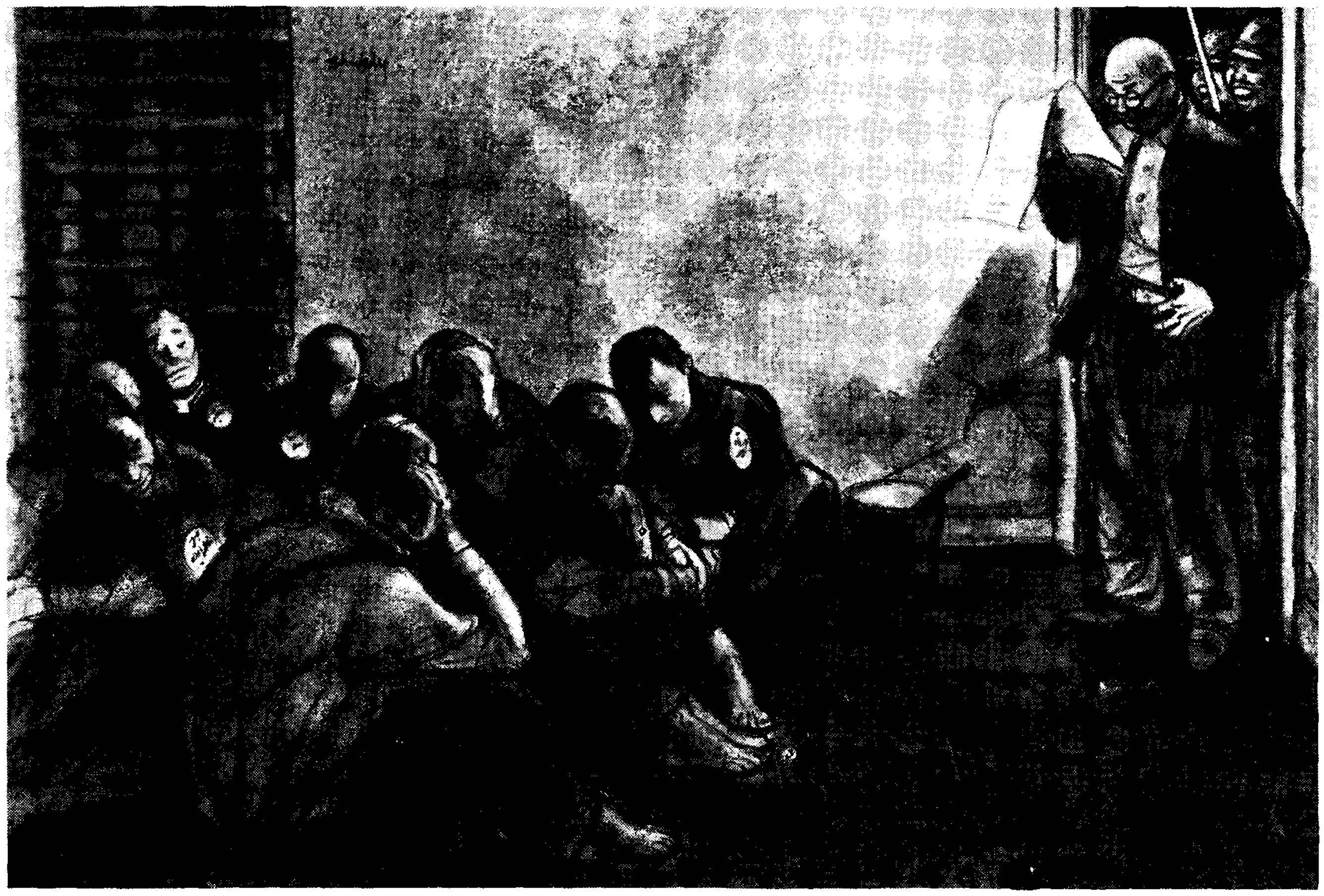
ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL SHIVELY



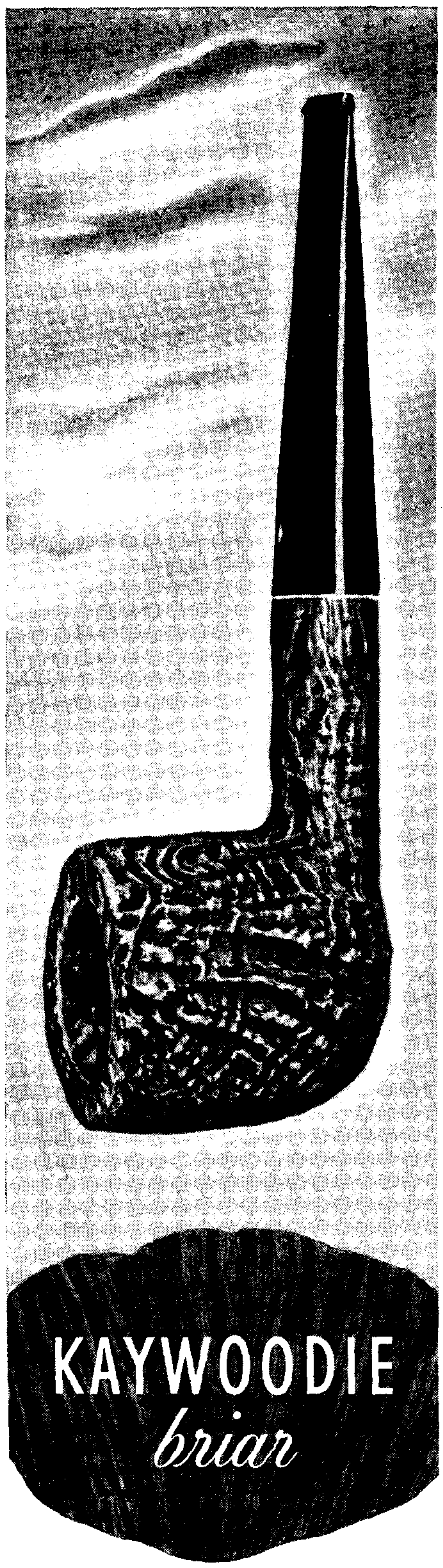
**Otto Tolischus, correspondent for the New York Times, had been strangled and beaten in an effort to make him confess he had been spying**



**The camp manager showed me a stack of mail—letters from my wife and pictures of my children—then deliberately tore them into bits**



**A Jap detective read the camp regulations. He barked at us in a menacing manner, frequently resting his hand on a revolver slung from his belt**



*Here's a source of* pleasure you ought to try. It's reserved exclusively for men—smoking a good pipe. Packing each charge of tobacco yourself to your own personal specification is a pleasant habit. The experienced pipe smoker takes plenty of time to load his pipe. This is especially true of the Kaywoodie smoker—the man who knows the flavor of Kaywoodie's 200-to-400 year old Mediterranean briar. He relishes the preparation of his pipe, prolonging that pleasant tingle of anticipation, till finally he sets the match to his handiwork. Then, in a spell of perfect contentment he takes the first of those long, delicious, relaxing puffs. Try it yourself today with a Kaywoodie. (It's best to start with a fine pipe. Fill it only half-full at first). The *old* imported Kaywoodie Briar produces the sweetest, gentlest smoke.

*The pipe pictured is a "Pot" shape, Thorn Finish Kaywoodie, $3.50. Its large surface cools smoke. Very light in weight.*

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
NEW YORK and LONDON

In New York . . . 630 Fifth Avenue

# Rain Check from Rio

Continued from page 12

smiled the more nervous George became. As the bulbs went off she said gaily, "It's for the posters, you know."

"Posters?" George asked numbly. The situation was getting out of hand. Indeed, it had all the earmarks of that time in Kansas when a prize pigeon had not only turned out to be a bad loser but the district attorney's son. "But about posters I know nuzzing!"

"Oh, I'll explain after we get to the hotel. The Guild has already reserved your suite, senhor."

"Guild?" he asked suspiciously. "I no *compreende*. There is the big mistake, yes?"

"No," Mrs. Bacon said with alarming firmness, as if she had expected just such an effort to escape. "You surely recall I wrote you several letters myself. In fact, I've even talked to your embassy and they assured me you would be only too glad to co-operate." Having settled that, she was the playful lady again. "Of course," she bubbled, "the Guild simply must insist on paying all your expenses until after the recital. It's only fair when the tickets are selling as fast as they're printed. New York is simply mad to see you samba!"

Only then did George suspect the terrible reason behind his gala reception. In fact, Mrs. Bacon was very blithe about it. That the public might have a better understanding of our friends to the south of us, the Guild had rented Carnegie Hall for a one-night stand of the best in Latin-American music. There would be calypso singers from Trinidad, rumba dancers from Cuba, tango artistes of the Argentine, conga dancers from darkest Haiti. And, in the closing spot that befitted his fame, Brazil's own Alfredo Delgamo, giving his all in the native samba.

George's eyes were as frozen as a breakfast bloater's. A man who was born on the offbeat, he had not been caught dancing since the days of the Lindy Hop. To be so suddenly informed he was suspected of concealing a samba was paralyzing. He had observed the dance only twice during his stay in Rio, and then from a highly respectable distance. All he could recall was that it had been more strenuous than handball and less profitable than pool.

"MRS. BACON," he said desperately, "you'll have to count me out. I hurt my leg on the plane. . . ." The glint in her eyes drove home his error. "I speak like the Americano, no? It is old Delgamo custom. Always we have one Delgamo who speaks the English."

"How nice!" she smiled, touched by his childish pleasure. "But you really needn't worry about your leg, Alfredo. You don't mind if I just call you Alfredo, do you? You see, the recital isn't until Saturday and I'm sure you won't disappoint us then."

He nodded. Another cameraman had grabbed a shot as he was ushered into Mrs. Bacon's car. In a few hours there would be so many pictures in the paper he wouldn't dare disappear down the nearest subway. With all this publicity and Mrs. Bacon personally baying at his heels, his taking a powder would attract no more attention than blowing up the White House.

And, unless the F.B.I. had mended their ways, they would immediately be in full hue and cry, madly seeking the idol of a friendly ally. Let them start that and learn about his forged passport, and when they did find him they would simply throw that key away. Like it or not, he was going to be the first man to ever samba his way out of Leavenworth. He, George Walker, who had always gone around minding his own business.

At the hotel a grim gentleman with a shaggy mustache and a brooding gaze was lurking in the hall when the manager and Mrs. Bacon conducted George to his suite. Mrs. Bacon, noting his pallor, smiled reassuringly. "He's only the house detective, Alfredo."

"But—" George's eyes were glazed—"but it is peculiar, no?"

The manager beamed on him. "Not at all," he said heartily. "Biddle is just one of the many services we furnish the celebrities who make this hotel their headquarters. Wherever you go, Biddle goes. You'll find you'll need someone to protect you from your public."

"*Compreende*," George said sadly. Once New York had seen him give with all of the samba he could dream up in the next two days he was going to need nothing but protection.

HIS prominence in the morning's papers only increased his awful awareness that he would either make with the samba or else. In the absence of any startling news from the fronts, Senhor Delgamo had been given a real spread, emerging in print as a man with Bolivar's statesmanship and Valentino's sex appeal. One paper even carried an editorial, heralding his appearance the following night as but another, and possibly the final step in cementing Latin-American relations.

Fortunately George, after a terrible night of walking the walls, had come up with a plan to miss that Leavenworth free ride. Somehow he would learn enough of the samba to fake it for a quick thirty seconds. He would come out, take his bow, and go right into his Brazilian buck-and-wing. Once he made it across the stage he would—with very little effort on his part—stumble and fall, apparently breaking his leg.

Moaning and grimacing he would be carried from the stage and back to the hotel. The moment he was alone and had shaved off that mustache he would be down the fire escape and heading for Brooklyn. He could even leave a suicide note on some bleak dock, stating that to a samba artiste with a broken leg, life no longer held any meaning.

MRS. BACON was on the phone before he had finished his breakfast. She wished to exhibit him to some ladies' club that afternoon.

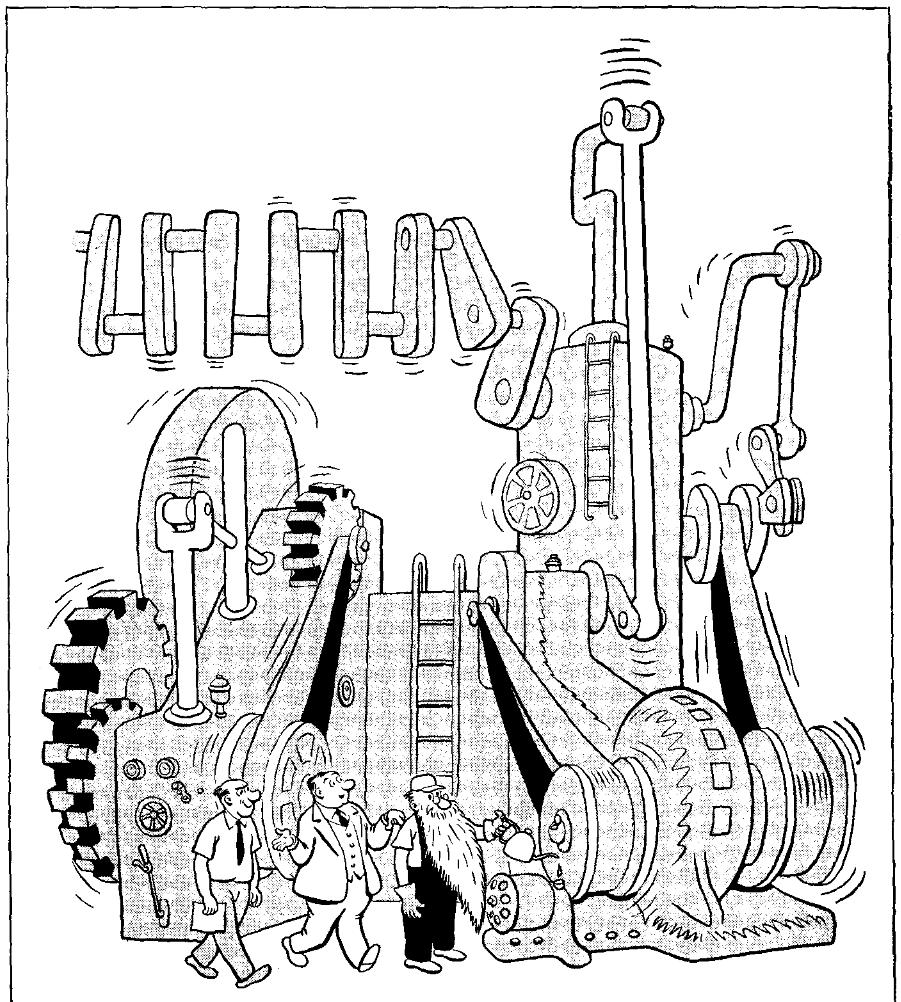
"That I cannot do," he said. "Always I must be alone ze day before ze recital. It is the artiste in me, *compreende?*"

"Well," she began, and he could see her ample contours swelling with well-bred chagrin, "I simply thought. . . ."

"It cannot be. Today and tomorrow I do nuzzings but contemplate the samba. And to contemplate I must be alone, no? Yes!"

He then went into conference with the telephone book, consulting the classified section dealing with dance studios. To his surprise, none specialized in the samba. Frowning, he called several of the more imposing advertisers. With cold horror he learned that while they all regarded the samba as the coming dance craze, none of them yet had competent instructors in same. To make matters even more trying, several suggested he might pick up some pointers by attending Alfredo Delgamo's recital. The dancing trade, keenly aware of the master's presence, were going en masse.

But, with the despair of one who finds himself in a rigged game from which he

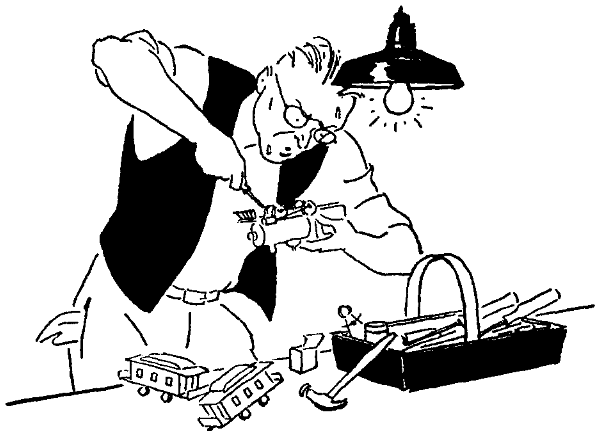


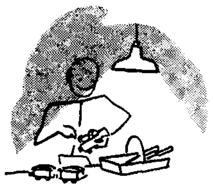
"Our safety engineer is very interested in speaking to you, Ferbus"

COLLIER'S COLIN ALLEN

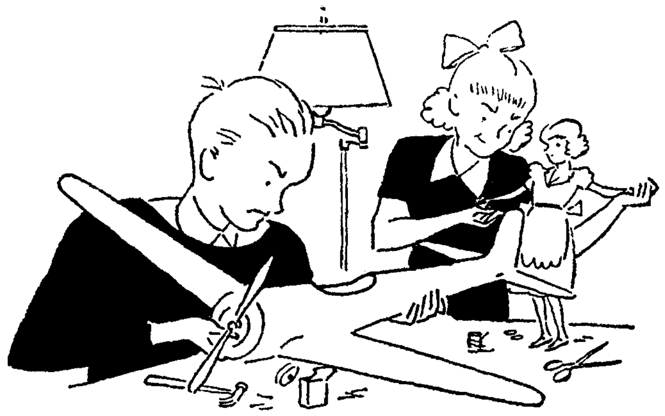
# It's fun for you.. BUT WORK for your eyes!

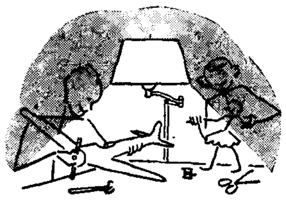
Eyes are now being used at least 20% more in the home than they were a year ago . . . based on a recent G. E. survey of over 3,000 people in 914 families. Because of this, General Electric reminds you that lots of things which are fun for you, are *work* for your eyes. There's extra need to watch your light and guard eyesight!



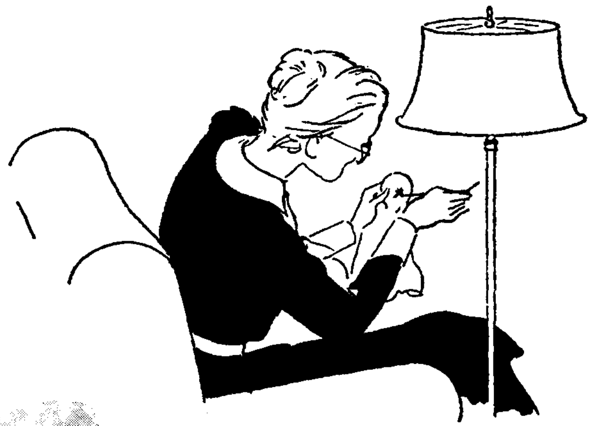


**"Yes siree, it'll whistle tomorrow!"** Many a man now gets a big kick out of being the repair man around home. But you'll spend less time at it and see better if you avoid glare by having the right size bulb in your fixture.

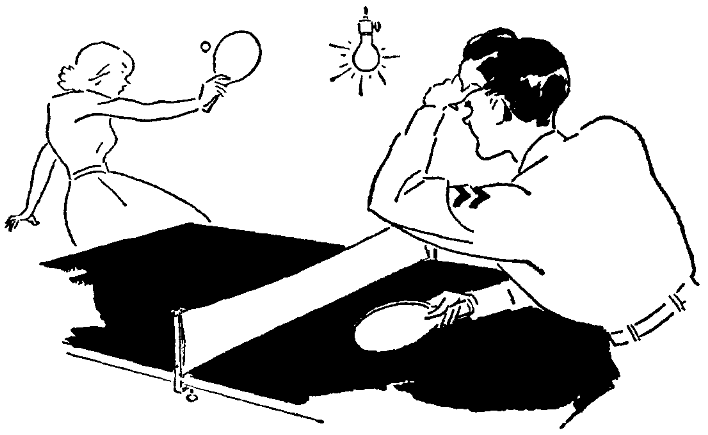


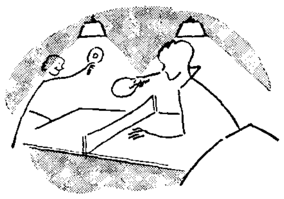


**"This plane's going to be a honey, sis"**...and so is that new doll dress. But close work like this means greater risk of eyestrain. See that the lamp they work by is close enough and has at least a 100-watt bulb in it.



**It's a game now for Mom**... but how she works at it, trying to make everything, including Dad's socks, last longer! If she'd only move the lamp back close to her elbow, she'd find mending less tiring, and less strain for her eyes.



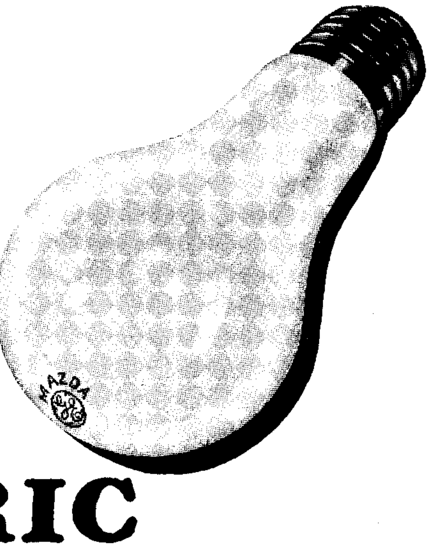


**"Whew, what a game!"** Sure it was fun, but it was tough, *too*... and that bare bulb made it a lot tougher. You can have a lot more fun at any game, if the lamp bulb is the right size, *and is properly shaded.*

## HOW TO GET MORE OUT OF LIGHT!

1. Keep bulbs and reflectors clean . . . dust and dirt waste more light than you think.
2. Replace dark shades or shades turned yellow; get more light.
3. Arrange lamps and furniture so each lamp can serve two or more people if necessary.
4. When you buy a lamp bulb, buy carefully; be sure it's the right size to protect eyes.
5. Look for the mark G-E on the bulb and get G-E MAZDA lamps . . . the kind that are . . .

..made to stay brighter longer



G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

GONE ARE THE DAYS
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

For years hog bristle made the best brushes...then along came Pro-phy-lac-tic's *PROLON*

**Du Pont chemists have outdone the hog—there is no better bristle than Pro-phy-lac-tic's synthetic "PROLON"**

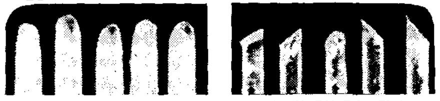
When you hear competitive tooth brush claims, think this over: du Pont is "tops" when it comes to making synthetic bristle! And "Prolon" is Pro-phy-lac-tic's name for du Pont's finest grade.

*So, how can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, clean better or last longer than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer—it can't!

"Prolon", on the other hand, has a mighty important *plus* over any other synthetic bristle sold under any other name . . . *only "Prolon" is rounded at the ends!* See for yourself, in the photomicrographs, the difference between the rounded bristle-ends of "Prolon" and the harsh, jagged points of ordinary bristle. *Think of the difference on your gums!*

**The only Tooth Brush in the World with:**

**1...ROUND-END BRISTLE**



PROLON "ROUND-END" ORDINARY BRISTLE

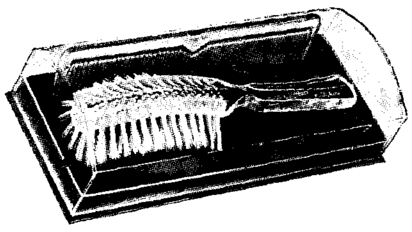
Actual Photo-Micrographs

**2...SIX MONTHS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

We have no way of telling how long a Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush will last you . . . maybe a year, 18 months, even longer. We can, and do, however, give a clear-cut 6-months money-back guarantee with each brush—the *only* brush in the world with this definite 6-months *guarantee* of service. That's how sure we are of its dependability and durability!

. . . and don't miss this new line of hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant bristles of du Pont Prolon. $1.50 to $10.00—at most brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, $4.50*



**PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.**

can't drop out, George kept right on pitching. By noon an album of samba records and a machine had been delivered to his room. Adding them to a bill that he hoped would soon look like the national debt, he pulled down the shades and locked all the doors. Going to work with a vengeance, he tried to recall those fancy steps that had enabled Alfredo to avoid working for a living.

It still came out handball.

WHEN he limped from his room after five hours of hand-to-hand combat with the samba he was seeking liniment rather than escape. Gone now were most of his hopes to make it even once across the stage. He was so distressed that he didn't even care that Biddle, lurking behind that mustache, trailed him to the lobby. To a man about to spend the rest of his days on the jute-mill circuit, a detective more or less is of little concern.

Several photographers and a plump gentleman in a loud gabardine suit and a straw hat were just entering the lobby. They were respectfully convoying an exotic full-blown young lady in a magenta turban. There were reporters on the fringes of the convoy, little destroyers of the written word, and at the sight of George they sped forward to engage the foe.

"Senhor Delgamo!" cried the pudgy man, getting under a full head of steam himself. "Give him the full routine, Letiga!"

Letiga Carvallho, whose lovely exteriors and exciting Brazilian background grew more famous with each new picture, gave a little cry. Throwing her arms around George she sobbed, "Alfredo, darling! How I have missed you! Is it not wonderful the studio let me fly to your side?" As a matter of record her studio had insisted on her flying to New York that she might cash in on some of her famous fiancé's publicity. Miss Carvallho, however, was too splendid a trouper to let prosaic truth interfere with an all-out performance.

"*Bebita*," she whispered, kissing him, "it is so long . . . so long."

Mr. Manny Sax, the publicity man, removed his hat. "Would you get them, boys?" he asked reverently. "They oughta be under glass. Two of the world's greatest personalities madly in love—but with dignity in public! Why, Letiga couldn't even wait to finish her picture once she heard her fiancé was in New York." George's stomach leaped madly at this revelation of their status. "All this time they're engaged, see, and poor Letiga hasn't seen him since Mammoth imported her to Hollywood."

George gulped, staring at his fiancée. He could feel those handcuffs already.

Manny Sax was jovially shoving him toward his betrothed. "Give her another smacker, sweetheart. One for the Sunday supplements." He winked broadly at the press. "Can you imagine being a Brazilian? Their parents went and arranged their engagement while Letiga was still in a convent in Rio. They've never had an unchaperoned date in their lives. Maybe we oughta give them a break tonight, hunh, boys?"

While relieved at learning this engagement had been largely *in absentia*, George still had no intentions of being left alone with his fiancée talking about mutual friends and what gave in Rio. "No, no, no," he cried, "It is not polite we should be left alone, *compreende?*"

Taking this as the genteel gesture a Latin gentleman would have to make, the press and Mr. Sax immediately departed on a heavy wave of admonitions to have fun. George took a deep breath, considering the lady of Alfredo's dreams. Alfredo, the stinker. Alfredo, such a glamor-pants he didn't bother mentioning stray fiancées he had staked out in the States.

"Well," he said finally, "I mean, if you're hungry or something—" He checked his bets while he could. "Perhaps," he added hurriedly, "perhaps as long as we are both in the States tonight we should speak only English, no?"

Letiga smiled. "Anything you say, Alfredo. . . ."

They went to Hymie's Hut, the heavily scented restaurant which dealt in the best herring and worst characters around town. George let out a nostalgic sigh at the sight of the crowded booths, the waiters laden with steaming goulash, and all that conniving bustle that had been so lacking in Brazil. It was old times. Cheesecake and characters.

With a start he remembered his fiancée, who was obviously dismayed at his ideas of a restaurant. "It is quaint, no? On the plane, the Americanos spoke only of this place."

Letiga nodded. Her conversation was entirely composed of lowered eyes and meek nods. By the time he had finished his liverwurst on rye he was growing accustomed to her lovely desire to say nothing at all. Maybe, he decided, when a doll was such a production, they never said anything. They just sat around being sultry. So George spoke only twice, and then to the waiter.

After a while, filled with good cheer and admirable cheesecake, George glanced around the Hut, taking an inventory of the customers. The cheesecake suddenly stuck in his throat. Mr. No Name McNavin and the Messrs. Fatso Kaplan and Edgie Haldeman were in a booth across the room, staring at him as three butchers would consider a choice steer.

The sight of George making with the cheesecake had been like a good kick in the teeth. Filled with chagrin, Mr. No Name McNavin's face had closed like a fist. Edgie and Fatso Kaplan looked even less promising. "Back and eating when he owes us dough!" No Name said bitterly. "Come on. We get ours now or he gets his later!"

AS THEY bore down on him George desperately slipped on his beret and most innocent expression. Aware of a valuable prop to his new identity, he seized Letiga's hand. His panic must have been contagious. Her hand was trembling.

"George," No Name said bleakly, "you can tell the lady to blow. We wanna word with you. We wanna inquire what happened to our three grand."

Fatso Kaplan was scowling. "George Walker with mustache," he said with esthetic distaste. "Unless you get it up, George, I'm gonna pull them out one at a time!"

George stood up shakily. "No *compreende*," he said shrilly. "No *compreende* this George Walker. Only yesterday I arrive from Brazil, no, Letiga?"

She said meekly, "Of course, Alfredo."

"Alfredo?" Edgie Haldeman said. "Take off that mustache and you got George Walker. Give it a jerk."

Only the law saved George from being deflowered then and there. The shaggy mustache and brooding eyes of Biddle popped over the nearest booth. "Let me handle this, Senhor Delgamo," he said dourly. He turned on the assembled creditors and with a cold flip of his lapel he revealed his special officer's badge.

"Now do you lugs get out of here or do I have you run in? Senhor Delgamo's up here for a recital and I got orders he's not to be disturbed."

No Name, never kindly disposed toward parties with stars hidden under their lapels, bristled. "Yeah?" he said. "A recital, hunh? He don't look like no violinist to me!"

"Violinist?" George said. "It is to laugh, no? All New York knows that

## COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

# FICTIONARY

### VOLUME I

**DOWNHOLSTERER:** A man who tears sofas apart.

**LACKSIMILE:** Something that doesn't look like anything.

**MANOKLEPTIAC:** A guy who backs into department stores, puts stuff on the counter, and runs like anything.

**YOUSLES:** Me, I've got measles; you, you've got yousles.

**UNDUNKER:** A fellow who takes doughnuts out of coffee and dries them off.

**ORFIN:** A fish without any mamma and papa.

**CONCUBEEN:** An old concubine.

**HOGMENTED:** What a new litter makes the pig family.

**POSSECAT:** A cat who hunts mice with a gun.

**Faced with the stoopendous task of making this Fictionary a comprehensive work, Col. Stoopnagle will welcome words (with their definitions) from readers and will pay five dollars out of Collier's pocket for acceptable contributions. Address The Fictionary Dept., Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.**

---

Alfredo Delgamo, the world's greatest samba dancer, will dance here tomorrow, and these gentlemen wish to make the crude jest. Better we should leave, Letiga."

She was still trembling as the cab drove away. While George had revised his opinion of certain house detectives he was still glad that Biddle was not on hand to witness his fiancée's strange behavior. Letiga's eyes were growing misty, and George could take just so much of that. Fiancée or no, he had to be getting back to his samba practice. His muscles groaned at the very thought of another encounter with the dansant. He gazed gloomily out the window, wondering how he would like that Leavenworth board-and-room.

Letiga's full lips quivered. "Alfredo," she began, and then the mist became a downpour. "You make me feel like such a phony," she sobbed. "You Brazilians are so—so kind!"

"Us Brazilians?" George said numbly. "Us Brazilians? What about you?"

"Don't," she sobbed. "Please don't pretend any longer. I'm just from Steubenville, Ohio, and I can't help it" She gave way completely. "You won't believe me but I simply had to make people think I was a Brazilian, Alfredo. That's the only reason the studio was ever interested in me. I didn't dream that you would ever come up here and find out that I—I had even told them you and I were engaged, just to make it sound better."

George had given a little gurgle on learning she was just in on a rain check herself. "Go on," he said gently. "Go right ahead, Letiga."

"That's—that's all there is. I was working in a chorus in a Rio casino when I—I dreamed all this up. When I came home I went right into my accent and I had a contract before you could say Copacabana." She gave a pretty sniffle.

Enjoying his sudden status as a Latin gentleman, George gave an understanding shrug. "It is nuzzing," he said kindly. "All of us pretend at times, no?"

This charity from one who could have ended her career forever caused Miss Carvallho to break down all over again. "Even—even suggesting we just speak English tonight rather than let on you knew I was a fake. I—I'll never forget that, Alfredo."

He gave another shrug. Encouraged, Letiga dried her tears and snuggled closer, all in the same maidenly movement. Once again every movement was a production. "You'll never know how I've always admired you, Alfredo," she said softly. "When you were at the Urca I used to come there every night after work just to see you samba. You were so wonderful! When I think of the poor little sambas I've done in pictures . . ."

George stared at her. Once before in his life he had drawn a royal flush when he was down to his last stack, and it had filled him with the same reverence. "Perhaps," he said shakily, realizing his salvation was right there in the cab with him, "perhaps tomorrow night you would do me the little favor, no?"

When he told her what it was, she threw her arms around him.

"Oh, Alfredo! How wonderful to even think of me!"

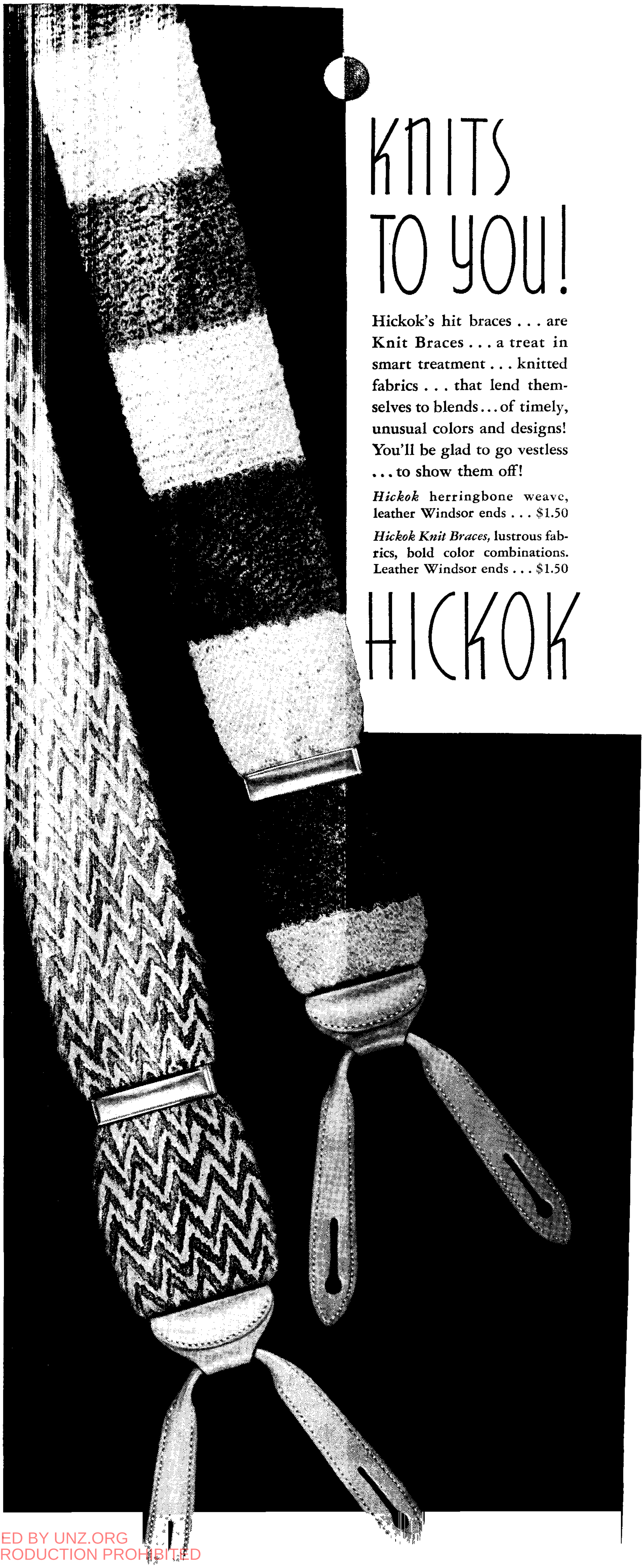
With no cameraman about, George wasted no time in evading her embrace. "I am sorry," he said, "but in Brazil I have already the fiancée with five brothers, all swordsmen. Tomorrow night will be, how you Americans say, only for fon."

CARNEGIE HALL was a sea of sable and lorgnettes long before Mrs. Bacon came bustling backstage with the great news. Trinidad calypso singers had already captivated the far-flung galleries and the Haitian conga dancers were giving out to their jungle rhythms when Mrs. Bacon let the rest of the staff in on her delicious secret. Bursting, she confided that Alfredo Delgamo was actually going to dance with his fiancée.

"Letiga Carvallho," she gasped, savoring every syllable. "Alfredo just called and told me himself. Just think of Brazil's lovebirds doing their bit for our little Guild. And then people say the good-neighbor policy hasn't been a success!"

George, who was still at the hotel and highly involved in prying himself into his *carnaval* costume, didn't resemble a man who was about to appear anywhere. In securing the outfit from her costumer Mrs. Bacon had omitted to include the floor plans, and George was with difficulties. He deplored the gay pants, cut off at the knee; in fact, he loathed the costume that the well-turned-out samba artiste always wore. He was still struggling with the sash when the cab deposited him at the stage door.

Letiga was waiting in the wings when he came stumbling up the steps. She was quite the Brasilera herself. She was wearing a Bahiana costume that revealed her charms to a degree that



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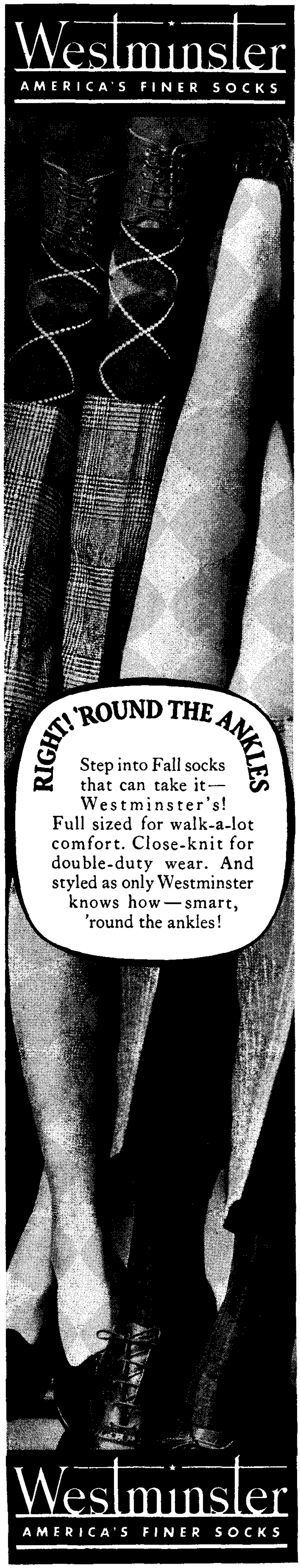
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George found quite blinding. But beneath the turban, her face was tight with strain.

"There's really a mob scene out there," she said, nervously twisting her bracelets. "And when I think of going on without a rehearsal . . ." her lips tightened . . . "well, it's not fair, that's all. Unless you promise to make me look good, too, the whole deal's off."

"Letiga," he said feelingly, "that you may appear well, I shall let you lead me in the first samba!" There was no doubt she had the shoulders for it. They were broad and strong, and with a good grip on them, he ought to last out his one trip across the stage. Once that was completed he could go into his broken-leg routine and be off in the night.

The audience, grown restless with waiting for the main event, burst into applause when Mrs. Bacon breathlessly announced that Letiga Carvallho would appear as an added attraction; and the pit orchestra, armed to the teeth with *cabasas, chocalos,* and samba orchestrations, plunged into *Acquarella do Brasil.*

The beautiful opening bars were restrained and poignant; then, with the crack of the waves bursting on Copacabana Beach, there was the full bouncing rhythm of the samba, faster and faster and faster. The heavily accented beat pounded through the house, louder and stronger with each measure. At its swirling crescendo the curtains parted with dramatic suddenness.

Letiga, swaying and bending on every offbeat, giving her exotic all for that packed auditorium, came into view with George already holding on for dear life. Too late he had learned the samba was like skipping rope, an art his childhood had never mastered. There was the same bouncing movement, the knees buckling at every step, and only Letiga's bronzed shoulders to prevent his falling flat on his face. The rhythm grew so fast that it made the Cuban rumba dancers who had preceded them look like the prize winners in Waltz Night at the Old Folks' Home. George's face grew as red as his sash. Desperately clutching Letiga's shoulders, he was dizzily aware that the samba was taking him in ever-widening circles. The staring faces of the audience became a madman's dream, haunting him from all sides.

SOON they were twirling so rapidly that the faces, not content with being on a merry-go-round, were also on the floor and the ceiling, and at the same time. George closed his eyes, about to succumb to those shipboard terrors, when Letiga suddenly broke from his grasp.

Staggering, he found that she was circling around him, giving out with her weaving arms and swaying body in the best *carnaval* style. It was the moment so beloved to samba artistes. The couple breaks apart and become competing floor shows as each dancer gives his own version of what St. Vitus' Dance has done for the samba. It was a moment for Samba artistes but not for George Walker. For him it was the moment to take his dive.

Halfway to the floor he found himself staring into the bleak gaze of the Messrs. McNavin, Kaplan and Haldeman. His creditors, not at all convinced by that accent and house detective, were planted in the first row.

"He is or he ain't," No Name said when George first appeared, sambaing for dear life. "And I'll lay you even he is. Even with that gypsy routine it still looks like George Walker to me."

George was thinking much the same thing. He hit the floor, but immediately recovered his balance and went right into a Russian Cossack act which he had often witnessed in vaudeville. Arms crossed, calling out "Hi! Hi!" his frantic legs, kick-by-kick, removed him from the line of immediate fire. When he lurched to his feet Letiga was there. He seized her as a child seizes a maypole. "Hang on, babe," he gasped. "We're off!"

Driven with horror, he took the samba back through the ages. The first stop was the Lindy Hop, the last dance with which he had even had a nodding acquaintance. Now it was Letiga who was hanging on. Exhausting what he remembered of the Lindy Hop, he went right into The Big Apple, a dance he had once observed in a newsreel.

"Why," said Mr. Fatso Kaplan, staring at these strange goings-on, "this couldn't be George. He couldn't walk upstairs without falling over his two left feet." He made no move to leave.

Mr. No Name McNavin was also settling back in his chair. "Of course it ain't George," he said comfortably. "You know, for classical stuff this ain't half bad. This jerk could have headlined the Palace any day."

Their enjoyment of Alfredo Delgamo's art was not alone. Blasé dance critics were reverently remembering Nijinsky. The audience, prepared to be thoroughly bored in the interests of sweet charity, were as excited as if they had discovered a new Firpo.

But George, concerned only with saving what passed for his life, had no knowledge that dancing history was being made the hard way. The exhausted musicians were still doggedly playing sambas, and George, just as doggedly, had progressed through the Black Bottom, Charleston and Dark Town Strutters' Ball. His fascinated creditors remained glued to their seats, and George's frantic efforts to be a Brazilian had to go on and on, letting the arches fall where they may.

Not until he had exhausted the past and was trying to recall a few jitterbug steps he had once seen in Harlem, did he come to the end of the recital. It was fittingly dramatic. Miss Letiga Carvallho went suddenly limp in his arms and slid to the floor in a dead faint. The customers, beside themselves at this Dixie finish, insisted on seven curtain calls before Miss Carvallho could be carried from the stage. George, supported by three awed stagehands, was then helped to his dressing room.

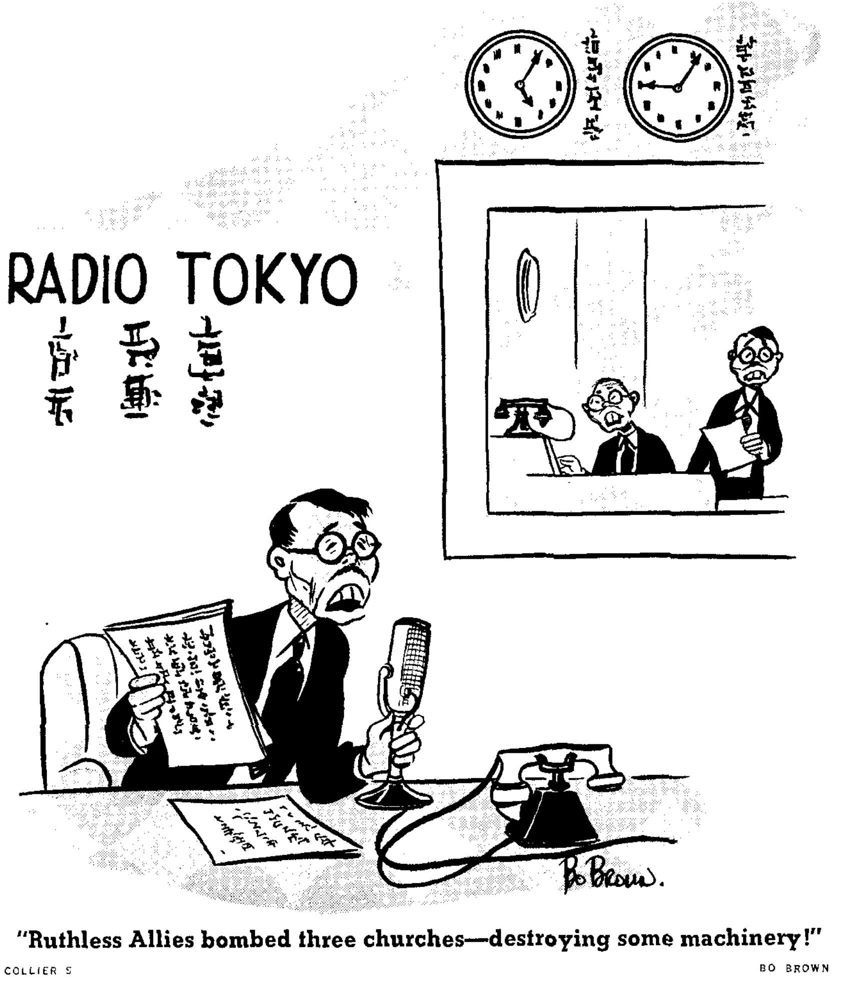
Gradually he became aware someone was waving brandy under his nose. It was Biddle. His dressing room was bulging with reporters and admirers, and Mrs. Bacon was carrying on as master of ceremonies. "Miss Carvallho's been taken to the hospital for a complete checkup," she sniffled, daubing at her eyes. "I'll never forget her last words as long as I live. She said that even in Rio, Alfredo had never equaled his performance tonight!"

GEORGE was dazedly reading a letter Biddle had thrust in his hands. It had arrived at the hotel after he left for the recital, and it was from Alfredo. "Better I should have come to the States after all," he wrote sadly. "Much happens since you have left, my *companheiro.* Only yesterday I was inducted into the Brazilian army." There was a scrawled afterthought. "Some ladies have written me of a recital. If they call upon you, ignore them."

With Alfredo no longer in circulation, George's duty was clear. To his admirers' sorrow they learned that Alfredo Delgamo was retiring at the height of his career. He was giving up the samba for the duration. "Soon," George said bravely, "you will hear that Alfredo Delgamo is bearing the arms of Brazil!"

Having gone this far with Alfredo, George thought dreamily he might as well go the whole way. With his creditors cluttering up the town, his own patriotism was on the rise. Tomorrow, with his mustache gone, George would be enlisting in the U. S. Army himself. A living was a living, and an army the size of ours must have a lot of parties in it who played far worse poker than George Walker.

THE END



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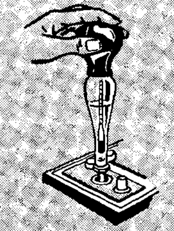
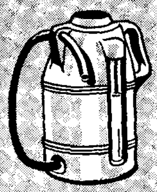


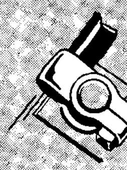
to determine if battery is in the proper state of charge. Should be checked at least once a month.

### ADD WATER



to prevent damage to plates and separators, thereby prolonging life of battery. Electrolyte level should be checked every month.

### CLEAN TERMINALS

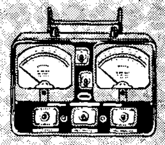


to prevent corrosion and to secure good electrical connections. Insures full power from battery for cranking, winter or summer.

### CHECK FOR WORN AND CORRODED CABLES

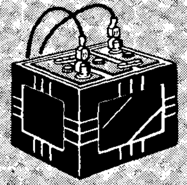
to guard against electrical failures due to short circuits and high resistance. Damaged cables should be replaced when needed.

### CHECK GENERATOR CHARGING RATE



to prevent overcharging or undercharging of battery. Either shortens battery life. Overcharging is indicated by excessive need for water.

### RECHARGE BATTERY



(if needed) to prolong life of battery. Dealer will determine and correct the cause of the run-down condition.

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## Don't Sit Under the Rubber Tree

Continued from page 16

found a man with that size tires, and him willing to sell."

Luther said, "Mr. Ned, I can't see the whole county from this here porch. But what of it I can see, you ain't found him yet."

Mr. Ned Whately said, "I'm sure sorry to hear you talk like that, Luther. You mightn't not ever get such an offer again. I'll give you double the market price."

Luther said, "Mr. Ned, I got just 'xactly four wheels to my automobile, and four tires to go with 'em. 'Scusin' everything, Mr. Ned, I don't aim to make no orphan out of any of them wheels."

MR. WHATELY begun to rock a little quicker. But he still smiled. He said, "What you want a car for anyway, Luther? Just to ride up and down the road. Just to carry you to that piccolo joint* at Gadsden Corner. You only goin' to get in trouble that way."

Luther said, "I'm too old for piccolo-ridin', Mr. Ned. I keeps that car locked up in the shed right back of Mr. Bob's here. I got four good tires and one tank full of gas. Come time to 'vacuate, ain't nobody goin' to 'cuse me of blockin' the road."

Mr. Ned Whately said, "Evacuate from what?"

Luther said, "From anything that needs 'vacuatin', Mr. Ned. Like this here."

Luther reached in his pocket and took out a newspaper clipping. His face was solemn as prayer meeting. If he was just letting on, he was sure doing a job. He spread the clipping out, and it was a *map of this county, from the* Princetown Courier—from last winter, when the Army had maneuvers around here. They'd landed troops north and south of Princetown, and set out to do a pincher movement against the home boys. The map had a big arrow curving down from the coast north of Princetown, and another one curving up from the south. The one from the south had its point resting just almost on our crossroad.

Luther put a long, black finger on that arrow point. He said, "Mr. Ned, you *see this here?"*

Mr. Ned Whately said, "I see it all right."

Luther said, "Mr. Ned, come another arrow like that, only shooting real bullets ahead of it, and I aim to be just a yonder speck on the horizon. With four good tires."

He folded the clipping and put it back in his pocket. Mr. Ned Whately stopped rocking altogether. The smile on his face got a little queer. He couldn't be at all sure but what Luther was just joking him. Because maybe all Luther really wanted was just to keep his tires. But I guess Mr. Ned Whately figured it was still too soon to get mad. He said, still trying to smile, "That's a lot of foolishness, Luther. That map don't mean nothing. That was just maneuvers. Just practice."

Luther said practically, "Practice make perfect, Mr. Ned. I done laid my plans already."

Mr. Ned Whately just sat there. And his face begun to take on that dead-tomato look again. He said finally, "You ain't goin' to sell me a tire, Luther?"

Luther said, " 'Scusin' everything, Mr. Ned, I'd ruther not."

Mr. Ned Whately said, "You're being mighty foolish, Luther. 'Spose somebody breaks into that shed and *steals* your tires? You won't have a thing in your pocket then but a big roll of wish-dollars."

Luther said, "I sleeps in that shed, Mr. Ned. Them tires don't come off so easy but what I'd wake up."

Mr. Ned Whately just looked at him. Judging by Mr. Ned's color, I reckoned things between him and the widow was even more crucial than I'd heard. Also that the cotton land was even better than report. But I figured it was time to break things up. I said, "Tide's 'way down from the marsh roots, Luther. And you promised me a bass for supper."

Luther said, "I ain't promise you no bass, Mr. Bob. I just give you my promise I'd try."

No one's going to pin Luther Simmons hard down. Not even for a fish. But I knew he was glad I'd got him a chance to leave. He loosened himself up from the steps, and ambled off toward the creek. Mr. Ned Whately watched him go. I said, "Sorry I can't carry you home, Mr. Ned. But I got my car on blocks for the duration."

It wasn't exactly an invitation to leave, but it wasn't *any* sit-awhile speech either. Mr. Ned Whately watched Luther out of sight. Then he said, "That Luther Simmons. You can't tell me he gets them bass on any hook and line. He stops gutters with a seine, that's how he gets 'em."

*I didn't say anything, and after a mo*ment Mr. Ned Whately said, "Stopping gutters! That's right against the law. State Warden might like to hear about that."

I said, "Now look here, Mr. Ned."

He listened, but he didn't look. I said, "I *don't* doubt a minute you can get Luther jugged, if you put your mind to it. For something or other. But if there's a fine, I'll pay it, somehow. And if there ain't a fine, *I'll* sleep in the shack while Luther's at the county farm."

That color in his face got deep red, *and then it got purple. Then, all of a* sudden, it begun to fade. And then Mr. Ned Whately smiled. Not at me. Just off across the marsh. After a bit, he hoisted himself out of the chair, and waddled down the steps. Still smiling. Off into that three-o'clock heat. When *he got out to the highway, you could see* little dark spots and then puffs of steam where the sweat run down off him onto the concrete. But even when he was just a fat speck on the far-off road, I could tell he was still grinning.

LUTHER came back on the flood tide, just before sundown, with three nice school bass in his net. I didn't worry my head any about how they come to be there. I didn't tell him about that grin Mr. Ned Whately had walked off

### QUERY KILLER

Designated as battery carpenter in a Coast Artillery regiment at San Diego, Cal., Pete Coldbath (Brooklyn, N. Y.) does such a skilled job of cabinet-making he used to spend most of his time answering such queries as, "Whatcha hammering together now?" and, "What's that gonna be?" Fed up with the personnel's curiosity, Pete installed a giant sign with interchangeable letters, and his pals now read such messages as, "Please refrain from asking questions. I am building a special desk requested by Major Soandso to be used at regimental headquarters."

Carpenter Coldbath reports a 100% increase in production since the sign has been up.

---

*Juke joint.

with, either. But later on, sitting on the porch in the moonlight, I said, "Luther, seems to me you ain't been to your sister over Frampton side for quite a while."

Luther looked at the moon. It was just a day off full, and it had been a walloping big tide. Tomorrow would be even bigger. Luther said, "Mr. Bob, I really glad you 'mind me of that. Brother shouldn't leave his sister without his company too long."

He looked at the moonlight shining on the tide that was creeping almost up to the back of the store, and then he said, "Come morning, I got to finish weedin' out your garden patch. Soon as that finish, I leave out."

I said, "Leave the garden go. Come daylight, you climb on your ox and get gone. I'll watch the car."

But Luther shook his head.

It worried me, remembering that grin on Mr. Ned Whately's face. But I'd known Luther a lot too long to argue against him when his mind was set.

THE way it turned out, it wouldn't have made any difference one way or the other. Because just short of noon, when Luther had almost finished in the garden, a county car drove up to the store. Tom Seeley, the deputy sheriff, was driving, and beside him was Mr. Ned Whately, fat as life. It was too late to holler to Luther to light out for the creek. He was right there in the garden. But Tom Seeley didn't get out right away. Mr. Ned Whately got out, and come over to me. He had a check in his hand, and he said, smooth as butter, "Could you cash me twenty-five, Bob?"

I couldn't quite figure what he was up to. I said, "Mr. Ned, you know better than to ask that. Or maybe you ain't heard about this gas rationing?"

He just grinned, and turned around and waved at Tom Seeley. Tom got out, and come over too. He had some legal papers in his hand, and he looked pretty sheepish and ashamed of himself. I could see Luther watching from the garden, and I got braced for the worst. Tom said, not quite looking at me, "Bob, have you got the automobile of one Luther Simmons on these here premises?"

I said, "What if I have?"

Tom said, "Seems Luther owes Mr. Ned here twenty-five dollars for spring fertilizer. I got Luther's signature on the note here, and all that. So Mr. Ned's done took out a 'tatchment 'gainst the car."

Which explained the check business. Just to be sure I didn't have the cash to take up Luther's note. Mr. Ned Whately said, "Forget the car. I'll settle for one good tire."

I just looked at him. Then I called Luther over from the garden. I said, "Luther, do you owe Mr. Ned here twenty-five dollars for fertilizer?"

Luther looked at Mr. Ned Whately, and then he looked at me. He said, "Why, yessuh, Mr. Bob. Only I thought, like always, he'd wait till the cotton was in."

Tom said, "I'm sorry, Luther. But there ain't anything about that in the note you signed. It's payable from date of loan."

I said, "Tom, that's maybe Luther's car, but it's in my shed, and my door to the shed that's locked with my lock. You got a warrant against me for search and seizure?"

Tom looked down at the ground. He said, "I ain't, but Mr. Ned here's only got to ask to get one. You'd only make me an extra trip back to town."

I said, "That might be just long enough."

Tom said, "That wouldn't do no good, Bob. You'd only both land in jail. That car's in the custody of the court till Mr. Ned's judgment is satisfied. And you done admitted it was here."

I didn't say anything. I just looked at Mr. Ned Whately, and he looked off across the marsh. Tom said, "You best get the key, Bob."

I said, "I'll be something or other if I get it for you. It's hanging over the kitchen table."

They went off toward the back of the store, and I went over to the steps and sat down. Luther come over and sat down too. We didn't either of us say anything. After about five minutes, Tom and Mr. Ned come back around the corner of the store, and Mr. Ned was rolling a wheel off Luther's car. There was a fine tire on the wheel, with *good, deep treads. They put the wheel* in the back seat of Tom's car, and got in to drive off. I got up then, and went over to the car. I said, "Tom, if I had a piece of cork handy, I'd burn it and black my face. I'm that ashamed of being a white man."

Tom didn't say anything, but he got awful red. Mr. Ned Whately just sat there and grinned.

When they was gone, I went back and sat down by Luther. I couldn't think of anything to say to him. Luther kind of looked at me, but I couldn't for the life of me tell what he was thinking. Then he reached in his pocket and took out that maneuvers map from the Courier. Then he took a two-inch stub of pencil, and started doing something to the map. I looked over his shoulder to see what he was up to. He'd taken those two arrows and stretched them all the way round, so they met solid, about at Summerville. And just inside, where the two points come together, he'd made a little dot, kind of trapped there, and he'd marked the dot, "Luther."

He looked at the dot, and then he looked at me and grinned. I wished I'd had his sense of humor.

I THOUGHT we was anyway through for a while. But I was wrong again. About four o'clock, I actually had a customer. Man and his family getting home from Florida on a special allotment. I filled up his tank, and he drove off, and be durned if in don't drive Mr. Ned Whately. And a lady with him I guessed right off was the widow from over Deane Hall side. I hadn't ever seen her before, and she wasn't bad looking for her age and size. But something on the haughty side too, and Mr. Ned was putting it on so hard for her, he was like to die of it. He stuck out his ration card, and said, "Fill 'er up, Bob. And check the oil and water while you're at it."

I put the gas nozzle back on the hook, and said, "Sorry, Mr. Ned. No gas."

It caught him left-footed. He said, "But that car that just—"

It was my turn to smile. I said, "Believe it or not, Mr. Ned, that fellow took my last drop of gas. And also believe it or not, I'm fresh out of oil and water. Also windshield-wiping."

That boggled him. But he couldn't let on, because of the widow, who was already looking at me like I was the revolt of the lower orders. He managed a smile, and said, "Well, we're just driving down by Point of Pines. Got plenty for that. I thought I'd give you the trade."

I said, "Your trade'll keep, I reckon."

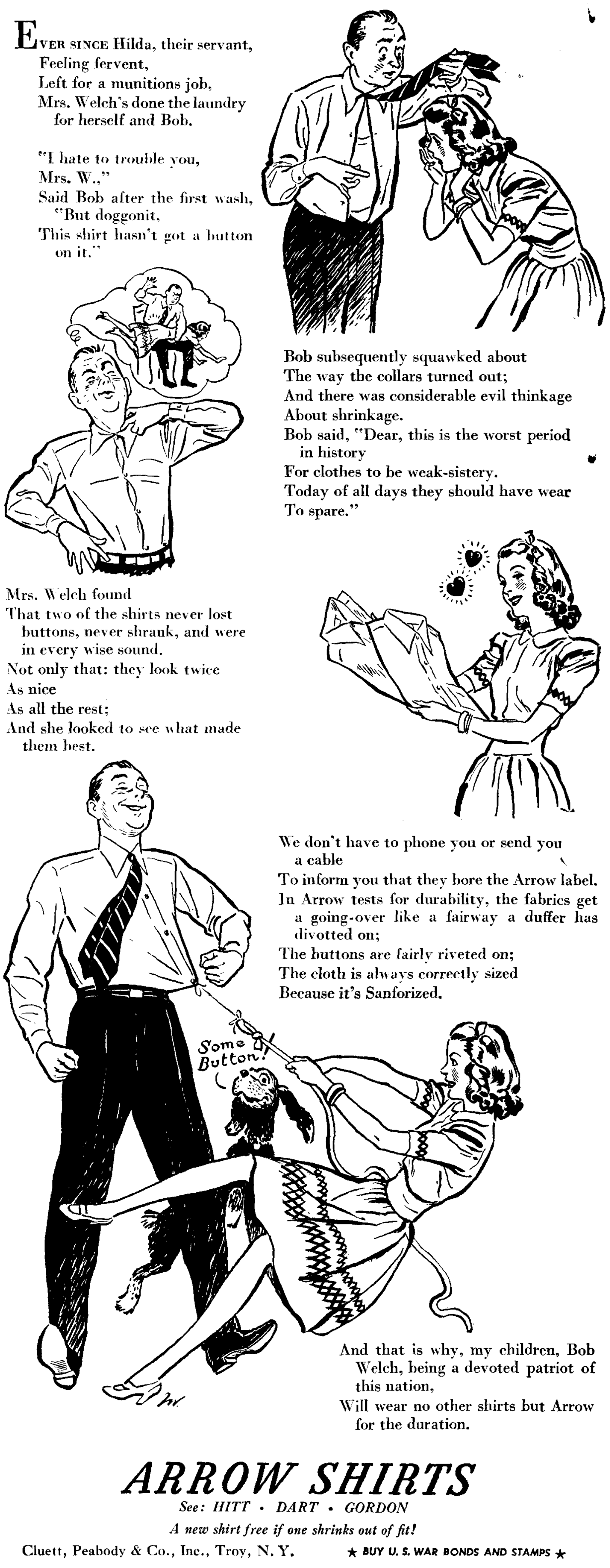
He buzzed the starter at that, but it missed, and right then Luther come over from the steps. Luther said, "'Scuse me, Mr. Ned. Ain't I hear you say you goin' by Point o' Pines?"

Mr. Ned Whately said, "Maybe you did."

Luther said, "Mr. Ned, don't use that road."

Mr. Ned Whately stared at him. He said, "Why not?"

Luther kind of scraped his foot in the dust. He said, "They ain't fix that road


EVER SINCE Hilda, their servant,
Feeling fervent,
Left for a munitions job,
Mrs. Welch's done the laundry
for herself and Bob.

"I hate to trouble you,
Mrs. W.,"
Said Bob after the first wash,
"But doggonit,
This shirt hasn't got a button
on it."

Bob subsequently squawked about
The way the collars turned out;
And there was considerable evil thinkage
About shrinkage.
Bob said, "Dear, this is the worst period
in history
For clothes to be weak-sistery.
Today of all days they should have wear
To spare."

Mrs. Welch found
That two of the shirts never lost
buttons, never shrank, and were
in every wise sound.
Not only that: they look twice
As nice
As all the rest;
And she looked to see what made
them best.

We don't have to phone you or send you
a cable
To inform you that they bore the Arrow label.
In Arrow tests for durability, the fabrics get
a going-over like a fairway a duffer has
divotted on;
The buttons are fairly riveted on;
The cloth is always correctly sized
Because it's Sanforized.

And that is why, my children, Bob
Welch, being a devoted patriot of
this nation,
Will wear no other shirts but Arrow
for the duration.

ARROW SHIRTS
See: HITT • DART • GORDON
*A new shirt free if one shrinks out of fit!*
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(at age 21; other ages in proportion)

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for the same outlay for the next four years! This is Postal's Modified 4 Whole Life Policy. You pay only half the permanent rate for the first four years, the permanent rate thereafter. The Policy has all Standard Provisions, Cash, Loan, Paid-up and Extended Insurance values. Proceeds of the policy may be paid to your beneficiary as *monthly income.*

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to Policy Holders and beneficiaries.

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Gentlemen: Mail me full details of your Modified 4 Policy and rates at my age.

Name________________
Occupation__________ Age_____
Address________________

all year, Mr. Ned. Them bridges kind of shaky."

Mr. Ned Whately said, "Don't be a fool. I was down there myself last week. Them bridges is rock solid."

He stepped on the starter again, and it caught. But he was still puzzling at Luther, and all of a sudden I seen a light in his eye. Right off, I guess what he was thinking: That Luther had some gutters stopped up that side, and he was afraid Mr. Ned would see them. Almost nobody ever goes down the Point of Pines road. It's a fine place for fish-trapping or widow-sparking or almost anything. So Mr. Ned Whately just grinned, and meshed in his gears and drove away.

Luther stood there. Not watching the car. Looking up at the sky, where there was a daylight moon, round and full like the ghost of a silver dollar. I said, "Luther, whatever did you try to keep him from going down there for?"

Luther said, "Mr. Bob, I was afraid, lessen I said that, he might change his mind and choose him some *other* joy ride."

And that was all he'd say about it. It was almost dusk before I got the right of it. I was sitting on the porch, and that full moon was beginning to yellow up, and the tide was practically to the store foundation. All of a sudden I said, "Luther!"

Luther said, "Mr. Bob?"

I said, "Luther, you weren't fretted about any bridges."

Luther said, "You says not, Mr. Bob. Must be not."

I said, "But I do remember someone saying a piece of that road to the Point had sunk a good two feet since spring."

Luther said, "You hear that, Mr. Bob?"

I looked at the tide filling up from the creek, and I said, "It's got a good two hours to run yet, but I bet it's over that low place in the road already."

Luther said, "Tide goin' to rise, Mr. Bob, it goin' to rise."

I said, "No use to deny it. Nor that Mr. Ned Whately ain't come out yet."

Luther said, "You wrong there, Mr. Bob. Here he come now."

First it was just a white blob in the dusk. And then it was Mr. Ned Whately. Walking. And mud to his waist. I said, "What's the matter, Mr. Ned?"

He said five or six words that kind of zinged off like ricochet bullets. Then he said, "Stuck! Stuck in two feet of tidewater! And it ain't nearly full yet!"

I said, "That's sure a shame. A fine new car like that. Won't even make good scrap, when that salt water's got over the floor boards."

He said, "You-all got to get me out of there!"

I said, "My car's on blocks, and the battery out. And Luther's has only got three wheels onto it."

THE way he breathed, it sounded like broken bottles grinding together. He said, "Luther, you got an ox. Your ox can pull me out of that."

Luther waited a good moment. Then he said, "Might could do it, Mr. Ned. If 'twas worth my time."

Mr. Ned Whately said, "We'll talk price when you get your ox down there! That water was up to the hubcaps!"

I figured, let him be tough if he wants to. Luther can handle this. And I'll be there to back up Luther. Luther must have felt the same way about it. He just went off to get the ox.

It wasn't much of a piece to where the car was. The water was all along beside the road, and then it was over the road, and we had to splash it. Me and Mr. Ned Whately, and Luther, and Luther's ox. And then we seen the car, with the water right up to the running boards. All around the car was a kind of rolling cloud of mosquitoes, and the widow inside with the windows rolled up. When we come to the car, she put a window down long enough to speak just one sentence. She said, "I've been in this place *two hours.*"

Then she rolled the window up again. It was kind of a simple statement, but full of meaning. Luther geed and hawed his ox around till it was backed up to the car, and got the trace chain hitched to the bumper. In that dusky moonlight, the ox looked big as the car, and twice as powerful. Luther straightened up from the trace, knee deep in tidewater, and looked at Mr. Ned Whately, who was even deeper. Luther said, "Mr. Ned, what do you figure to pay me?"

Mr. Ned Whately said, "I figure a dollar's good pay for it."

Luther didn't move. He said, "Mr. Ned, I hadn't 'xactly figured on money."

Mr. Ned Whately was breathing like broken glass again. He said, "Five dollars."

Luther said, "Mr. Ned, I still ain't thinkin' of money."

The ground-glass noise changed to a runaway sawmill. Mr. Ned Whately said, "Don't you talk back to me! Five dollars!"

Luther said, "Just like you say, Mr. Ned."

He said, "Hup!" to the ox, and the ox kind of surged forward. The chain tightened, but the car didn't move. Luther shook his head. He said, "Mr. Ned, it don't look like we can do it."

Mr. Ned Whately loosened his collar so he could breathe louder. He said, "Ten dollars!"

Luther kind of shook his head, but he said, "Hup!" to the ox again. You'd have thought it was pulling its heart out. But the car still didn't move. Luther said, like bells tolling, "Mr. Ned, I'm 'fraid my cow just ain't strong enough."

Mr. Ned Whately tore his shirt open halfway down his chest. I could feel the tide creeping up my knees. Where Mr. Ned Whately was standing, it was 'most to his waist. As far as I could tell, he wasn't breathing at all now. But he said, "What *will* make your this and that cow strong enough?"

Luther said, "Mr. Ned, I kind of figured on your front right tire."

Mr. Ned Whately didn't say anything at all. Then the mosquitoes come down like a fog, and they must have found a way under the floor boards, because the widow just laid down across the horn button and stayed there. Mr. Ned Whately screeched, "All right! *Take* the this and that tire!"

Luther looked at me, and I said, "I heard him, Luther."

Luther said, "Hup!" to the ox. It didn't sound any different from the other times. But the ox just walked ahead, with the car coming after him like a toy wagon.

A LOT later that evening, I was sitting on the porch, and Luther was on the steps. The tire was back on Luther's car, and the shed locked, and the key back over the kitchen table. Luther said, "I hope that widow lady got home all right. I wouldn't like to think I putten her out any."

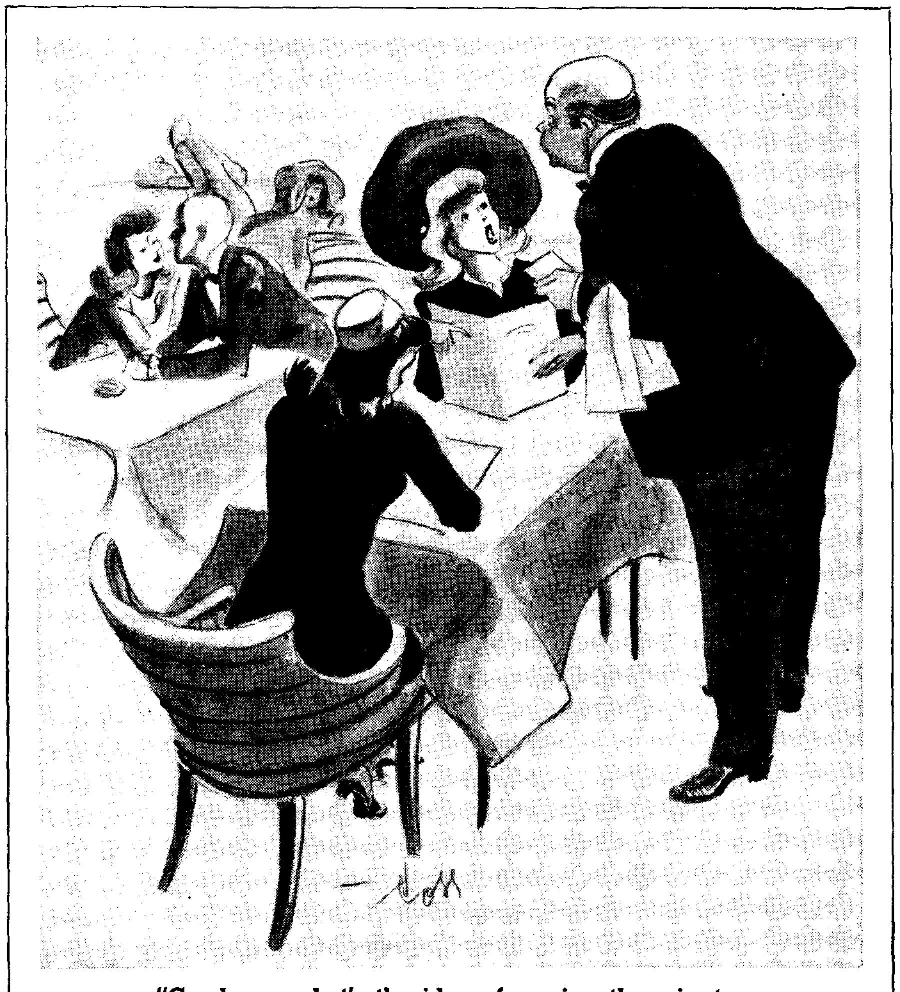
I said, "I don't think you did. I don't think she much wanted to ride home with Mr. Ned Whately, anyway. Not if she really meant the last words I heard her say to him."

Luther kind of shook his head. It was bright moon enough to read by, and he had that clipping out again. I looked over his shoulder, and I seen he'd erased those closing arrows he'd drawn on it. He looked at the map awhile, and then he looked up at the moon. He said, "Mr. Bob, I hear tell somewhere how all this gas and no tires goin' to make everybody better friends and families and neighbors."

I said, "They do claim it."

Luther shook his head again. He said, "Mr. Bob, cars is cars, and walkin' is walkin'. But I reckon trouble hang just as close to a man's seat of his pants as it ever kin to a gas tank."

THE END

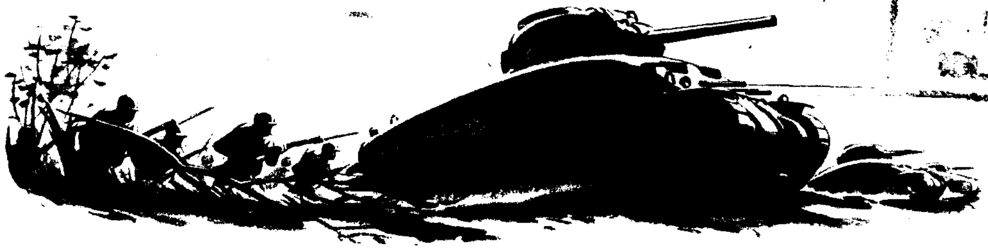


"Goodness, what's the idea of coming the minute we call you—we haven't made up our mind yet!"

COLLIER'S AL ROSS

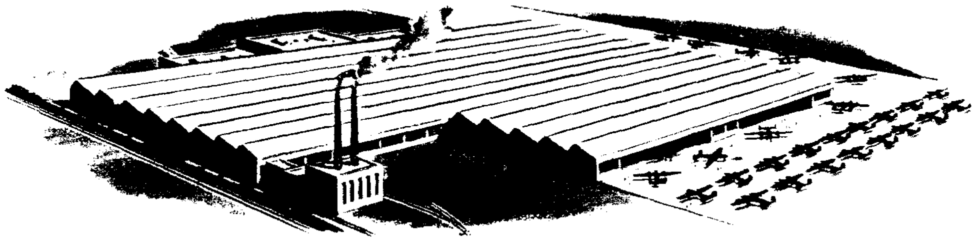
IOLA FREE ... LIBRARY IOLA, KAN.

# T



**IS FOR TANKS,** roaring at top speed toward the world's fighting fronts, to turn the tide—on time!

# I

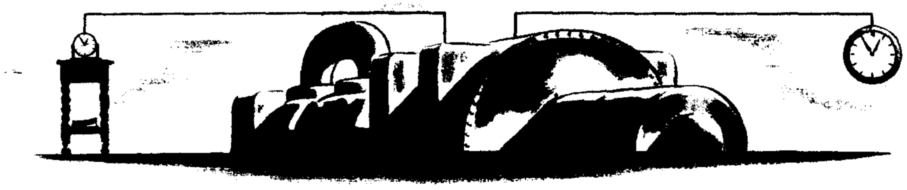


**IS FOR INDUSTRY,** operating around the clock to turn out more tanks, planes and ships—on time!

# M

**IS FOR MEN,** working long, loyal hours at the machines that make the machines of war—on time!

# E



**IS FOR ELECTRICITY,** turning the clocks that waken Men to work—clocks that control Industry's production lines and measure America's vital minutes more accurately than they have ever been measured in war before!

FATHER TELECHRON SAYS: "When your clock hands form a Victory V, it's a reminder that minutes are weapons in war. Don't waste them!"

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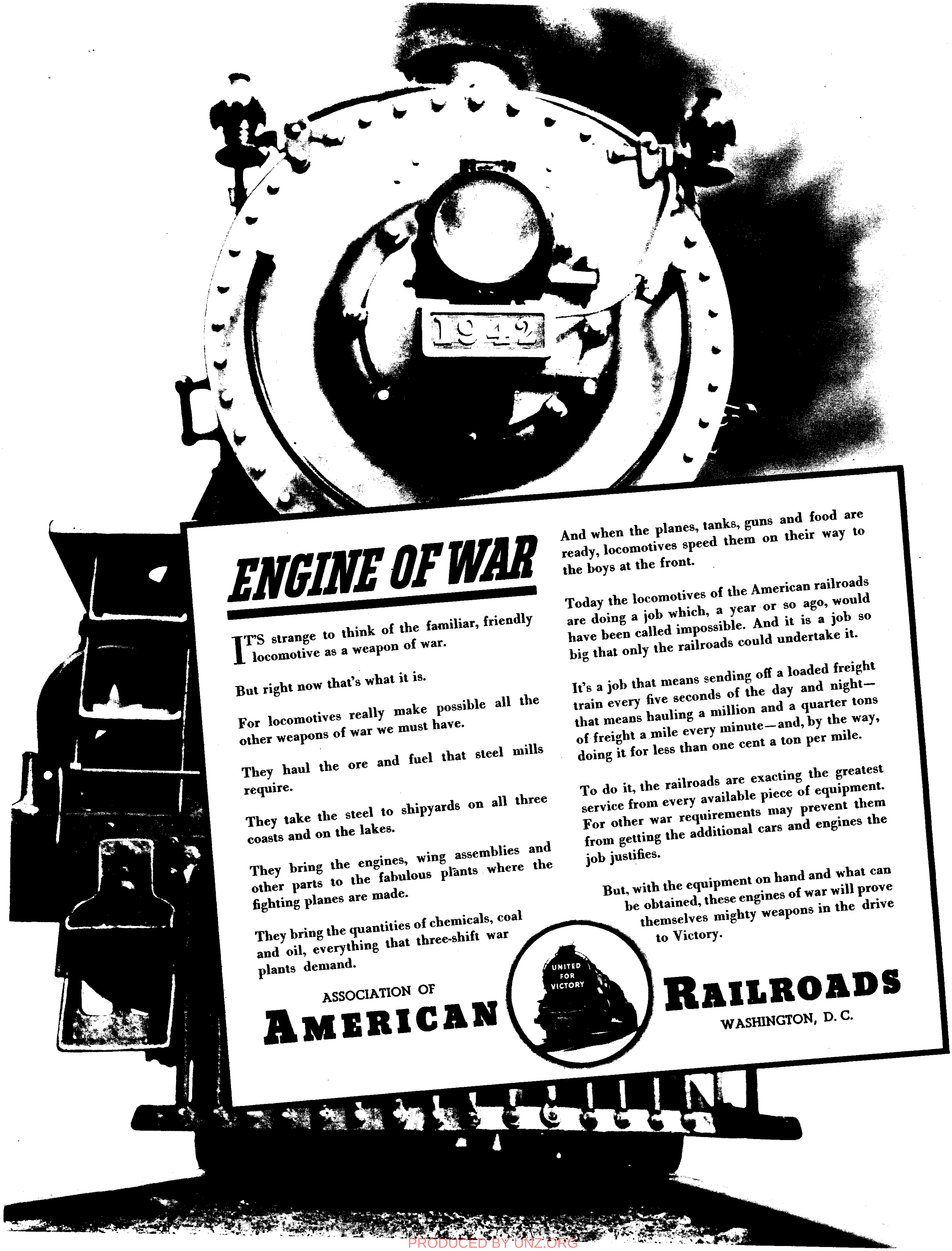


# ENGINE OF WAR

IT'S strange to think of the familiar, friendly locomotive as a weapon of war.

But right now that's what it is.

For locomotives really make possible all the other weapons of war we must have.

They haul the ore and fuel that steel mills require.

They take the steel to shipyards on all three coasts and on the lakes.

They bring the engines, wing assemblies and other parts to the fabulous plants where the fighting planes are made.

They bring the quantities of chemicals, coal and oil, everything that three-shift war plants demand.

And when the planes, tanks, guns and food are ready, locomotives speed them on their way to the boys at the front.

Today the locomotives of the American railroads are doing a job which, a year or so ago, would have been called impossible. And it is a job so big that only the railroads could undertake it.

It's a job that means sending off a loaded freight train every five seconds of the day and night—that means hauling a million and a quarter tons of freight a mile every minute—and, by the way, doing it for less than one cent a ton per mile.

To do it, the railroads are exacting the greatest service from every available piece of equipment. For other war requirements may prevent them from getting the additional cars and engines the job justifies.

But, with the equipment on hand and what can be obtained, these engines of war will prove themselves mighty weapons in the drive to Victory.

ASSOCIATION OF
**AMERICAN** UNITED FOR VICTORY **RAILROADS**
WASHINGTON, D. C.

## Tokyo Nightmare

Continued from page 37

Approximately forty-five prisoners were held in the Tokyo camp. There were thirteen Americans, a dozen Britons, a dozen French-Canadian priests, several Dutch and Belgians, and one Honduran. Once a week we were offered a bath—in the same water thirty policemen and several greasy cooks had used ahead of us. A number of us received serious bites from the scorpions and spiders in the bath water. We also had our share of bedbugs and lice but kept them under control by organizing cleaning parties.

Every month we had a superficial medical examination. On one occasion we complained that diseases were spreading because of overcrowded conditions.

"There are too many men in our room," we said.

To which a Stanford-educated Japanese doctor replied, "Why don't you put skirts on some of them?"

Three times a day we were compelled to stand in line for roll call. At all times we were ordered to wear white cloth badges with our number, name and nationality painted on them. Inmates of various rooms were forbidden to speak to prisoners in other rooms; however, we risked punishment by passing messages back and forth through a hastily constructed camp grapevine. For two months, Swiss Legation officials were not permitted to see us, and the Red Cross representative was not allowed to call until the end of four months.

During the first two months of imprisonment, we were on display like circus freaks. High government officials, some bringing wives and children, visited the camp daily to see "white men behind bars." This attraction was especially popular with army officers; we were forced to stand while they stared at us. Frequently our visitors gave us lectures, telling us that Japanese forces would soon capture Washington and London; and until then, we could expect to remain incommunicado.

"The era of the white man is ended," they said, "and Emperor Hirohito will now run the world."

At the Yokohama concentration camp, authorities ordered their prisoners to carry paper Japanese flags in a Victory Day parade after the fall of Singapore. When prisoners refused, the chief of police harangued and threatened them.

On several occasions during the winter, the camp's meager coal supply became exhausted, and through the days without heat, some of us remained in bed to keep from freezing. Almost all of us suffered such severely chapped hands that our knuckles cracked open. Suffering from the cold was increased by the regulation forbidding us to wear shoes indoors.

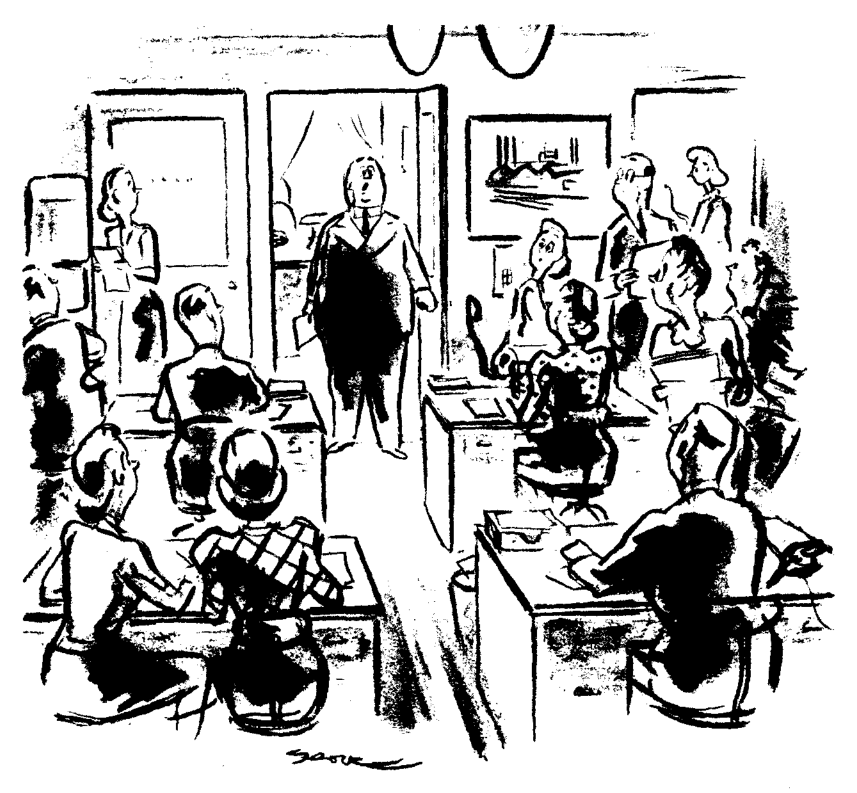
We were easily able to predict visits from the Red Cross. One Britisher, whose hobby was mathematics, carefully kept a chart of the daily sugar ration, and as soon as the chart showed a sudden spurt upward, we knew the Japs were expecting a Red Cross inspection. We never did receive anything from the Red Cross except visits.

### Attempts to Destroy Morale

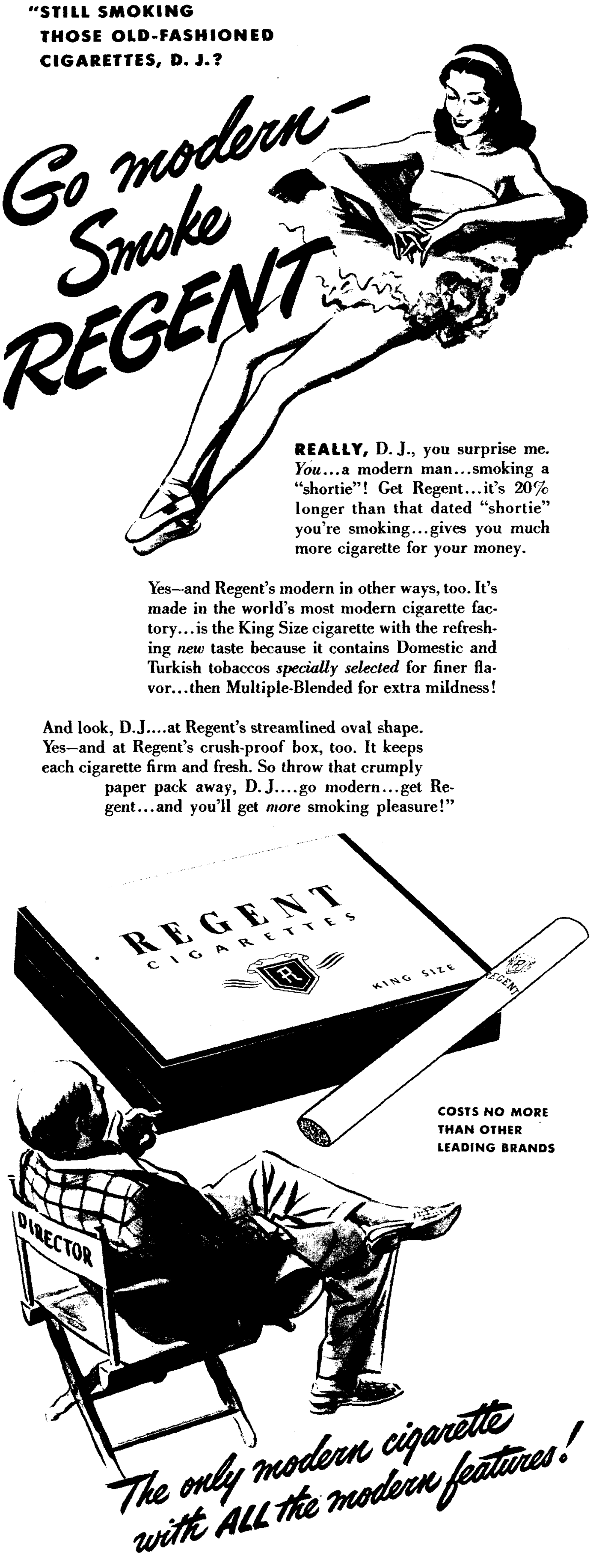
Worse than the physical suffering were the mental tortures to which we were subjected. Frequently, plainclothes men read us a Japanese report alleging American atrocities against Japanese internees, with the implication that serious retaliation was being planned against us. On one occasion we were told that a gang of "rightists," intent upon killing us, had attempted to raid our camp.

The police claimed credit for saving us but said it might be impossible the next time. Some of the prisoners were questioned about prewar activities and threatened with court-martial if they "refused to tell the truth." The obvious intention of the Japanese was to break down our morale—but they failed, although they were unable to understand why.

The priests and missionaries were insulted daily. Some of the priests were accused of having had mistresses among their parishioners and constantly were the butts of the guards' obscene jokes. The missionaries were not permitted to see their wives in their homes through-



Collier's "Who has the eraser?" LEONARD DOVE


"STILL SMOKING THOSE OLD-FASHIONED CIGARETTES, D. J.?

**REALLY,** D. J., you surprise me. *You*...a modern man...smoking a "shortie"! Get Regent...it's 20% longer than that dated "shortie" you're smoking...gives you much more cigarette for your money.

Yes—and Regent's modern in other ways, too. It's made in the world's most modern cigarette factory...is the King Size cigarette with the refreshing *new* taste because it contains Domestic and Turkish tobaccos *specially selected* for finer flavor...then Multiple-Blended for extra mildness!

And look, D.J....at Regent's streamlined oval shape. Yes—and at Regent's crush-proof box, too. It keeps each cigarette firm and fresh. So throw that crumply paper pack away, D. J....go modern...get Regent...and you'll get *more* smoking pleasure!"

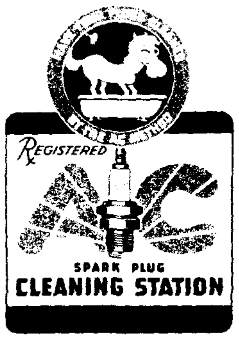
COSTS NO MORE THAN OTHER LEADING BRANDS

Sure SIGN
OF GAS ECONOMY
BEST BY TEST
AC
SPARK PLUGS
SAVE GAS

To get *more* mileage from the gasoline you buy, do these two things—

Have your spark plugs cleaned and adjusted every 4,000 miles.

Replace badly worn plugs promptly.



*REMEMBER,*—dirty or worn spark plugs *waste* as much gas as *one gallon in ten.*

← GET PLUGS CLEANED
*Where you see this Sign*

*"Keep 'em Rolling"*
*Buy War Bonds*
*and Stamps*

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • *General Motors Corporation*

out the whole internment, on the grounds that it would be bad for their morals. A few of the guards were former students of these missionaries. American church contributions had paid for their education, but they showed no appreciation and seemed anxious to humiliate their former benefactors.

Protestant missionaries also were forbidden at first to hold religious services. When permission was finally granted, it was on the condition they were *not* to use the Bible. The Japanese also required a list of names of all those attending religious services, with the possible implication that they might be especially punished. Armed police stood guard throughout Protestant services, and preachers were warned to avoid political subjects. Puzzled looks came over the faces of the police several times when they heard Protestant missionaries dedicate prayers to "Japan's welfare."

One day during the early part of my internment I was called to the main office and shown a stack of mail. Camp Manager Iwamoto said, "Here are some letters from your wife and some pictures of your children—but you cannot have them." He then coolly and deliberately tore the letters and pictures into bits before my eyes and threw them into a wastebasket. I pleaded for the scraps but was roughly ordered to get out of the office.

Later, I was given to understand that I might have had the letters if I had given a few presents, like shoes or clothing, to the police. At the same time, several of the police began indicating which of my shoes and suits they liked. So I gave them what they wanted and their attitude thereafter was less hostile; but they kept coming back until I had little left.

A favorite trick of the Japanese police was to make some concession to us just once. Between December and March we were permitted to take a long walk just once, permitted to have a visitor just once, permitted to send a message to our families just once. On the basis of these isolated concessions, the Japanese Foreign Office informed the Swiss Legation that we had unlimited freedom to go walking, to write letters and to see our friends.

Our exercise lot actually was a driveway, forty by twenty feet; so small that five minutes' walking produced dizziness. Actually, we were allowed visitors only five times in the six months, but many did not take advantage of this privilege after the first time because the police later severely questioned visitors and warned them to stay away. We were not permitted to receive messages from our families abroad at any time.

The first two months of treatment were the worst. Then the novelty of having white men as captives began to wear off for the police. After the exchange of nationals was definitely arranged, the police showed more consideration—always pointing out that they expected us to tell, when we got to America, how well we had been treated. The Japanese provided us with practically nothing, but after the early weeks, they permitted us to help ourselves as much as we could while being incommunicado.

### Missionaries' Wives Bring Food

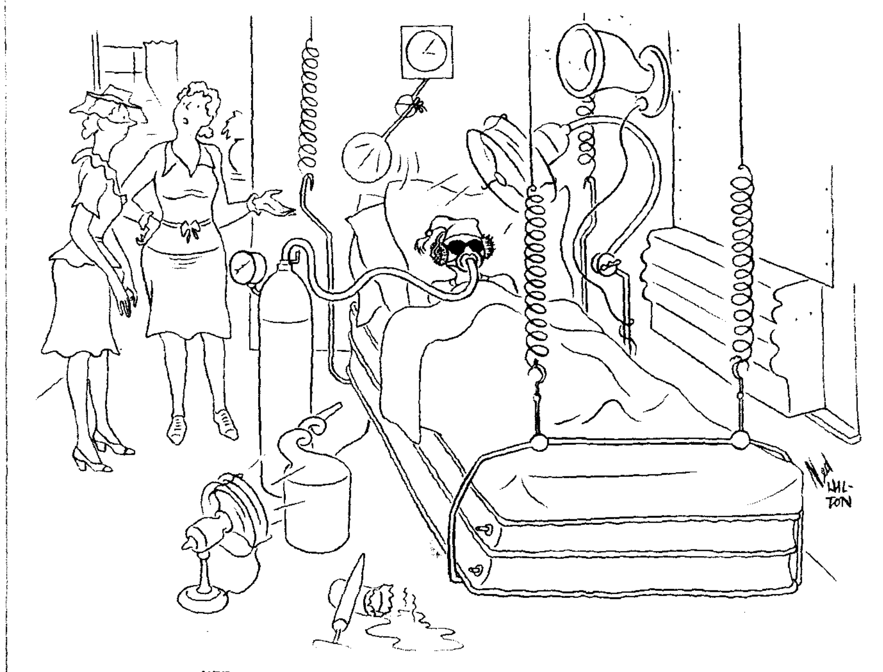
As far as food was concerned, the wives of American missionaries in Tokyo saved our lives. They bought and delivered outside supplies which our specially constructed kitchen cooked under the direction of Episcopal Missionary Paul Rush, of Louisville, Kentucky. They also organized our own educational program, including Bible classes (which the police tried to suppress), an American history course (which the police forbade), book reviews and various language classes.

Considering the treatment we received during the early months of imprisonment, what Ambassador Joseph Grew said for diplomats interned in the American Embassy might be said for us. In his protest to the Foreign Office, Grew declared the treatment "unparalleled in the history of intercourse between civilized nations." We were left completely at the mercy of low-ranking police officials who by training and nature knew only how to treat criminals.

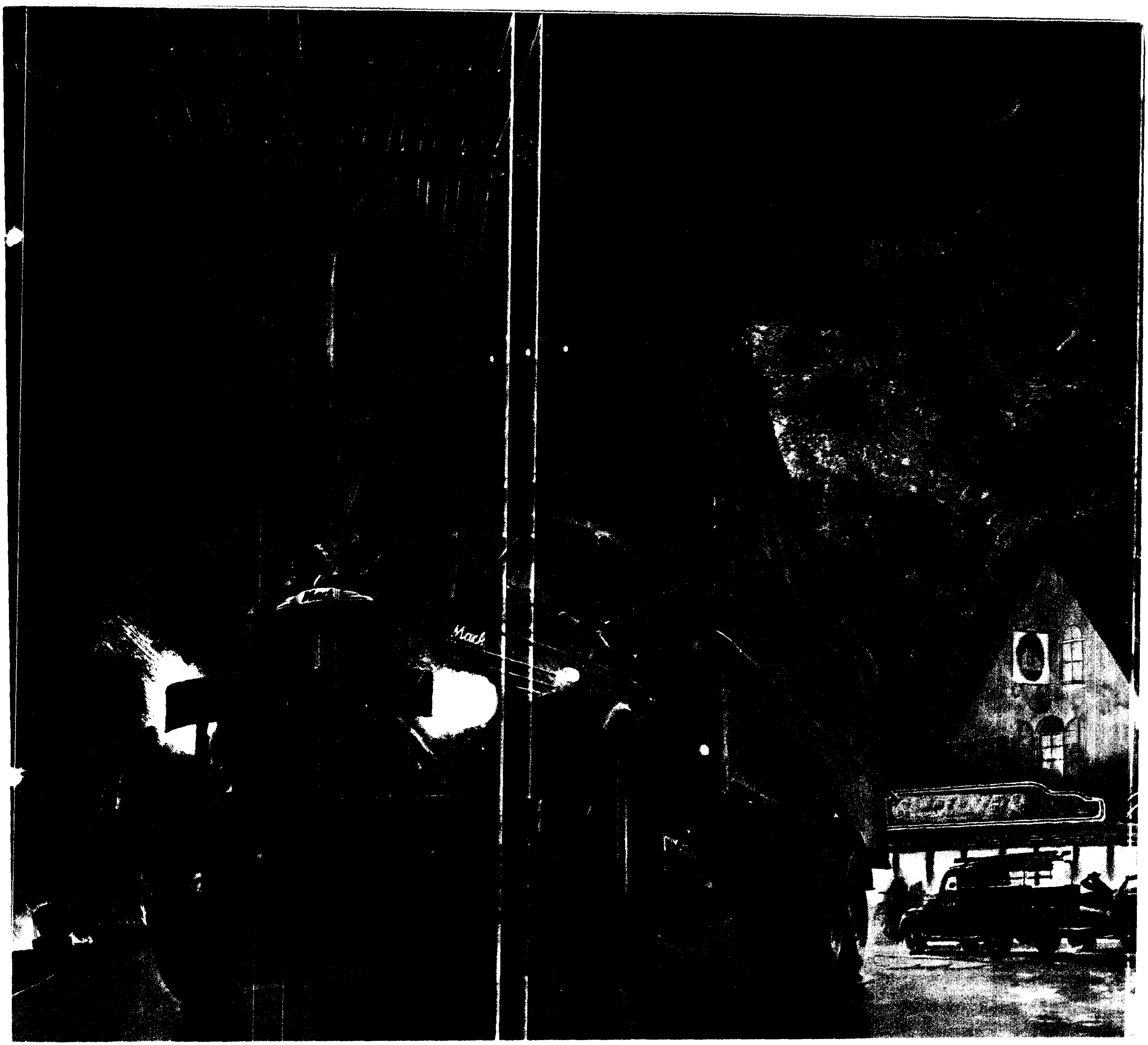
Typical of their outlook was the farewell which Metropolitan Police Inspector Kikuchi gave the New York Times correspondent, Otto Tolischus, when the latter was released after six months of solitary confinement in an unheated cell on starvation rations. At various times he had been forced to kneel for a whole day until his knees were covered with open sores; and he had also been strangled and beaten in an effort to make him confess he had been spying. Tolischus had been convicted and sentenced to a year and a half in the penitentiary but sentence had been suspended.

Referring to the suspension, Kikuchi told Tolischus, "I am happy we didn't have to punish you."

THE END



Collier's **"He wakes up just long enough to invent another sleep aid, then dozes off again"** NED HILTON



*(Midnight on the Albany Post Road, as the big Mack, "Honeygirl", rolls back onto the job out of an all night eatery. Sketched from life by Peter Helck.)*

## *How can you beat it?*

THE VERY FIRST MACK ever built stayed in service for 17 years. The ninth Mack, built in 1901, is still in running condition, although retired after a million miles of service. Right now, 7 of every 10 Mack trucks built 10 years ago are still on the job. How can you beat a record like that? Where else can you find trucks equal to these? The answer's simple—*you can't!* From one ton to forty-five tons, a Mack is your *best* truck in the end because a Mack is *more* truck to begin with! Mack Trucks, Inc., New York, N. Y.*

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**IF YOU'VE GOT A MACK, YOU'RE LUCKY...IF YOU PLAN TO GET ONE, YOU'RE WISE!**

Mack

TRUCKS

**ONE TON TO FORTY-FIVE TONS;**
**BUSES, FIRE APPARATUS AND MARINE ENGINES**

*BUY U. S. WAR BONDS*

"WOW*@!.. that's no way to help win a war!"

Even if you're driving only a few miles a week, bad brakes can undo in one split second all the months of care you've given your car and tires. When your brakes are slow-acting, grabbing on one wheel, squealing, groaning or chattering, play safe with your car for your country . . .

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AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK DIVISION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

NAPA Assurance of Quality

Safe-Stop Brake Service is sponsored by The American Brake Shoe & Foundry Company's American Brakeblok Division, makers of The Safety Brake Lining, now in use on millions of civilian vehicles. We are also making huge quantities of war materials for equipment for all branches of the U. S. armed services.

## Memory in White

Continued from page 20

class if it cost him a fortune. That suit in the window, for instance, that brand-new white linen suit, that was for Pancho. FIVE DOLLARS, a large card pinned to the coat beckoned to Pancho. FIVE DOLLARS, said another on the pants.

"I take suit in window," Pancho said.

"Wudja say, Amigo?" asked Mr. Liebowitz.

Pancho's voice was husky and his words bumped against one another. Too many collisions between his brain and someone else's fist had thickened his natural accent to an almost inarticulate jargon. "Punch-patter," some of the boys described it.

"I take suit in window," Pancho said, pointing a short, chunky finger at the one he wanted.

"And what a bargain!" Mr. Liebowitz began. "In all of Los Angeles show me another genuine linen for ten dollars?"

"Ten dollar?" said Pancho. "In window it say only five."

"Five dollars," said Mr. Liebowitz agreeably. "Sure, five dollars. Five for the coat and five for the pants. Just like it says in the window."

Pancho went out into the street and gazed at the suit again. He pressed his nose against the window and then stepped back and appraised it like a connossieur studying a work of art. It was so beautiful. It was so white and so dapper. For a luxury maybe ten dollars was awfully steep. But this was no luxury. This was an investment. This was the uniform Young Pancho Villa the Third would need in his chosen profession.

"You have my size?" he said. "Must fit very good."

"Don't take my word for it," said Mr. Liebowitz. "My motto is Suit Yourself. *Suit*—Yourself. Get it?"

The suit might have been a good fit when Pancho was still making the featherweight limit. But he was almost a middleweight now and the coat button strained against his belly, the seat of his pants stretched skin-tight across his rump.

"Ugh, too tight," Pancho gasped. "Got him bigger?"

"Bigger?" said Mr. Liebowitz. "You want to be in style, don't you? That is just the way the college boys is wearing them this season. Just off the campus from U.C.L.A.!"

YOUNG Pancho Villa the Third looked over his shoulder into the mirror. Not so bad at that. Nice and form-fitting. Not soiled and baggy like the pants on those bums around the gym.

Then he tried on the shoes. Pointed white shoes with special heels built up, almost like a girl's. "Those are absolutely genuine imitation buck," Mr. Liebowitz explained. "Marked down from four-fifty to one-ninety-nine."

Young Pancho Villa the Third walked down Main Street in his white linen suit, a clean shirt, a white cotton tie, genuine imitation buck shoes and a Panama hat worn at a rakish angle over one eye. The outfit had set him back thirteen ninety-nine, nearly all the money he had, but it was worth it. Then he went into a pawnshop and asked to look at megaphones. "I want biggest megaphone you got in place," he said.

The pawnbroker handed a bulky, battered megaphone over the counter.

"Now I am fight announcer," Young Pancho announced. He caressed the megaphone, raised it to his lips and shouted excitedly, "Een-tro-ducing Young Pancho Villa the Third, the chomp-peen announcer of the worrrrrld!"

The first day Pancho showed up at the gym in his new role he got his money's worth out of that megaphone. When he put it to his mouth, he lifted his head and closed his eyes like a concert artist. He stood there in the corner by the entrance shouting his announcements into that megaphone, thrilled with the sound of the beautiful deep voice that rose from his lips like organ music. Or at least, so it seemed to him, as he paused to listen to it reverberating through the big, high-ceilinged room full of serious boys with narrow waists, and glistening skins, bending, stretching, skipping, shadow-boxing, punching the bags or listening earnestly to the instructions of men with fat bellies, boneless noses, ulcers, dirty sweatshirts, brown hats pushed back from sweaty foreheads, the trainers, the managers, the experts.

IN THE center ring Ceferino Garcia, the Pride of the Islands, was throwing punches at the air, ducking and weaving as he crowded an imaginary opponent to the ropes.

Young Pancho Villa the Third held his megaphone high and shouted, "Een-tro-ducing, ot one hon-dred and seexty pounds, that tareefic boy from the Phil-ha-peens . . ."

He spread his legs and bellowed. He was the greatest announcer in the world. Only nobody could understand him. The accent and a speech motor sputtering along on half its cylinders produced a kind of guttural double-talk. Eddie Gibbons, the bald, irritable little guy who ran the gym, went over to Pancho and said, "What do you think *you're* doing?"

"Me announce," Pancho said. "Me announce very fine. Work here in gym every day."

"Go on," Gibbons said. "What the heck is there to announce around here? You're punchy."

That was a fighting word and Pancho felt the blood rush to his head. Anger brought his thick lips to a childish pout. "Ponchy. Who ponchy? Me no ponchy. Those boms over there, maybe they ponchy. Me have job. Me announcer."

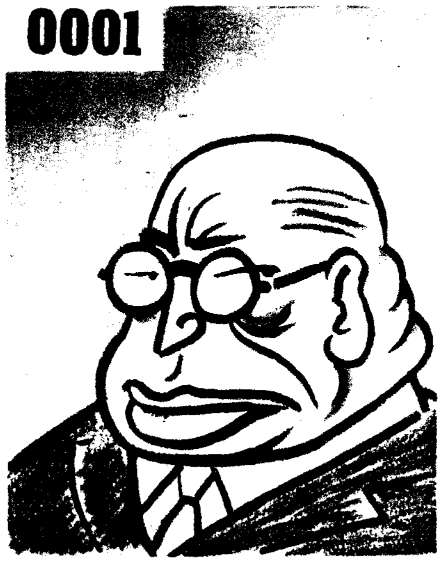
Jerry La Pan, who had the best string of boys in town, stopped to listen on his way in. Jerry was a great ribber and he worked at it all the time. He flipped Pancho four bits and said, "That's for the commercial. I wanna buy the next fifteen minutes."

Pancho raised his megaphone solemnly. "Een-tro-ducing, Jerry La Pon, thot great mon-ager of thot coming heavy-weight chom-peen . . ."

All the boys got a bang out of that so Gibbons let Pancho hang around for laughs. After the third day it didn't seem so funny any more, not even to Jerry La Pan, but Pancho went right on announcing. He couldn't have been more conscientious about it if Gibbons had put him on the pay roll. Every day Pancho would check in at ten, announce all morning, take half an hour off for lunch and go back to his megaphone again until the last tired fighter hit the showers at six.

He was something of a genius in his own way. He could keep up a steady stream of announcements for eight hours and succeed in saying nothing that anybody could understand. He kept it up so long that after a while the sound of his voice seemed to blend into the other sounds that made the rhythm of the place—the slapping of the small bag, the thudding of the big, the clicking of the jump ropes, and the rumbling of the canvas-covered boards under the weight of the boxers' dancing feet.

## NOT WANTED for the Duration



### CHISELER

**"Middle Man" in defense contracts. Gouges the government and chisels the factory men. Is worth a whole division to the enemy**

ALAN WOODS

The first few days, all the boys thought the announcing was the funniest thing they ever saw. Then, when they were running low on wisecracks, they began to pretend he wasn't there. And finally they didn't have to pretend any more. Pancho and his white suit and his megaphone were on the job all day long and no one even bothered to look around.

No one, that is, but Soldier Conlon. The Soldier was one of those characters who used to do a little boxing and has nothing but a couple of cauliflower ears and a cauliflower brain to show for it. After hanging up his gloves, he worked the corners for a couple of years, but one of the fights he worked looked so wrong that the commission had to take somebody's license away to save its face, and, of course, the Soldier was their man.

SO NOW the Soldier just hung around, as the boys say, making himself useless. If he got hold of a couple of bucks he picked up a hand in one of the poker games in the back room. If things got so bad that he had to go to work, he'd promote himself a little dough, finding tankers for some new bum they were trying to build up. The Soldier was never what the boys call a vicious character. He didn't have the guts or the brains to kill somebody or rob a bank. The Soldier was strictly alley-fighting and two-bit larceny.

Soldier Conlon would have been just another Grand Street hanger-onner, if it hadn't been for one thing. His sense of humor. Especially where Young Pancho Villa the Third was concerned. For instance it didn't take him any time at all to find out what a nut Pancho was on the subject of keeping his white outfit spotless. So every time Soldier Conlon would come into the gym he'd stick his hand out and say, "Hiya, Pancho, how's the kid today?" And when he drew his hand back there would be a big black smudge on Pancho's sleeve where the Soldier had drawn the end of a burnt match across it with the other hand.

And when Pancho finally got wise to the hand-shaking gag, the Soldier would come by and say, "Glad to see ya puttin' your best foot forward, Pancho, old boy," and he'd stamp on Pancho's white imitation buck shoes, leaving a dirty smear across the toe.

After a while it got so every time Pancho saw Conlon coming he'd run for the high stool near the entrance and draw up his feet and wrap his arms around himself and pull in his head like a turtle. "Stay 'way, stay 'way now," Pancho would plead. And the Soldier's answer would be a grin, showing wide orange gums and a mouth full of cheap store teeth. "Whatsa matter, Pancho? We pals, ain't we, Pancho o' kid, o' kid?" Then he'd turn around and wink at whoever happened to be standing around, to make sure they were getting the joke.

ONE day Eddie Gibbons decided to put on an amateur boxing show. As soon as Pancho heard about it he got all excited and ran up to Gibbons' office. "Missa Gibbons," he said. "You put on beeg show, you need fine announcer."

Well, at first, Gibbons told Pancho what to do with his megaphone. But Pancho kept hollering until finally Gibbons began to see the possibilities of it. Young Pancho Villa the Third, the greatest double-talk announcer in the world. The louder he talked, the less you understood. They could throw him in once in a while just for laughs. So Gibbons said, "Sure, Pancho. You're in. I'll even put your name in the program."

There was no holding Pancho after that. He strutted around the gym like a bantam rooster. He was announcing everything that went on in a very impressive and inarticulate way. The boys said he even announced when Eddie Gibbons lit a fresh cigar.

But the day before the amateur show, the boxers had to struggle along without their announcing. "How about givin' out with some of them announcements, Pancho?" Soupy Jones, the colored lightweight, laughed.

"Is better to save voice for beeg show tomorrow night," Pancho explained.

The next afternoon Pancho didn't show up at the gym at all. He was lying down in his room resting for his personal appearance. He left a call at the desk for seven o'clock.

"Get up yourself, you bum," said the manager. Pancho was three weeks behind in his rent.

At seven o'clock, Pancho rose, tested his megaphone, and went down to the end of the hall to wash his hands so he wouldn't leave any dirty fingerprints on his clothes. He had washed and ironed his white shirt, chalked his shoes, and had given the Chinaman down the street a buck to clean and press the suit and block his Panama hat.

He went over to the gym half an hour early. He felt good inside, the way he used to feel when he was walking down the aisle to the ring and the *compañeros* in the peanut gallery were yelling *Viva, Pancho Villa!* He went around gladhanding everybody outside, wanting to make sure all the boys saw him. In the gym the seats were full, and a lot of the boys were standing around the ring making bets and talking it over. Pancho wandered among them, careful not to brush his white linen against anybody's dirty suit. Someone let a stream of tobacco juice go and it narrowly missed Pancho's feet. "Hey, you look where you spitting," Pancho scolded.

He went over to the ring and picked up a program. He read through it eagerly, running his finger along the lines, until he found his name. It made him tingle all over when he saw it: "Special Announcer: Young Pancho Villa, III." Eddie Gibbons was leaning against the

PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
"The Blend of Experience"
FLAVOR-FULL
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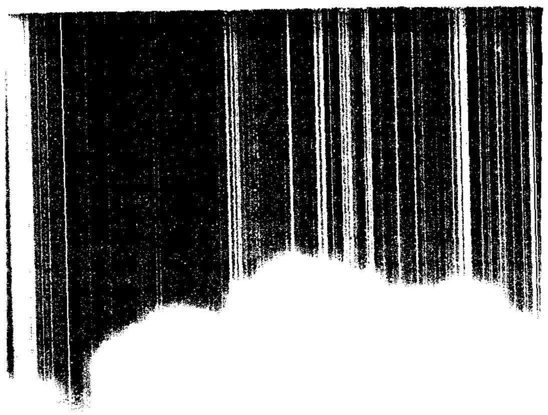
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
P&T
Highball
Manhattan
Old Fashioned
Straight
—because it is the
finest-tasting Whiskey
of its type in America!



# Maybe he's *you* boy

IT seems only yesterday he was a gawky schoolboy, all hands and feet and tousled hair.

Even then you worried a little, parent-like, about how fast he drove his battered old jollopy.

Now he's flying—or soon will be—the deadliest weapon in the air, a sleek 400-mile-per-hour fighter.

Or perhaps his battle station is the bombardier's "barber chair," or the tail-gunner's "goldfish bowl" in a giant bomber, or at the controls of a U-boat-hunting blimp.

Whatever his duty, more than your fears and your prayers fly with him—all your hopes, all your dreams for him and for your country ride in that aircraft, too.

What cost of effort or zeal or self-denial is too great—if it will give him the finest plane, the safest equipment in the air?

We feel the same way about it here at Goodyear Aircraft. Many of our men and women have sons, or brothers, or husbands, in the air forces, too.

And beyond this there is the sober knowledge, clear now to all Americans, that our cherished liberty, our standard of living cannot be secure again until this nation wins command of the air—and it is these boys who must win it for us.

It is for them, your lad and ours, that Goodyear aircrafters—welders and riveters, pressmen and foremen, engineers and executives together—are striving with all the skill and ingenuity of long aeronautical experience to build the safest, sturdiest airplanes and airships modern engineering can create.

It is to give them mastery of the skies, that we are working in round-the-clock shifts, seven days a week, to produce our full share of the airplane subassemblies—wing, tail and fuselage sections, cabin units, wheels, brakes and other parts—for the 60,000 airplanes America must have this year.

In this we are working with and for the manufacturers of some of America's most famous battleplanes, both fighters and bombers, that are proving their superiority on all fronts.

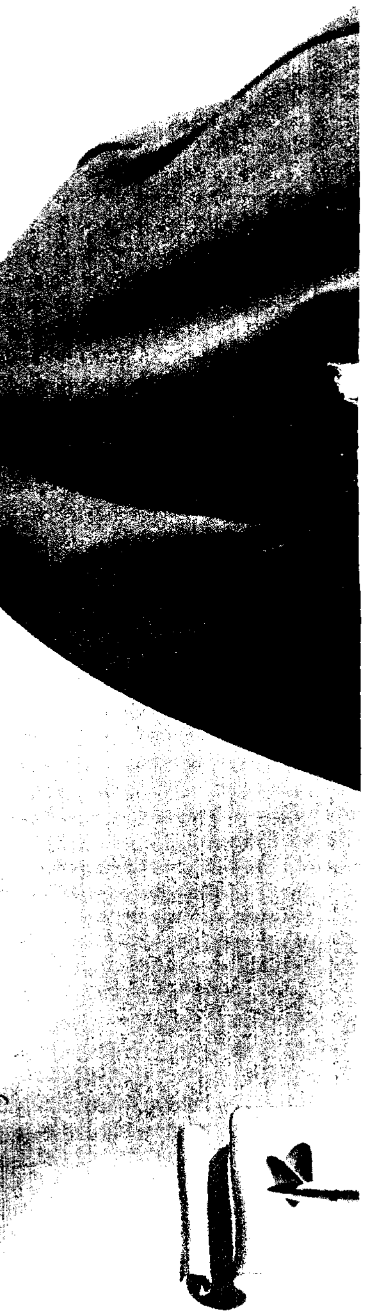
If your boy is flying one of them, you can be sure his craft is as staunch and airworthy as scores of great American industries cooperating together can make it.

For these boys, yours and ours, are the hope of America, the guardians of the greatest heritage ever given to any people. They will not fail us, nor we them.

*AMERICA MUST*
*BE FIRST IN THE AIR*

*Unless and until America is the most powerful nation in the air, our safety, our freedom, and our standard of living will not again be what they have been in the past.*

Litchfield



GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR
AIRCRAFT

"Stop, Shirley, you're robbing the till!"

**SHIRLEY:** G'wan, I'm just throwing away some carbon paper. I've already used each piece about 20 times. Isn't that enough?

**MARY:** *Of course not. Don't you remember? Last week the office switched to Royal Park Avenue Carbon Paper!*

**SHIRLEY:** I know they did. So what?

**MARY:** *Why, one sheet of Park Avenue can be used up to 60 times, clearly and cleanly. Here, I'll show you a test copy that proves it:*

This is the sixtieth copy made with the same sheet of Royal Park Avenue Carbon Paper. This sheet of carbon paper had been used 59 times before! The test was made at the United States Testing Company, Inc., one of America's largest independent testing laboratories. See what a clear, legible copy this sixtieth one is!

Laboratory test No. 20960-NY, issued July 30, 1942

**SHIRLEY:** Well, I'll be jiggered! It looks like a *first* copy. What makes it possible?

**MARY:** *The Royal man told me it's because Park Avenue is* deep-inked. *Seems they use a special process that soaks the ink right down into the paper. Then, too, Park Avenue's extension edge lets you reverse each sheet, top to bottom, so that all areas of the paper can be used.*

**SHIRLEY:** Sounds sensible, all right. From now on, I'm making every sheet of carbon paper work overtime—just as long as it's Royal Park Avenue!

Park Avenue is only one of the outstanding carbon papers in the Royal line. Why not get *your* purchasing agent to call in the local Royal representative today? He can quickly show you which weight and finish of Royal Carbon Paper exactly fits your every typing need.

Royal Carbon Papers and Ribbons are made by the Roytype* Division of the Royal Typewriter Company.

**The armed forces need typewriters! See how many of your standard machines (made since Jan. 1, 1935) you can spare. Call your nearest Royal Branch—we will buy them, affix the Government seal and pay you the Government fixed price.**

ROYAL
Park Avenue
CARBON PAPER

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ring with a pencil over his ear, going over the line-up for the evening with the referee. Pancho walked toward him briskly. He had better check over the program with Eddie and make sure just when he was to go on, he thought to himself. He went over to Gibbons with self-conscious importance.

Suddenly he stopped. Soldier Conlon was looking over Gibbons' shoulder. Pancho didn't think Conlon had seen him. He turned and tried to lose himself in the crowd. He edged behind two bigger men and started working his way around the ring. Then he heard the voice behind him:

"Hey, Pancho. Hey, big shot."

THERE had never been anything in the ring that frightened him like the sound of the Soldier's voice. Everything cramped inside him when he heard it. He must keep his suit clean tonight, he thought, he must keep his shoes white. And though he did not know the words, the fear of them throbbed in him: he must not be *violated* tonight. He must not be *sullied.*

The Soldier watched this fear come into Pancho's face, and Pancho saw the orange grin with the false teeth. The Soldier took a step toward him. Pancho backed away.

"Hey, big shot. C'mere. I wanna talk to you."

Pancho ducked behind the seats. The Soldier moved after him, laughing as he went. Pancho walked faster. He could feel the sweat prickling under his collar. He broke into a trot. So did the Soldier. Pancho ran around the seats, and when he saw the Soldier still coming, he hurried up the stairs to the gallery. So did the Soldier. They were running now. They ran all the way around the balcony. Pancho's legs were short and the tight white suit checked his stride. The Soldier grinned as he ran. He was having a great time and he was gaining. "Hey, big shot," he kept calling, "hey big shot."

Pancho raced past the door to the fire escape, wheeled and darted out. He tried to hold the door from the outside, but the Soldier was too strong and the door pulled away from him. The orange gums and the false teeth and the crazy laugh were right behind him now. Pancho looked down the dizzying descent of fire escape that fell away to the narrow alley behind the gym. A feverish prayer beat in his mind. . . . Then his small, neat feet broke into a Bill Robinson tap dance down the metal steps.

Still laughing, the Soldier reached down and grabbed the edge of Pancho's coat. For a moment Pancho dangled there in the Soldier's firm grip. With his hands swinging wildly into the air and his short legs pumping up and down in a futile effort to tear himself from the Soldier's grasp, he looked like a mechanical doll.

Then suddenly his left fist shot out, the old left hook. All his body was behind that fist, and all his life. The force of it spun him around, toward the Soldier. It caught the Soldier full in the mouth, smashing the laugh. The Soldier let go of Pancho's coat and snapped instinctively to the fighter's stance, the left arm straight out for the jab, the right cocked under the lowered jaw.

The Soldier's left drove like a piston at Pancho's face. Pancho reeled backward. For a moment he was looking up at the sky above the roof of the gym, then at the narrowing darkness of the alley below, as he struggled to break his fall. He grabbed for the railing twice and it wasn't there, but the third time it was. He hung on desperately with his right hand. The Soldier was coming at him again. Pancho squeezed his left fist tighter and crouched.

He was in the ring now, crowded into a corner, holding the top rung of the rope with his right hand to steady himself, lashing out with his left. The old hook, the wild left hook. The Soldier's face came down to meet the punch and his head snapped back. All that Pancho remembered was the look of surprise on the Soldier's face before he tumbled gracelessly down the metal steps to melt into the darkness below.

Young Pancho Villa the Third brushed himself off and walked back into the gym again. He was saved. That was all he could think about. He was saved from Soldier Conlon. There was nobody now to stop him from climbing into that ring under the glare of the overhead lights and raising his megaphone to his lips.

Swinging his megaphone proudly, Pancho went down the aisle to the ring. Old-timers smiled to see this little brown man in the snappy white suit strutting by them like a pouter pigeon. Their voices followed him down the aisle in good-natured banter: "Hiya, Pancho, Geev it to heem!—Well look who's here, our favorite announcer . . ." Pancho acknowledged his fans with an important little nod and kept on going toward the ring.

Eddie Gibbons was in the ring, introducing a couple of old champs. After the champs had lumbered into the ring, mitted the crowd and lumbered out again, Gibbons grinned down at Pancho and announced, "Introducing next that distinguished personage of the boxing game, the Joe Humphreys of the West Coast, Young Pancho Villa the Third!"

It got a laugh from the crowd. Some of the boys stuck out their tongues and gave it the razzberry. Others cupped their hands to their mouths and yelled witty remarks. But this isn't what Pancho heard. Young Pancho Villa the Third, standing under the arc light with the big megaphone in his hand, heard acclaim. He was up there at last where he had always wanted to be, a white suit, a megaphone and everybody listening.

He was shining. His oily black hair was shining. His eyes were black and oily and shining too. His smiling face shone in the glow of the overhead lights.

HE BOWED to his audience, just a little half bow it was, performed with dignity, lifted the end of the megaphone high in the air, and let his words roll through it louder than they ever had before: "Lay-deez and gen-tle-men, it geeves me grrreat pleasure to be here weeth you tonight . . ."

Someone yelled, "But how much pleasure does it give us?" and the room rocked with laughter again. But Pancho went right on. He heard nothing but the sound of his own voice. He saw nothing but the metal-rimmed mouth of his megaphone, into which he was pouring his life. He no longer saw the faces laughing at him. Or the two men in dark blue uniforms who had just entered quietly and stood waiting against the door in the rear. He still didn't know anything was wrong when Eddie Gibbons reached up to him through the ropes and handed him a folded piece of paper. He simply opened it with an official gesture, raised his megaphone again and made a formal announcement:

"Young Pancho Villa the Third, the police are waiting at the entrance to arrest you for the manslaughter of Soldier Conlon."

The crowd had already begun to laugh, but it caught itself, and a hush fell over the place. The absence of sound made Pancho stop and gulp for breath as if sound had taken the place of oxygen in his world. He read the message again, this time to himself. Then, suffocating in the silence, he climbed through the ropes and went slowly up the aisle toward the officers, swinging his megaphone as he walked.

THE END

## Seagoing Surgery

Continued from page 23

the banker would have had that the sailor didn't were flowers and an operating room all to himself. And he couldn't have those, not in the North Atlantic in winter. With the weather casualties coming in as they were, he was lucky to have an operating table to himself.

A few yards away on another table a compound fracture off a tanker was being reduced. Over to one side, sitting up, one of the Relief's own petty officers was having six stitches put in the side of his head where a hatch had slammed on him.

Down in the eye clinic at the same moment, a sailor off another destroyer was having his eye examined and an eyelid stitched by an oculist who had had a five-figure practice in Boston six months before. In the dental clinic a sailor who had been thrown out of his bunk was having his jaw set, and set right, by an expert from Chicago.

### Hazards of Life at Sea

It sounds a little as if the hazards of winter life at sea might run the casualties of active combat a close race. But remember, this hospital ship was drawing patients from perhaps two or three dozen ships. It was just plain lucky it wasn't having war casualties to cope with at the same time. Because all these sea injuries were only a handful of the hospital's patients.

Down in the surgical ward five or six hernias that had been repaired when the sea wasn't kicking up quite such a squall were swapping operations with seven or eight acute appendix cases. Almost enough of each to make a ball team, but when you're working with a group of lads hand-picked for their health, there's nothing much else, short of accidents, likely to cause trouble. Navy doctors take hernias and appendectomies in their stride. A dozen more high sea injuries in the orthopedic ward, and a scattering of other surgical cases —abscesses, infected hands, a mastoid and a couple of cooks who had nobly tried to make hot coffee in spite of the sea and were waiting for skin grafts to grow—finished off the surgical side of the ship.

The G.U. ward was practically empty. No chance for venereal infection in winter in the North Atlantic, a dreary state of affairs which the men sum up in the phrase, "Lots of liberty but no boats."

The cat. fever ward on the other hand was doing a thriving business. Cat. fever is almost as intrinsically Navy as a Stokes stretcher. It is short for *catarrhal fever, acute,* and covers everything from a simple cold in the head through all the stages of grippe and flu, right down to lobar pneumonia. There were some twenty cases in this ward, two of them turning into very pretty pneumonias, which the doctor in charge was eying with clinical interest while he filled them full of the newest sulfa drug he'd been issued.

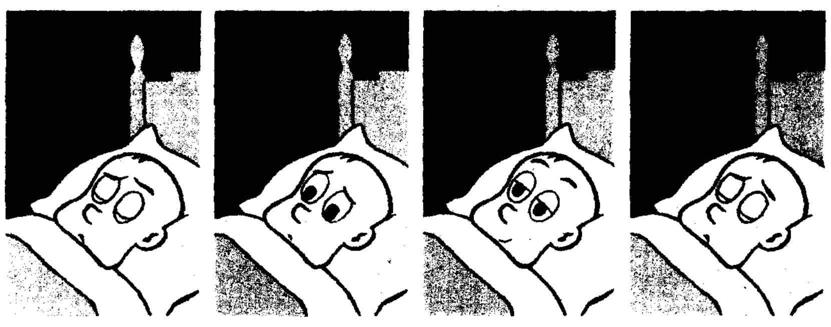
Up in isolation were twelve sailors off a supply ship, sicker with measles than any child you ever had or saw. You'd think twelve was a lot, but a doctor who helped the Navy through the last war on the old Solace swears that one day in 1918 they admitted seventy-eight with mumps. Isolation is a pretty important part of a hospital ship. With the large groups of men crowded together on every ship, if a contagious disease breaks out it is apt to run through the ship like mad unless it is put in its place, and promptly.

Then there were the convalescents, dozens of them. You might expect medical care on a hospital ship to be the patch up and send him back to work variety. But it isn't; it's just the other way. Life aboard ship is so tough that a man can't go back to it until he's tough again, too. So the hospital ship nurses along its convalescents like a bunch of babies, with just enough floor waxing, brass polishing and dusting to keep the home ship looking attractive to the convalescents and the hospital ship looking shipshape to the captain.

That finishes off our sick list of the moment, making the hospital ship not full enough to keep the doctors from yawning or snarling at one another, and very perfectly fulfilling the function the ship was designed for, which is to follow the fleet, Arctic or tropics, Atlantic or Pacific, wherever there is no adequate shore hospital and stand ready to receive patients. As soon as it comes within shooting distance of any of the big naval bases, Boston or Norfolk, San Diego, Bremerton or Pearl Harbor, a hospital ship heads right in and dumps its load. It carries an ambulance right on deck as a matter of fact for that express purpose. A hospital ship's function, you see, whether the doctors like it or not, isn't to stay full. Its function is to stay empty and ready for emergencies, but it never stays empty long.

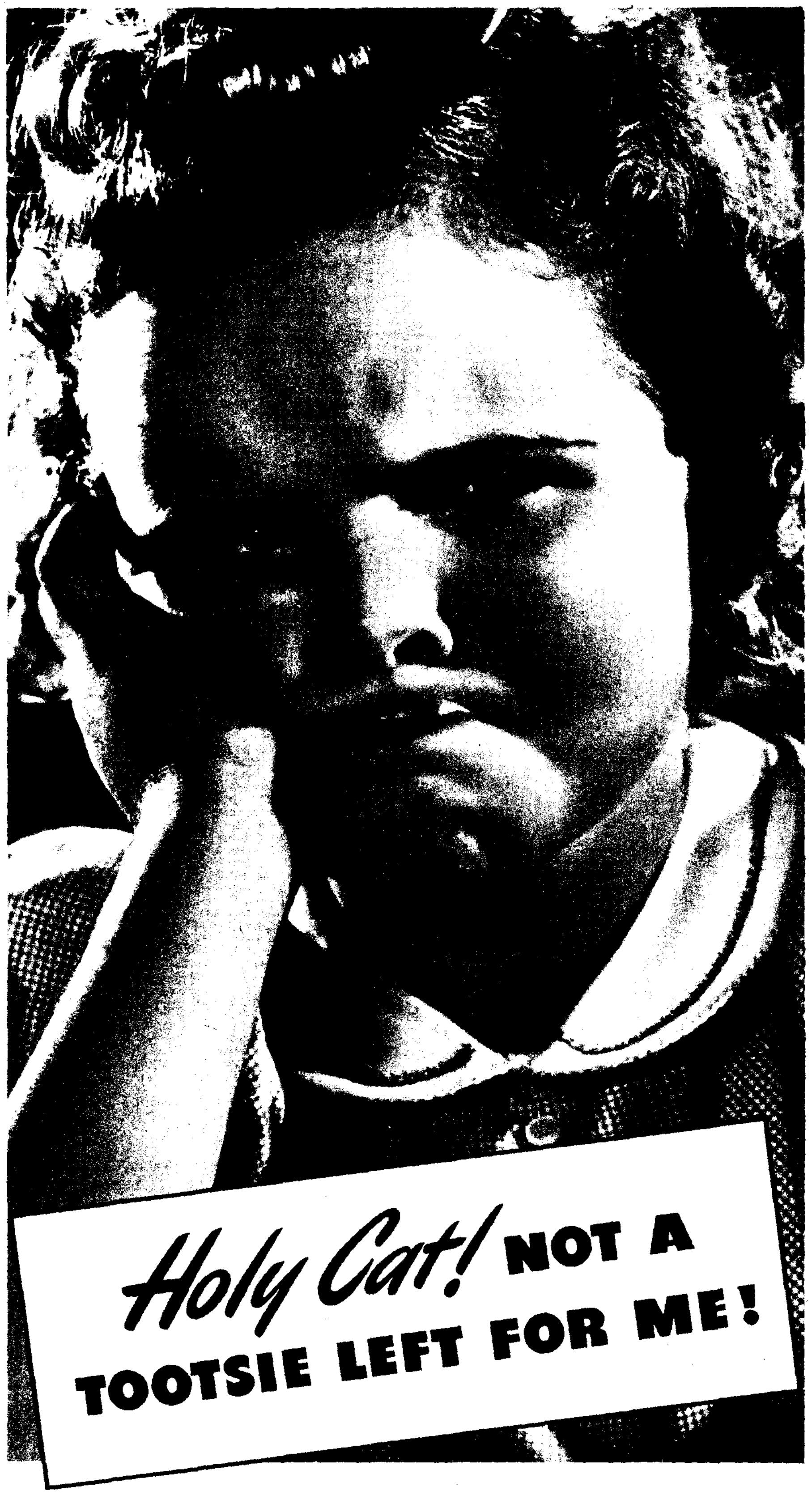
Battleships aren't especially dependent on their hospital-ship sisters. Most of them carry three doctors right on board plus a sizable sick bay and good operating facilities. Aircraft carriers are pretty medically self-sufficient too. But destroyers, mine sweepers, oil tankers and supply ships are lucky if they have a doctor apiece and a mess room table for emergency operations; and submarines, sub-chasers and the Coast Guard ships, which are now part of the Navy, though nicely equipped and trained for first aid, carry no doctors at all. So the hospital ships have plenty to draw from.

A hospital ship has to have a double personnel—the line officers and crew who run the ship, and the staff officers and crew who run the hospital. The lowest ensign in the line outranks the highest doctor in the staff, but the doc-



Collier's Bad Dream CROCKETT JOHNSON

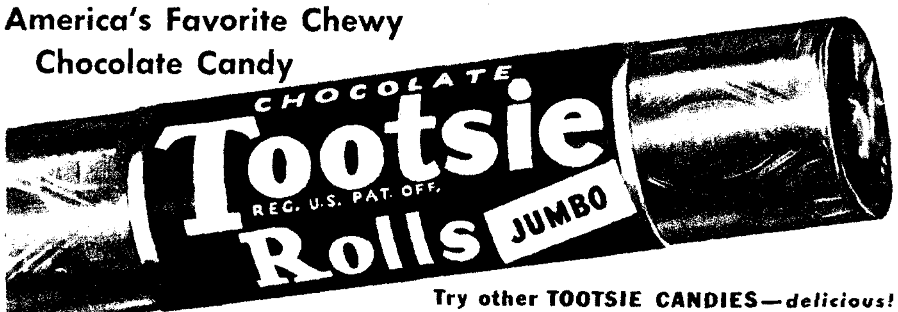
**FORBIDDEN!** Grown-ups! Lay off the kids' Tootsie Rolls. If you can't resist them, be fair! Get your own!


Holy Cat! NOT A TOOTSIE LEFT FOR ME!

**Wish folks hadn't discovered that Tootsie taste!**

*FINE THING!* They bring Tootsies for *me.* So what do you think happens! Mom eats one. Uncle's next. Then Dad. *MY* beeyootiful, chocolatey, chewy Tootsies! Just before Aunt Flo polishes off the last Tootsie, she politely says to me "Dearie, Tootsie Rolls are *good* for you . . . they give you just *loads* of extra pep!"

America's Favorite Chewy Chocolate Candy



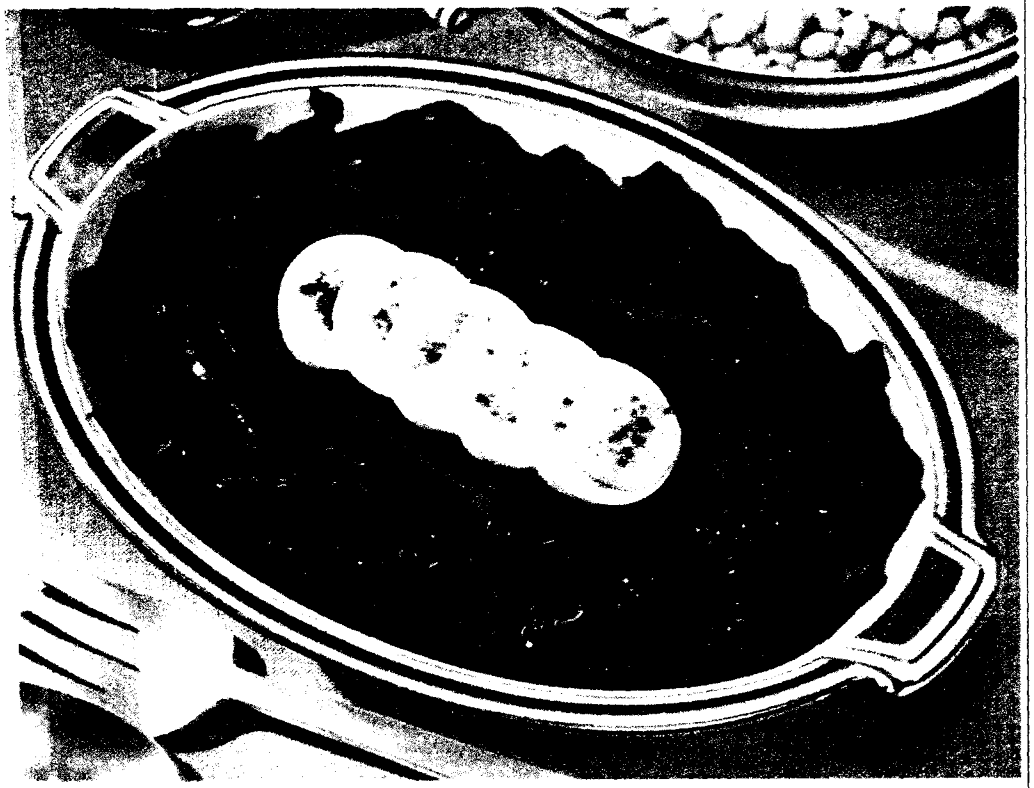
Try other TOOTSIE CANDIES—*delicious!*

RICH IN *DEXTROSE* FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY

A most delicious Spinach
...and NO SAND!

**1. Here's a Spinach** whose flavor matches summer's tastiest. It's Birds Eye *Thickleaf* Spinach . . . *garden-fresh right now!*

**2. Quick-Freezing** captures that just-picked flavor, the vitamins and minerals, the instant the Spinach is cleaned.

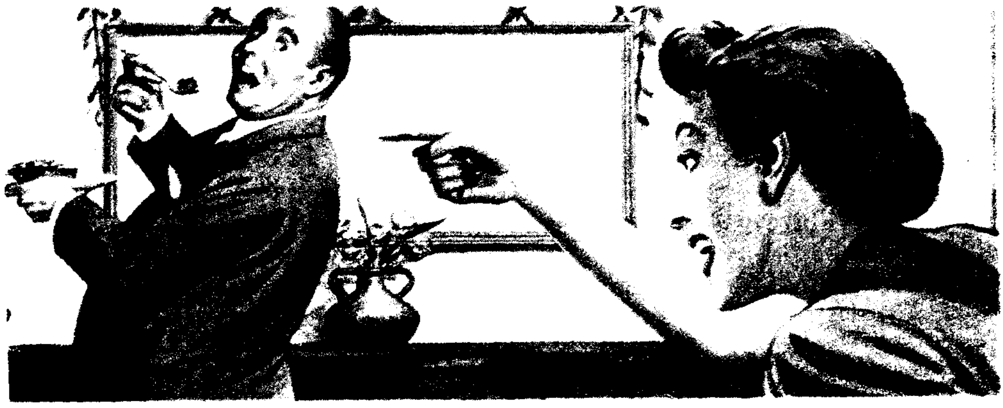


**3. Work-Free!** We cut all the stalks, sort out droopy leaves, wash out *all* sand . . . *save you 20 MINUTES work!* One box serves 4. Try it, today.

*Uncle Sam, how's this for Nutrition?*

| VITAMIN | A | $B_1$ | C | G | IRON | COPPER |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| THE SPINACH | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 2 |

*1 (FAIR) 2 (GOOD) 3 (EXCELLENT)*



**4. For Dessert,** serve Birds Eye Strawberry Rhubarb—tender and tangy. It's *sun-ripened* to peak goodness, then . . .

**5. Trimmed,** cleaned, cut in 1-inch pieces. Makes as fine a pie as ever was. P.S. It's marvelous stewed! Try some.

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tors don't care. They get their chance when the line officers fall ill.

The hospital staff is made up of about a dozen doctors, another dozen nurses, a couple of dozen petty officers and chiefs and some hundred and fifty pharmacist's mates and hospital apprentices. A dozen doctors and nurses don't seem to be enough for a several hundred bed hospital which can, by putting the crew into hammocks on deck, double its capacity like a shot. But then, in the hospitals we know the doctors and nurses aren't always available. On a hospital ship they can't get away except when they are in port, and even then only a third of them are given liberty at a time.

### Ready for Duty

There are always two medical officers-of-the-day, two doctors, that is, on twenty-four-hour duty. These receive all the new patients, examine them and assign them to the proper wards. These, while they're on duty, are in charge of the hospital and all medical emergencies. If word should be received of a fire on another ship, the junior officer-of-the-day would take a rescue party over in a small boat, complete with dressings, narcotics and oxygen apparatus for treating asphyxiation. He'd know what he was doing, too. He ought to, he's been drilled in it often enough. If a merchant ship should come along with a desperately sick patient and no doctor aboard they might send a boat over, and the senior officer would go in consultation, leaving the hospital in the charge of the junior medical officer. But it wouldn't be as big a chore as it seems, for most of the routine care of the patients is done by that efficient group of sailors known as pharmacist's mates and hospital apprentices.

A chief pharmacist's mate runs the hospital ship's pharmacy with the help of a couple of other mates; another has charge of medical supplies. Pharmacist's mates help with the X-rays, help in the lab, put on casts and dressings and take the place of student nurses in the operating rooms and wards. In fact the twelve good-looking female nurses who live up there on the boat deck sometimes wonder what their job aboard ship is besides supplying a softening influence, but it's plenty.

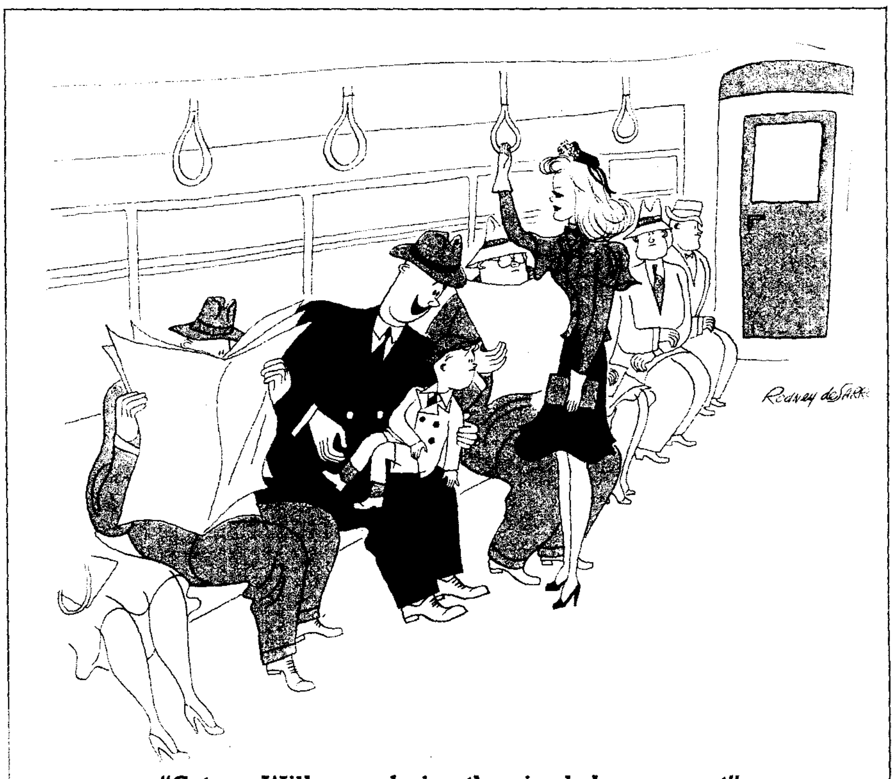
One of these gals, for instance, is in charge of the operating room, another is in charge of the diet kitchen. There is a nurse in charge of each of the main wards and of course a head nurse is in charge of all the other nurses. The nurses, you see, have had three years of training and several more years' experience, as compared to the corpsmen's year or so. Their work is more administrative than in a shore hospital, fewer trays and bed pans and more charts and responsibility, which might be one reason why they like it.

A nurse is assigned to a hospital ship for an eighteen months' stint. She can sign up for another six months after that if she wants to, and a good many of them do. Little things like having to wear life jackets and carry gas masks night and day when the ship is under way, things like rough weather and not setting foot on shore for weeks at a time seem to carry no weight. Even the regulation forbidding the line officers to date the nurses and the nurses to date the crew, which leaves only the doctors as playmates, most of whom are married, doesn't discourage them. They love it. When you ask them why, they say, "Oh, the sea," or sometimes with a bloodthirsty gleam, "Maybe we'll get some action." Maybe they will at that. Maybe they already have, but if they have, you can be sure they still love it. One doesn't mention it in a lady, but they have the same quality as the Navy men.

### No Need for a Bedside Manner

As for the doctors, I've talked to a couple of dozen who have gone into the Navy from important specialist practices in New York and Philadelphia and haven't found one yet with any nostalgia for the practice he left behind him. For the wife and kiddies, well—maybe, but as for the practice, the heck with that. Here they are with hardly a neurotic in a shipload, and if there is one he's quickly unloaded at the first port of call. Here they are with no rich patients to soothe along because they're good for your practice and may send you their friends. Here they are practicing good, simple, direct medicine on good, simple, direct men with plenty of guts. It's the guts they stress every time. We're going to have trouble luring a lot of them back to civilian practice when the war is over, which will be the Navy's gain but definitely our loss.

THE END



"Get up, Wilbur, and give the nice lady your seat"

Collier's RODNEY DE SARRO

## Amanda and the Ph.D.

Continued from page 19

"Nothing, Amanda!" she said, hastily. "It was such a wonderful day—and I guess maybe I'm just sort of lazy."

Amanda knew better. She knew very well that her Aunt Lucy was sitting out on the porch in her new dress waiting for Lieutenant Craig to come and take her to a garden party. Amanda knew a good deal more than people gave her credit for. That was because she had listened in—with considerable interest—on any number of conversations that were not meant for her ears. She was aware, now, that her Aunt Lucy was in love.

Amanda was mildly interested in the situation. She went down to the curb to look in either direction for some sign of her Aunt Lucy's lieutenant.

Amanda's mother came out on the porch and glanced at the pretty young woman in the white dress.

"He's not here yet?"

"Well, no—not yet."

"It's hardly time for the garden party."

"No," Lucy said, eagerly, "but he said he'd be here early. He has a pass for the whole afternoon!"

MILDRED BRADSHAW smiled at her sister, trying to hide a certain anxiety she felt about her. Her sister Lucy had gone all through her early twenties without falling in love. She'd been too smart. Now that she was twenty-six, she had been taken completely off her guard and just bowled over . . . She was reading too much, Mildred thought, into Alan Craig's visits to the house.

Alan had first come to the Bradshaws' with a letter of introduction from a friend in Cleveland. That had been the day after Lucy had arrived for a two weeks' visit. Mildred was not so sure, now, that this had been a happy coincidence. It was natural that a young man, stationed in a part of the country that was strange to him, would drift to the one house in the town where he would be sure of a welcome. It certainly didn't follow that he had taken any romantic interest in the young woman of the house. Indeed, there hadn't been the faintest hint of such an interest. He and Lucy had met, companionably, on an intellectual level—but the communion of true minds, Mildred reflected grimly, had taken very few young women to the altar . . . Lucy was simply living in some wonderful dream of her own.

There was a great danger, Mildred thought, that she would make a perfect little fool of herself. She'd had so little experience with men—and Alan had hit her hard! She was so confiding—so *vulnerable* . . . Mildred had said as much in a talk with Henry Bradshaw the other day—but Henry had given evidence of the usual masculine obtuseness. "Do her good!" he had said, chuckling rather callously. "She needs to come out of those clouds with a bump!" . . . Well, perhaps she did, Mildred reflected . . . At the same time Henry didn't realize how sensitive the girl was—underneath all those dogmatic little ways of hers . . .

"Lucy—"she said tentatively.

Lucy pulled her eyes back from the street.

"Yes, Millie?"

"I was just thinking—you're going to miss Alan a lot when you go back to town."

Lucy brushed that aside.

"It isn't so far away!" she said. "Alan likes going in . . . he's thinking of settling down in New York after the war. Did I tell you he was an architect, Millie?"

Mildred laughed. "Yes, you did! Several times!"

"I think architecture's an awfully interesting profession."

"Any profession is interesting to a person who's in it."

"Now you're just being stuffy, Millie!"

"No . . . I'm only trying to say there isn't anything so *exceptional* about that boy."

Immediately she regretted the remark. Lucy was looking so outraged and so hurt.

"Why! I think he *is* exceptional!" she cried. "And I thought you'd thought he was too! You and Henry—you've *said* how much you liked him!"

"So we have," Mildred admitted, weakly. "So we have—"

It was hopeless, she told herself. There was really nothing she could do. And now such a radiance had come into Lucy's brown eyes that there was really only one possible thing in the world to explain it. Lieutenant Craig had just turned the corner and come into view.

A minute or two later Mildred was excusing herself, rather gracefully.

"I've got to go to the city," she explained, "and that means I've got to phone around for our colored girl—to come and take care of Amanda." She vanished, then, into the house.

Amanda hopped back from the curb. She had wrapped one leg around the other leg and she stood, now, on one foot, like a stork—pensively regarding her Aunt Lucy's guest.

"Well!" he said. "What's on your mind? Do I pass inspection?"

Amanda smiled her coy smile, and cast down her eyes. Amanda had, at the age of seven, that instinctive coquetry which her attractive young aunt so sadly lacked. Alan laughed a little—but Amanda's aunt did not join in this laughter.

"Amanda," she said, "I think you'd better run along!"

Amanda assented at once. To tell the truth she was beginning to lose interest in her Aunt Lucy's young man.

Alan—still amused—watched her skipping around the corner of the house.

"You certainly know how to handle that kid!" he said.

"Well, it's my job," Lucy reminded him, smiling. "That is—understanding children, you know. It's not just a hit or miss proposition. You've got to understand what *motivates* the behavior—then you can cope easily enough with the behavior itself!"

HE NODDED, admiringly, and she went on talking about the subject she knew best. But after a few minutes it occurred to her that perhaps she had been talking a little too much and she stopped with an almost alarming abruptness. It was in moments like these that her self-confidence deserted her entirely.

She made haste to cover her confusion. "I don't want to bore you," she said. "I realize that child psychology can't be as fascinating to everybody as it is to me!"

"Of course you're not boring me!" he told her, hastily. "You know, Lucy, I don't think I've ever met a girl as—as intelligent as you are!"

"Oh, I don't know," she murmured. "You're a celebrity!"

She colored a little. "Well," she said, "I hope you don't mind that!"

"Why would I?" he demanded. "I think it's pretty darned interesting—all this child psychology stuff. You wouldn't think there'd be so much about a child

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that anybody would have to know!"

This comment would not have assuaged Mildred Bradshaw's anxiety in the least. It was enough, though, for Lucy. Assurance came back to her with a bound. She went on talking very intelligently indeed.

They got on wonderfully well together, she thought—the tide of happiness rising, now, in an almost suffocating wave. If he were falling in love with her—and she couldn't help hoping he *was* falling in love with her . . . The thought was too much. It fairly choked her. She broke off in the middle of a sentence—but again she made a neat recovery.

"Isn't it almost time for us to be going?" she said.

He glanced at his watch. "No," he said, with a faint frown. "I don't think we ought to be in any hurry—a little garden party ought to go a long way!"

Lucy laughed. "I imagine we'll have a very good time," she said. "Do you *know* Mrs. Anthony Nesbit?"

He shook his head. "Never saw her in my life! . . . All I know is, she's invited some of the officers and their friends out to her place . . . The Oaks? The Willows—?"

Lucy laughed. "The Elms! It's supposed to be a really wonderful place, Alan. Mrs. Nesbit is a wealthy person—and very important around here. Socially important."

He looked at her glumly. "Well," he said, "it sounds worse and worse!"

They laughed again—the very remoteness of Mrs. Anthony Nesbit drawing them more closely together.

At this moment Lucy's sister, looking rather harried, came out on the porch. "I can't get hold of Bessie!" she explained. "And that means I'll have to get somebody else to take care of Amanda. I'll probably have to impose on one of the neighbors—as usual!"

Lucy hesitated. When she spoke, she tried to keep the despair out of her voice. "I don't really need to go to the garden party!" she said.

"I'll tell you," Alan put in, affably. "We'll take Amanda to the garden party! Why not?"

"*Amanda?*" cried Mildred, staring at him. "Amanda at a *garden* party? Why, she'd be out of hand in no time!"

Lucy was not annoyed. She was amused. She made a gesture of mock despair.

"You always forget, Millie! I'm perfectly capable of taking care of Amanda! I've even written a *book* on the modern child!"

"That's all very well," her sister observed, a trifle dryly. "You've never been the mother of one! But—if you really do feel you can *handle* Amanda—"

"Of course I can!" cried Lucy.

And there was, in her tone, a hint of impatience.

AMANDA was called back to the porch immediately. She was extremely pleased to hear that she was going to be taken to a party. She listened docilely to all her mother's last-minute instructions and lifted a chocolate-smudged cheek for her mother's kiss. Then, while Mildred swung the car out of the driveway, Amanda stood clinging to her Aunt Lucy's skirts. The child and her young aunt made—as Lucy couldn't help realizing—a very attractive little picture.

"Don't you worry for one *minute!*" Lucy cried. "Not for one *minute!*"

Amanda's mother waved and drove away.

In that very instant—it was like something in the Old Testament—a demon took possession of Amanda.

This was, after all, her house. It was not her Aunt Lucy's house and it was not Lieutenant Craig's house. It was, in her mother's absence, her house. She, Amanda, was the person in authority.

Lucy was not aware, at first, of any of the subversive thoughts that were going on behind that angelic little mask. She was talking happily to Alan when Amanda turned the faucet on and she did not notice, right away, that the sprinkler on the lawn had suddenly started to whirl around in a dazzling shower of water.

Amanda had been content, for a while, merely to watch the grass getting wet. Then, because she could never stay still very long, she began circling cautiously around the sprinkler and ended by inventing a sort of game between the sprinkler and herself. Retreating to some distance, she would race forward to the very edge of the sparkling spray and dare the water to get her wet—cackling shrilly whenever it failed to do so. But she was quite drenched by the time her Aunt Lucy turned around with a sudden cry of amazement.

Lucy controlled herself. "Amanda," she said, quietly. "Come here. I'm ashamed of you! We're going to go right upstairs and change those wet clothes!"

"I won't!" Amanda said. "I won't change my clothes! I won't!"

Lucy spoke very quickly: "Amanda! Remember the party! You'd want to change your clothes for the party!"

Lucy could have bitten her tongue off at once. She had resorted, as if instinctively, to the most shameful device of all. She had stooped to a bribe.

But the bribe, low and despicable as it was, had its own peculiar virtue. It worked. Amanda allowed her aunt to take her grubby little hand and lead her into the house.

There was a preternatural calm about Amanda. Lucy got her under the shower and rubbed her down and dressed her in clean little white underclothes and the rose-dotted dress she wore to Sunday school. She brushed and braided Amanda's hair and tied the braids with two little rose-colored ribbons. All this had been accomplished without a squirm or a protest out of Amanda. There was, however, something taut about her—something suggestive of pent-up force—of steam about to pop off the lid from the teakettle. Lucy eyed her in some concern.

"Amanda!" she said. "You *are* going to be a good little girl?"

"Sure!" said Amanda.

AMANDA behaved very well on the way to the party. She conducted herself with considerable aplomb, moreover, when Alan and Lucy led her through the gates of Mrs. Anthony Nesbit's magnificent country estate. She was in no wise intimidated by all this grandeur—having observed just such wide, elm-shaded lawns in the movies. Certainly Amanda knew exactly how to behave in such a gathering.

Mrs. Anthony Nesbit came hurrying forward to greet them. She had an especially cordial welcome for Amanda's aunt.

"I recognized you right away!" she said. "I've just finished reading your book."

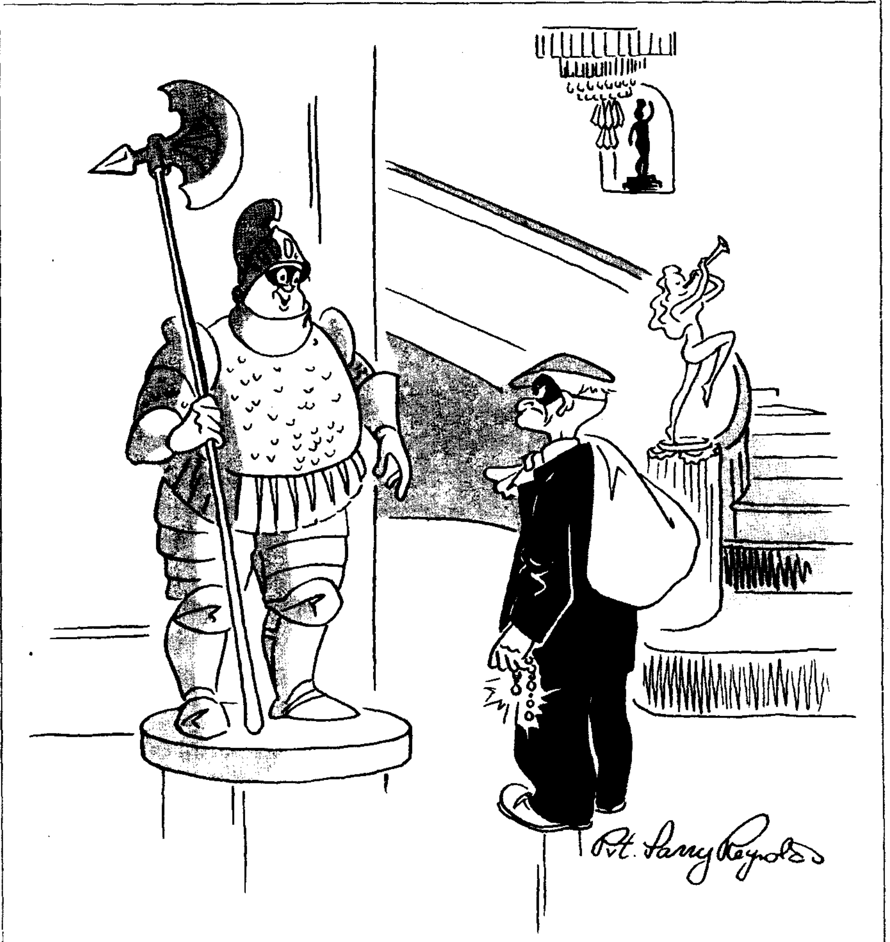
She turned, then, to Amanda—and Amanda dropped the prettiest little curtsy imaginable. Mrs. Nesbit was entranced. She led the three newcomers to the terrace and introduced them.

"An authority on children!" she explained. "And here's her own little niece to *prove* she's an authority!"

Amanda knew very well what to do then. She cast down her eyes and looked shy. She was being an utterly charming little child—and it did not matter that she knew that, and was a litttle smug about it. Lucy glowed with a modest pleasure and pride, and Alan patted Amanda's head in a way that was almost paternal. And now Amanda was given a special little chair, and plied with lemonade and little iced cakes. She was content, for a while, to be ignored.

Mrs. Nesbit and some of the other older women were still talking to Amanda's aunt about her career—eagerly threshing over a few of the finer points in regard to the behavior of the young. But

**BUTCH** **By Pvt. Larry Reynolds**



"You think it'd be fun if I walked up into the guy's bedroom?"

Collier's

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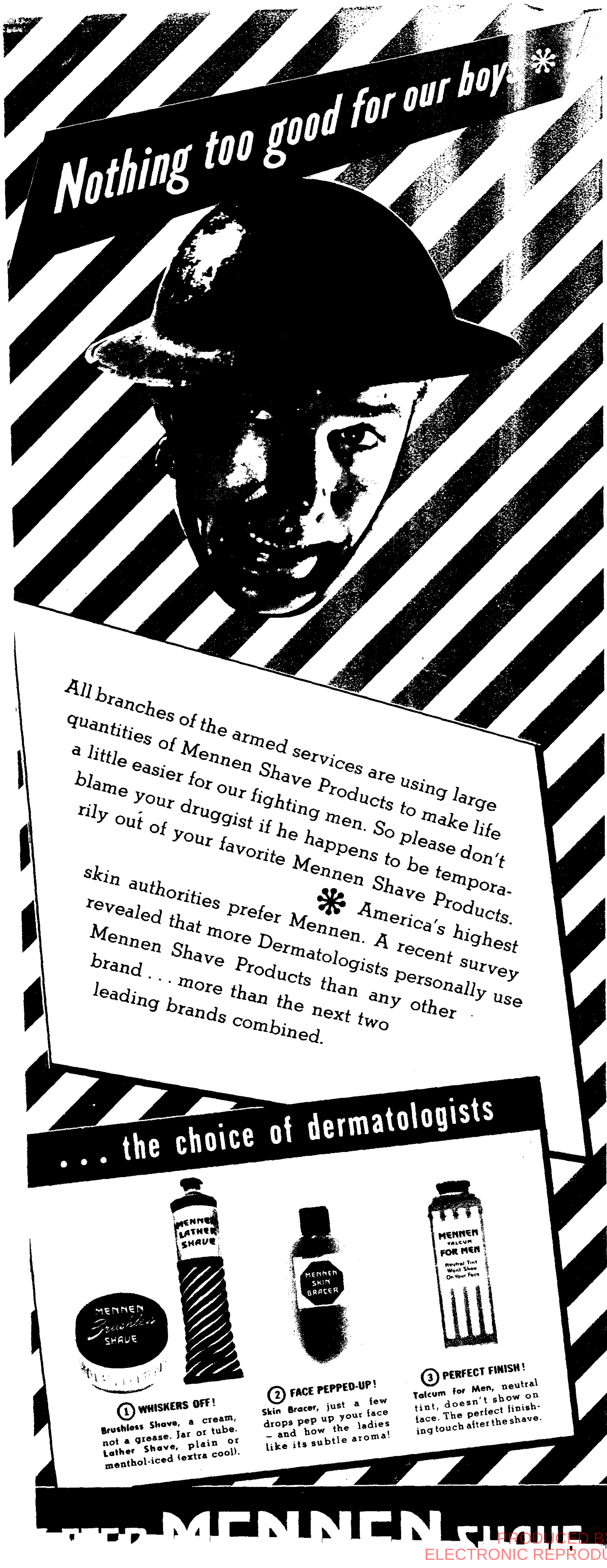
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for once her favorite topic was failing to absorb all of Lucy's attention. A pretty redheaded girl, whose name was Justine Dixon, had taken Alan a little away from the others. She had put her hand on his sleeve and she was looking up at him with shining eyes. Lucy made a determined effort to give an intelligent answer to some question of Mrs. Nesbit's. Men—she remembered uneasily—were supposed to like girls with red hair . . .

Then Mrs. Nesbit was called away and, suddenly, her eldest son was in her place. He was leaning over to whisper in Lucy's ear.

"I can't believe you've written a book!" he said. "You're too darned pretty!"

Lucy caught her breath. No one—since she had won her first scholarship at the age of eleven—had ever dreamed of saying such a thing to her. And she loved it. She laughed, and blushed, and let her lashes sweep down to her cheeks. She even stole a glance toward Alan, to see if he had overheard the compliment.

THE incident attracted several other young men—and Lucy began to play them, one against the other, with a skill that would have astonished her sister Mildred. Mildred would have said that Lucy had come to her senses at last.

Lucy smiled again at young Nesbit—and then, suddenly, she stiffened. A piping little voice was rising over all the other voices on the terrace. Amanda seemed to be making an announcement.

"I can *dance!*" she was saying. "I've got a little *dance* that I can do!"

Mrs. Nesbit smiled at her. "Then dance for us!" she said. "Do, dear!"

"Oh, no!" cried Lucy. "Oh, *no*, Amanda!"

The horrified protest came a bit too late. Amanda was already tripping over the lawn, clutching the sides of her rose-dotted skirt and preparing—anyone would have thought—to ram her head into an nonexistent wall. A moment later she was swaying back—pirouetting—and darting forward again. At the same time she was singing, loudly, a whimsical little song about being a little glowworm, happy at its play.

Lucy strove to catch Amanda's eye. This was impossible. Amanda was whirling around, now, faster and faster. She was, as a glowworm, working herself up to a frenzy.

There was a little bleat of terror from one of the bystanders—and, in the same instant, Amanda was falling over a small table of lemonade glasses. Mrs. Anthony Nesbit was shaking lemonade dregs out of her lap, and a servant was rushing to her rescue with little embroidered napkins. Amanda, meanwhile, had gone pirouetting madly about a peony bush.

The redheaded girl spoke up clearly. "If that was *my* 'child in the modern home,'" she said, "I'd give her a darned good modern spanking!"

Lucy ignored the remark and the little ripple of laughter that followed it. She turned, instead, to stammer her apologies to Mrs. Nesbit. She tried to persuade Amanda to apologize, too—but Amanda had not grasped the enormity of her offense. Amanda was in a temper. She was making a face at the redheaded girl.

"I'm not going to *get* any spanking!" Amanda said. "And I'm going to do *another* little dance!"

"You are *not!*" her young aunt hissed, fiercely, in her ear. "You aren't going to do another little dance as long as you live!"

This outrageous statement ran counter to Lucy's own firmest theory about the adult's attitude to the young. But she was beyond caring about theories. She would have to take Amanda home, she thought. It was the only possible thing for her to do. She turned to Alan—and he was just coming to her rescue when Justine Dixon called him back:

"Alan! *Help* me!"

Justine was laughing—but she was pretending to be in a pretty little panic. She had caught her heel on the edge of a flagstone—and she managed to wobble, convincingly, until Alan had sped to her side. The artfully contrived little mishap brought her, in the end, into Alan's very arms—a refuge she was in no great hurry to abandon.

It was not Lucy who flew at the redheaded girl—to follow the thought in her mind. It was Amanda who was racing wildly across that terrace. It was Amanda who was hammering at Justine Dixon with hard and furious little fists.

"You stop that!" shouted Amanda. "He's my Aunt Lucy's! You *stop* that!"

Lucy leaped to her feet. "Amanda! Come back here! *Amanda!*"

Amanda ignored this. She was beside herself. She pounded at the redheaded girl.

"He *is* my Aunt Lucy's!" she went on shouting—at the top of her lungs. "My mother said so! My mother told my father my Aunt Lucy wanted to marry him! My mother said my Aunt Lucy had to *have* him!"

There was a second of silence, an appalling second during which the earth failed to open up and swallow Lucy Fairfield Bigelow, Ph.D. As in a nightmare, Lucy groped toward Amanda. All the faces blurred before the scalding tears of shame in her eyes. She did not recognize Alan until his hand had closed around her own. Then she saw that he was smiling at everybody.

"Our engagement was supposed to be a secret!" he said. "But I guess nothing can be a secret—as long as Amanda's around!"

Then everybody was crowding around them—congratulating them, teasing them good-humoredly.

It was, for Lucy, an almost intolerable ordeal. Her cheeks were still flaming when Alan managed, at last, to lead her away from the group on the terrace.

She moistened her dry lips. "I'll get you out of this," she said, "as soon as I can!"

"And what," he demanded, "if I don't want to get out of it?"

"Of course you do!" Lucy cried. "You can't have *Amanda* arranging your life!"

"And why not? Amanda isn't so dumb, my dear! But why did Amanda have to be the one to tell me that you might possibly care about me?"

"She shouldn't have—" stammered Lucy. "I wouldn't have let her—"

He cut through this, gently: "Why did you always have to be such a career woman? I didn't think you had any time for a man! You were always such a big shot, darling—such a Ph.D!"

LUCY was beginning to smile a little. There was that new and mischievous light in her eyes. "And so I am!" she said.

He shook his head. "No," he told her. "Look at the way you handle Amanda! You're lousy at it, Lucy darling. We'll have to learn about kids together."

He tightened his grip on her hand. He was hurting her a little but she didn't mind that. They looked into each other's eyes and for a moment they were lost to the world. Then Amanda was standing before them.

"Aunt Lucy! That man's going around again with the chocolate cakes with the chocolate frosting on 'em! And can I have one, Aunt Lucy? Can I have just a *little* one?"

Lucy smiled. She knew, in some obscure way, that she was looking down on her best friend in the world.

"Why, yes, darling!" she cried. "Of course you can!"

THE END

# Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

mountains. He was preparing to make his first turn when he glanced to the right and almost jumped out of the cockpit. There was an Army B-25 about twenty feet from his wing tip. The Army pilot grinned and waved. The airline pilot looked on the other side. There was another B-25.

If there is anything airline pilots do not care to have around when they are making a landing it is Army aircraft. This pilot pointed up and away, urging his uninvited guests to begone. They grinned and pounded their sticks, indicating that they intended to stay right where they were.

At that moment the stewardess put in an appearance and inquired mildly, "What's cooking?"

"How're the passengers?" snapped the pilot.

"They're asleep."

"Draw the curtains."

It was time to make the first turn, and the pilot made it. So did the Army planes. They flew a beautiful formation, following the transport's bank, one above, the other below. As the trio sank into the overcast, the Army planes closed in really tight, with wing tips almost touching. The airline pilot shuddered and kept to his course, wheeling through a double turn.

Presently they broke out below the overcast, headed straight for the field. The Army pilots waved politely and sped away. They had simply been caught over unfamiliar mountainous territory and had needed someone to show them the way downstairs.

FOR a long time everyone has known that thunderstorms are nothing for the young pilot (or old pilot) to monkey with. Just how inadvisable this is was worked out recently by John P. Gaty. Mr. Gaty, having been through thunderstorms and felt their might, became curious as to just what order of force he had been up against. Being an engineer, he decided to find out. He had no figures on his own particular storm, and so he picked just an average summer storm 10 miles in diameter, 18,000 feet high; temperature at the bottom 80°, at the top zero; rate of ascent of air 500 feet per minute. What's the mechanical equivalent of the heat given off? That will tell you how much of a kick the storm could give you.

The answer is: over a billion horsepower. D. L.

# Any Week

Continued from page 4

from citizens who are very irritated by the government's appeal for 600,000 typewriters for the Army, Navy, Maritime Commission and other war agencies. All of our correspondents hope that the drive will fail. The consensus is that Washington is doing too much typewriter-fighting anyway. Mr. John B. Cryspin of Tampa, Florida, is particularly indignant to read that each battleship carries a complement of fifty-nine typewriters, each aircraft carrier fifty-five, each cruiser thirty, and each destroyer seven. "And we wonder why our naval ships are so slow," says Mr. Cryspin. "Down here, surrounded by the Air Force, a body can't get a decent night's rest because thousands of Army and Navy typewriters are raising a racket all night."

ONE of Washington's most diligent dollar-a-year men took off a few precious hours recently to entertain his grandfather, a quite elderly citizen who hadn't been in the capital since 1880. After a day of sight-seeing and handshaking, the old boy was asked what he thought of Washington after sixty-two years. "Well," sighed Gramp, "it's about the same except they've swept the streets and painted some of the buildings." Our dollar-a-year man tried again: "Larger, isn't it?" Gramp agreed that it was. "Only in the number of people running around looking mystified," said he.

ALMOST all of our columning contemporaries are weltering in the great cosmic situations and, frankly, we very much suspect at times that a number of them are somewhat beyond their depths. We—we're glad to confess—know when we're up to our neck. Anyway, we understand what we're doing when handling letters such as we've just got from Mrs. Paul B. Blake of Palo Alto, California. Mrs. Blake and husband recently picked up, in their car, a large, freshly inducted soldier. "Did you ever have your faith in fairies, Santa Claus and the stork theory renewed?" asks she. "We had. This boy had just been to a zoo for the first time in his life. Thought it was wonderful; marveled that it was free. Folks were so kind to him. He had never seen a neon light, an ocean, a movie show until the Army snatched him out of his little Swedish community in Minnesota, a month since. He never saw so many books. They must have cost a pile of money. He was going to buy some and send them home to prove that he wasn't writing Army propaganda in his letters to Ma and Pa. He has six sisters and four brothers—or he *had* four brothers before one was killed at Pearl Harbor. The good government sent his mother a medal. And to think that the good government gives him fifty dollars a month and his keep, to boot. Sure, he has a girl. She thinks he's kidding her in his letters—kidding her about all this. But he's going to prove it by saving his money and buying a tractor, so that after the war he can settle down to farming; after marrying her. Gee whiz, but people are nice!"

OUR West Coast scout reports that the populace on the Pacific side are normally bewildered and that the only really interesting occurrence in California recently was the conquest by the Grocery Clerks' Union of a one-clerk grocery store which was picketed for a week before the proprietor surrendered. He informs us that the capitulation came when the organized milk deliverers and bakery-wagon drivers refused to stop at the store. Finally, the proprietor caved in and bade his single clerk sign the joining papers. The organizer was a big, breezy guy who, when the clerk signed up, shouted, "Well, fellow, all you got to do now is pay the initation fee and your first dues in advance." The clerk looked at him with becoming calm and replied, "Okay, buddy! But don't tell me to remember Pearl Harbor unless you want a nice bust in the nose." . . .

W. D.

MY TEETH ARE
CLEANER, BRIGHTER
BECAUSE . . .

THE NEW SUPERFINE
KOLYNOS TOOTH POWDER
combines these three advantages—

1. IT'S MICRO-PULVERIZED TO MAKE IT SOFT, GENTLE, SUPERFINE!

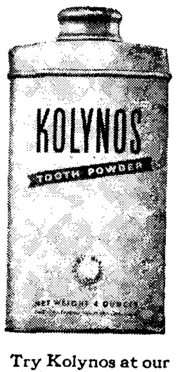
Micro-Pulverizing is the amazing process that grinds and re-grinds tangy-flavored Kolynos into microscopic particles as superfine as an expensive face powder. And, as your own dentist may tell you, a powder as soft and fine as this is sure to be safe, gentle-acting . . . *really good to your teeth!*

2. ITS BUBBLY FOAM SURGES IN BETWEEN, HELPS CLEAN OUT THE CREVICES!

Yes, the new Kolynos Tooth Powder not only cleans the flat surfaces of the teeth . . . but gets *in between*. Its bubbly foam helps the toothbrush whisk away hidden food particles that often cause discoloration and decay. In fact, the new Kolynos combines the foaming action of paste with the cleansing action of powder . . . cleans teeth evenly . . . thoroughly . . . leaves no gritty residue.

3. ITS GRAND NEW FLAVOR LEAVES MY MOUTH CLEAN AND FRESH

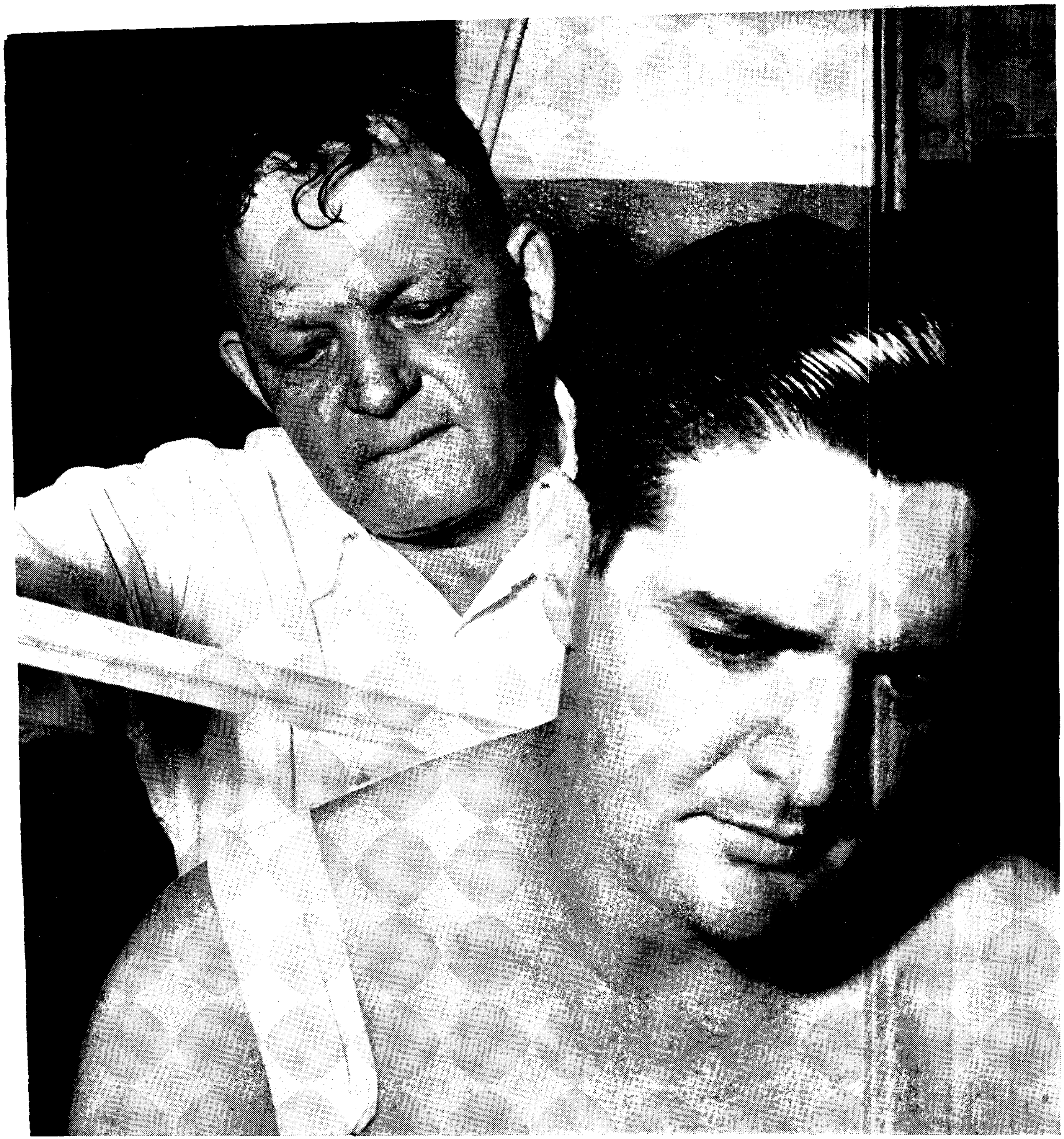
Yes, the new Kolynos has a tangy, bracing flavor that's new . . . different. It's wonderfully refreshing . . . lingers on after each brushing.



Try Kolynos at our risk. You must agree that it does a better job of cleaning your teeth . . . refreshing your mouth, or you get DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

KOLYNOS TOOTH POWDER

IT'S GOOD TO YOUR TEETH BECAUSE IT'S SUPERFINE!



IFOR THOMAS

**Charley horses, lame soupbones and other baseball and football ills yield to the ministrations of Doc Lotshaw—here shown taping a shoulder for Chicago Cub Pitcher Bill Lee**

# THE GREAT LOTSHAW

## BY EDWARD PRELL

**After 42 years of baseball and football he's a legend—an unfinished legend. This master mender is no Shakespeare, but he knows his joints. Listen to the man**

NOW, as Andrew David Lotshaw points out, you can't go wrong writing his own stirring success story. Write a story about a big-league rookie, says Andy, and by the time it gets into print, the young man might be back playing for Cedar Rapids. Write one about any star and before it's even set up in type he might be toting a musket in the Armed Forces.

Take me, says Andy, and you've got a solid subject, a man who has charge of the Chicago Cubs' clubhouse for the twentieth season; a man who has been the Chicago Bears' trainer for twenty-two years. A man who was the greatest slugger who ever roamed minor-league diamonds. And how come, anyway, that Lotshaw never got in the big leagues, except for what he could do with a piece of tape or a liniment bottle? For everything else, Andy has an answer, quick and pithy.

He antedates all of Chicago's current sports heroes, including Ted Lyons, the old Bearcat from Baylor.

What is set down between now and the end of the saga of Lotshaw the Trainer cannot be completely vouched for. You have to allow the doctor a bit of leeway in facts. Also you must make allowances for errors in memory. Because Doc Lotshaw never was very good at remembering names or dates, although he never forgot a face—except once.

The Cubs were in Houston a few springs ago for an exhibition game. An elderly fellow accosted round Robert Lewis, the Cubs' traveling secretary. He was looking for old Andy.

The doc, as usual, was busy. He was scrubbing out the Cubs' dugout. He came forward at Lewis' summons with the rolling gait of an old seafaring man.

"A fellow to see you, Andy," said Lewis, as he backed away, but not too far to miss any of the prize conversation.

"H'ya, Andy!" exclaimed the visitor. "Remember me?"

Andy looked quizzically, then held up a gnarled warning hand. Here, indeed, was a challenge.

"Now, gimme time to think," he pleaded. "I'm not much on rememberin' names, but I never forget a face."

Andy stared and stared but finally confessed failure, a rare admission for him.

"Andy, I'm your brother!" was the startling reply.

The doctor—he picked up the title after thumbing through a few books on physiotheraphy and burning out a few heat lamps—was born 62 years ago in Cold Springs, Dearborn County, Indiana.

He is, in his own words, the unsung Babe Ruth of minor-league baseball, who spent 16 seasons in the bushes, then reached the majors quite by accident. Fortunately, there is proof that he was—and still is—quite a slugger.

Old Andy never fails to impress Cub newcomers with his hitting prowess.

A few seasons ago, his particular target was Percy Jones, a better-than-average pitcher. One afternoon, when the Cubs stopped in Fairmont, West Virginia, for an exhibition game, Lotshaw caught Jones in batting practice. This chore over, the doc picked up a bat and, with his catcher's armor still on, challenged Percy.

Andy lashed the first pitch deep into fair territory. The next one he smashed over the fielder's head in right. Two swings—two extra-base hits in any ball park! Secretary Lewis saw this with his own eyes.

A trainer's life is not an easy life. There are sprained ankles to be wrapped and taped—as carefully as those of a prize race horse. There are lamps to be operated, to bake out sore spots in muscles. There are trunks to be hurriedly packed. There are many menial tasks. The trainer must cater to the player's slightest whim.

### Training Pays Dividends

Scrubwoman stuff, eh? Well, maybe. But Andy draws $500 every month from the Cubs, and he cuts into the World Series and City Series money. If you're worrying where Andy's going to buy his next case of beer, consider that he has a private practice, is a stockholder in a liniment company and coaches a semi-pro baseball team in near-by Michigan City. He has a seven-room apartment on Sheridan Road and a maid.

Old Andy's legs began playing out in 1922. He had given sixteen knockabout years to the game. He had enjoyed every minute of it and was resigned to fading out of athletics.

That final year he had held on as a combination pinch hitter and trainer for Indianapolis in the American Association. The autumn before, Andy had gone over to Decatur, Illinois, as trainer of a football team known as the Staleys, coached by a young upstart named George Halas. In the fall of 1922, the Staleys transferred to Chicago and on an early October day Andy showed up at Wrigley Field where the Staleys——now the Bears—would play their games.

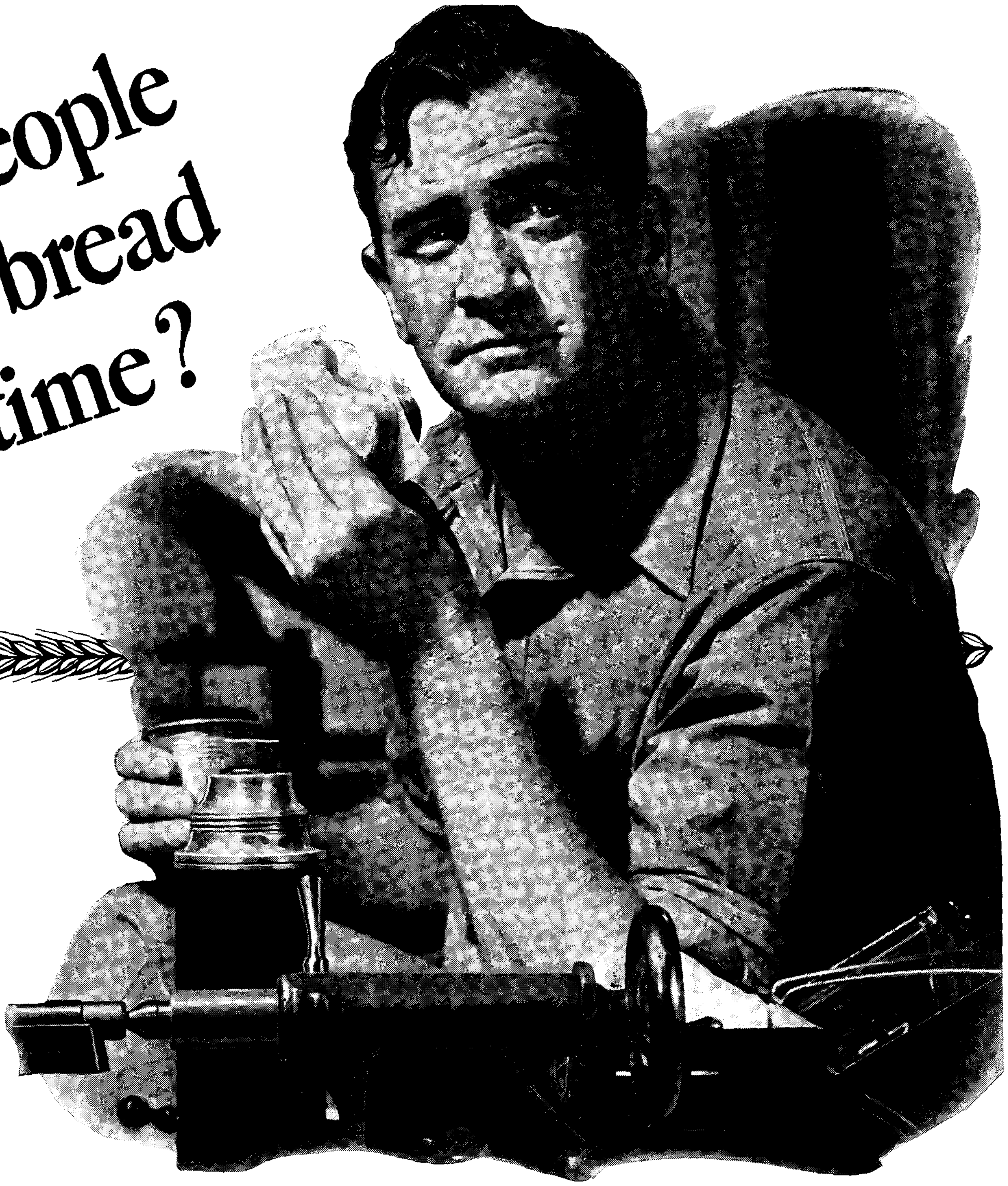
The City Series was on between the Cubs and the White Sox. Chill blasts were blowing in off near-by Lake Michigan and they had bitten deep into the good right arm of Grover Cleveland Alexander. He couldn't straighten it out. The Cubs needed Alex if they were to whip the South Siders. Red Faber had taken the North Siders, 1-0, and the Series was 3 and 3.

Bobby Dorr, then and now the Cubs' grounds keeper, sent a call for Andy to work on Alex's wing. Andy didn't know it but it was the voice of fate paging him.

Here indeed was a sports drama. It is Andy who now is telling the story:

"I had the honor and pleasure of catching the one and only Grover Cleveland Alexander in his first professional

# Why do people eat more bread in wartime?

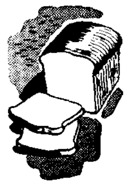


EVER since the war began, people have been eating more bread.

What's the reason?

Well, ever since the war began, people have been more *active.*

War factories have gone on a three-shift basis. Men and women alike have taken up jobs that require more energy.



That calls for a new kind of diet—a high-energy diet. People are eating more bread because it is a *basic source* of the energy the nation needs to win.

For bread is rich in *carbohydrates* which the body easily converts into energy. It provides valuable *proteins.* And, made with milk, it supplies useful *calcium.*

And as most bakers bake it today—enriched white bread supplies iron, niacin and Vitamin $B_1$—essentials to healthy spirits, good nerves and the proper assimilation of the carbohydrates.

So people are instinctively turning to it for the extra energy wartime conditions demand.

They are eating more bread not as a medicine or a miracle, but as a *basic food* that is both enjoyable and satisfying.

Add more bread to your diet and keep it in step with these more active times.

**On the food energy in one slice of bread you can walk a mile, or do the supper dishes, or type ten letters.**

**MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST**

More commercially baked bread is made with Fleischmann's Yeast than with all other kinds combined, for reasons such as these:

1 Fleischmann pioneered the methods of yeast manufacture which make possible the uniformity, potency and dependable quality not only of Fleischmann's Yeast, but virtually all others as well.

2 More than 400 different strains of yeast, selected from thousands gathered all over the world, are kept under constant culture and study in Fleischmann's laboratories. This assures bakers of the yeast best suited to American flours, methods and conditions year after year.

3 Fleischmann research on vitamins brought about the yeast method of enriching bread with Vitamin $B_1$.

# Bread *is basic*

Welcome Home!

HOME, to the American people, is a symbol of peace and freedom. Whenever you travel to near or distant parts, there is a feeling of security in knowing that you can return to a home with its comforts and conveniences, its peaceful family life.

*How would you like to be welcomed home by the crashing of bombs, by pillars of smoke arising from the ruin of possessions for which you had worked and saved?*

That is no fantastic dream. Anything *can* happen. That is why thousands of Union Pacific employees, resolved to retain their American freedom, are tirelessly working to help Uncle Sam. Troop trains—huge shipments of raw materials and armament—roll over "the Strategic Middle Route" in a never-ending procession. It's up to all of us to "keep 'em rolling." We must be victors—not victims.

UNION PACIFIC

*The Progressive*
**UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD**
*The Strategic Middle Route*

game. That was in 1909 when I was with Galesburg in the old Illinois-Missouri League. Bert Huff was the manager. Wonder what ever became of Bert?

"Alex was a big, freckle-faced, rawboned kid. He was fast and wild that day and he shut out Kewanee, 7 to 0. No catcher ever told him what to throw, even way back then. He gave his own signals. He would never be shaken off, even in the big leagues. He always said he'd take the blame for the wrong pitch."

That year, Andy continued, they were sold to Indianapolis. Alexander went on to immortality, but his battery mate of the strong Galesburg nine was destined to show that square, red face of his only on dozens of bush-league diamonds.

So now, here they were in a big-league dressing room. Alexander, the prince of pitchers, Lotshaw the has-been who was trying to hang on in sports as a valet to athletes.

"Well, sir," says Andy pridefully, "I stretched Alex's arm and I stretched it. The next day he went out and beat the Sox, two-nothing, for the city title."

From that day on, Andy Lotshaw was a big-league trainer.

The late Bill Veeck, Cub president, called him into his sanctum.

"We want you for next year," he said, and it was an order.

"Jack Hendricks was managing Indian-opolis," recalled Andy with an accent on the first "o." "He gave me my release and I got a contract for double *the two hundred a month I was* getting at Indian-opolis, not to mention three hundred dollars for fixing up Alex."

In the early 1900's, Andy's fame as a slugger began spreading over Indiana, Ohio and Illinois. He wasn't a bit partial. He'd play as hard from one year to the next in new surroundings.

"There never was a Lotshaw who didn't hustle," *declares* the doctor, as a prelude to his success story. "I started out in 1906 with the Brighton Park Reserves in Indian-opolis. The next year I was with Charleston in the Eastern Illinois League. Those were the days when the fans would toss out coins if a feller hit a home run in the right spot. My back used to get sore bending over for all that silver."

### Andy's Slugfest

In Muncie, Indiana, when Andy came to bat, the band would start playing Over the Fence is Out. In 1909, he dedicated his slugging to Galesburg, and in 1910 moved to Indianapolis with Alex.

The year 1911 found Andy with Marion of the Ohio State League. That's when he and Alexander parted company, with Alex going up to the Phillies. Warren G. Harding was secretary of the Marion club. One day he saw Andy hit three home runs.

"Warren liked me," says the Hoosier Wonder. "He offered me a wonderful government job but I loved baseball and turned it down."

The Cleveland Indians bought Andy from Marion.

The next season was an eventful one for Andy. The manager of the Champaign-Urbana team in the Illinois-Missouri League was Blackie Wilson, a lifelong friend to this day. One afternoon, Blackie forgot to duck, was beaned, and Andy took command. He brought the club from seventh place to a pennant.

That was the year, too, Andy hit a home run over the distant center-field wall in Pekin, Illinois, and the grounds keeper died right on the spot.

It seems that something always was happening to Andy in Pekin. One night he was just having some innocent fun around the hotel when the gendarmes came in and took him away. The charge was disturbing the peace. The judge, a baseball fan, told Andy (after taking his railroad timepiece for bond in lieu of cash), that he would release him if he played a good game the next day.

"Well, I took the judge at his word," reports Andy. "The first time up I hit the pitcher's wrist with a line drive and he had to quit. The next time, I hit one against the second pitcher's head and he had to leave, too. I got my watch back."

In 1917, when Indianapolis called him back from Bradford, Canada, he made 17 hits in 24 times at bat and clinched the pennant with his triple in the ninth inning against Milwaukee. There were three on at the time. And 12 hits in 22 times up against Toronto in the Little World Series, which the Indians won.

Get the idea? Andy was quite a handy man with a bat. But strictly a busher until he exchanged flannels for duck pants.

When the youthful and exuberant Mr. Halas brought his football hirelings to Chicago in 1922, their headquarters were Logan Square Park, quite off the main line of the city's big-time sports.

### Lotshaw the Detective

Last spring, Andy was delegated by Manager Jim Wilson to snoop around at the midnight hour and be sure all the Cubs were tucked in for the night. He discovered one of the lads had passed up the curfew, and he done his duty, as he says.

The next morning the player was moaning about his hard luck. "Lotshaw, you might like to know you cost me a day's pay," he complained.

"Well, all I can say," answered Andy, "is that you better be in bed on time, because old Andy gets 10 per cent of all fines."

Today Andy doesn't need his own vote to win acclaim as the best tape man in sports. Each Sunday during the football season he uses 350 yards of two-inch tape and 300 yards of three-inch gauze, not counting the patches on various portions of the warriors' anatomies.

Proper taping—in baseball and football—can be the difference between success and failure of a championship contender. Now it's Lotshaw, the artisan, speaking:

"The trick is to tape without shutting off the circulation. I put on the gauze first, then tape in a figger-eight pattern. I can wrap an ankle nine different ways, all right. It'll be as strong as a plaster Paris cast. I tape the feet of kickers in shape to go with the conner (contour) of the football as it hits their shoes."

And how did he learn the fine art of taping? By practicing from ankle to knee on his good wife, Laura, who still is a bit amazed at Andy's rise.

Here's a fellow who has spent 42 seasons, almost equally divided between big-time baseball and football. A laboratory, indeed, to discover the contrast of the two athletic breeds!

"The football player," is Andy's contribution, "takes more knocks in one game than the average baseball player takes all season. And he'll be ready to practice at first call the next Tuesday. If a footballer is a minute late for practice, he'll get a nice, fat fine. The *money*, like sometimes they do in baseball, won't be given back, either. A fine's a fine in professional football."

The baseball player, he further attests, is more prone to suffer from imaginary ailments and this calls for ingenuity on the part of a trainer.

"Sure, there are lots of tricks," he says. "What I'm *thinkin'* of now is that big, strong, healthy Babe Herman and how I'd cure his phony sore arm by giving it a good, hard rub with sody pop!"

THE END

# Argentina—Unwilling Enemy

Continued from page 17

army, they came to show where they stood and to hear what they wanted to hear.

A couple of days before the treacherous wrath of the Gestapo descended upon me, I had two very different talks. One was at a lunch with ten of the most important labor leaders of the country, who took most of the three-hour period explaining to me why none of my suggestions for smashing the state of siege would work at present. I won't go into details; I'll say simply that a good deal of the talk echoed what I had heard in similar circles in France and England when the problem was how to stop Chamberlain from helping the Fascists murder democracy in Spain.

Early in my stay, I had had a confidential talk with the strong man in the government, the man whom President Castillo would like to see succeed him, Minister of Justice Guillermo Rothe. Rothe, who is of paternal German descent, comes from the university town of Córdoba, once the center of reform, now of reaction. He is a tall, handsome, dark man with hot black eyes and a high voice whose suave words do not quite succeed in hiding his instinctive hate of the United States.

For an hour, Rothe explained to me that I did not understand the state of siege. It did not, he assured me, keep the country from consulting with itself in the world's greatest crisis. It was merely an internal arm against the violence of the extremists. Had I ever been stopped from saying anything I wanted to say? *He swore I never would be.*

The cordiality of the government men toward me did not fool me very long. The government is not strong—and there is no guarantee that the confusion of the people with their great record of revolutionary democracy will last forever.

"All that is needed," said one good man to me, "is one high military man on our side."

I was telling the truth to the crowds who came to hear me but newspaper reports were carefully doctored. Nothing was going to happen, the government probably figured; maybe it was good to give the people a bit of an outlet.

Meanwhile, as I watched the faces of the men and women in a score of towns, many of whom had stood for hours to hear me, I seemed to hear them asking: "*Speak more clearly. Speak so that all America may hear you and, through you, hear us.*" So in those last days, I went back for a talk with the president, Ramón Castillo.

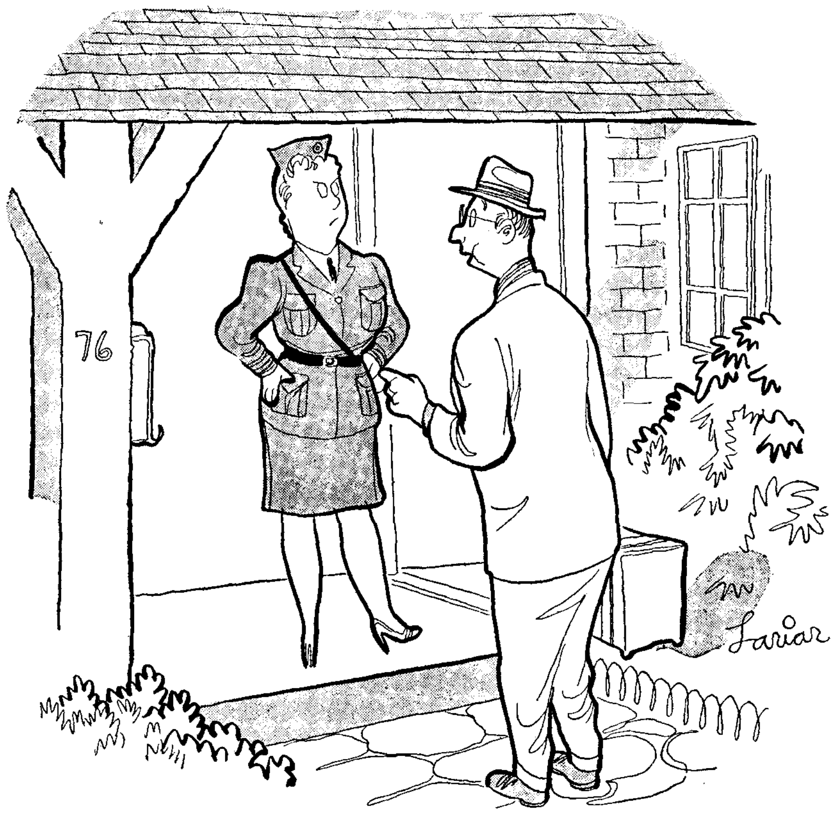
I rather like Castillo and I think he rather liked me. He is a little, mild man, shrewd and kindly, from one of the most northern and poorest provinces of the republic. Castillo wants to hold onto power. He wants no change of any kind. He is keen enough to know that a democratic world will throw his crowd into the discard. On the other hand, Hitler's New Order might repay Argentina's neutrality by letting things stand as they are.

### Argentina Doesn't Want War

I told the president my deep misgiving, told him about the confusion of the people, the deep sense they had that Argentina was losing its continental leadership and betraying its traditions and its future. The president is an old man and he told me not to worry; Argentina's Americanism would never be betrayed, and the people were with him because they did not want to go to war.

After this talk (which lasted nearly two hours) had taken place in Dr. Castillo's private home, I went out into the *Calle Juncal* and learned that Argentina's leading Liberal pro-Ally weekly had just been suppressed. But the pro-Nazi poison sheets were all over the place.

The key to all this is not really hard to get, and it is important that we Americans do get it. The strongest ammunition of the reactionaries in Argentina and everywhere in South America is American misunderstanding, which



COLLIER'S "Er—can I see the civilian of the house?" LAWRENCE LARIAR

"Right Dress" for Private Perkins

HE TRIED WATER
Private Perkins couldn't get to first base with the girls. His hair wouldn't stay put because soaking it with water washed out the natural oils.

HE TRIED GREASE
Perk began to plaster it down with goo. That made him look like a gigolo and he still was "no dice" with the dames. It didn't do his scalp any good, either.

HE TRIED NEGLECT
So Perk gave up, didn't do *anything* with his hair—or with the girls. His comb caught plenty of falling hair and dandruff scales, but he didn't catch any dates.

HE TRIED KREML
When he got wise to Kreml, look what he got on his arm. Now he's using his head for more than a hat rest. What's more, Kreml and massage did things for his dandruff scales and itching scalp.

Ladies! Kreml keeps coiffures lovely, lustrous . . . conditions your hair both *before* and *after* permanents.

*Hair-Care Combination:* Use Kreml Hair Tonic and gentle Kreml Shampoo (made from an 80% olive oil base) that cleanses thoroughly, leaves your hair more manageable. Ask for them at your barber's. *Get BOTH at your drugstore.*

DON'T USE WATER USE KREML
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
HELPS CHECK EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

WHEN YOUR STOMACH IS UPSET

**When you eat in haste** you often repent at leisure—with a sour, upset stomach —gas pains—or simple diarrhea.

**Don't add to your upset** by taking overdoses of antacids or harsh purges. Take soothing, pleasant-tasting PEPTO-BISMOL, to help calm and quiet your upset stomach, and soothe irritated intestinal walls. Take it, too, to help retard intestinal fermentation and gas formation. *Get a bottle at your druggist's.*

Pepto-Bismol*

*By the Makers of *Unguentine* Norwich*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

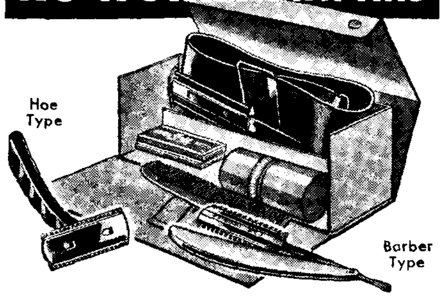
*Don't Gamble*

Guard against trouble from Minor Injuries-

Cuts, Burns

**Scratches or Scalds.** Be wise. Guard against infections which may "lay you up." Cleanse wound instantly. Then apply effective, inhibitory antiseptic OIL-O-SOL. Used for over 40 years in thousands of factories, garages, industrial first aid stations, fire departments and homes. Works two ways: combats infection; quickly helps relieve pain. Pleasant to use. Only 50c at your druggist's. Must satisfy you or your money back. Get **Mosso's OIL-O-SOL** today.

BLADE RATIONING NO WORRY IF YOU OWN THIS



DURHAM SHAVE KIT

1. Ten hollow-ground, double-edge blades—over twice thicker, to take many stroppings. 2½ times more shaving edge.
2. Genuine leather strop—semi-automatic, triples life of these already long-life blades.
3. Your choice, barber type or hoe type safety razor. Specify type wanted. Both use same famous Durham Duplex blade.
4. In serviceable case with shaving stick and comb. *$2.50 postpaid— Money-back guarantee. Special— Only $2 if sent to men in Armed Service. Mail orders only—while supply lasts.*

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. P, MYSTIC, CONN.
Also makers of Enders *Speed* Shaver

sometimes reaches colossal proportions.

The Argentines are a nation of extraordinarily sensitive and intelligent men and women. There is, all over the big land, a love of culture and ideas, a pride of destiny, which are the promise of a great future. Argentina today is a sick nation. We too in the past have had our bad moments of national confusion. The Argentines are supposed to be a conceited people. They have lost their conceit; with deep suffering, they confess openly that they have lost their way.

The old Argentina was a combination of benevolent feudalism and democratic ideals which would take hours to explain to our American public. The ruling class produced great men and wise statesmen. The Gauchos sipped their maté on the porch with their masters and, strong in the spiritual equality between them, did not bother their heads too much about economic differences.

At the end of the last century, came a wave of immigrants, settling on small farms in the rich pampas and in the few big towns. Example: Rosario, the wheat town, in 1853 was a village of 3,000; in 1895 it had 100,000; in 1940 it had 600,000.

The old ruling class lost its grip, and in 1916 the new Argentina elected its first president Hipolito Irigoyen, head of the Radicals, who are about as radical as our Democrats. He was a good man; he opened farms for the new settlers, encouraged the break-up of the huge *estancias*, and stimulated industry—textile, leather, oil, etc.

After the intermediate term required by law, Irigoyen took office again in 1928. I knew him then; he had become an old fellow, full of weariness and distrust. He hated the landowners and simply refused to see them. He despised the men in his congress and let the bills pile up unsigned on his desk. He liked to sit with me and discuss philosophy, for he had that amazing fondness for general ideas which even the Gauchos have.

### A President is Betrayed

Meanwhile, his party friends ransacked the treasury behind his back, and the old landowning class, which he had turned out in 1916, got together with the army. In 1930 they threw him out of office. The Argentine people lost the ball and they have not recovered it since.

It was a bad break that Irigoyen was a half-senile old man in 1930, but maybe this fat land needed a few bad breaks to get on its feet. Well, it has had them!

Roberto Ortiz, rich railroad lawyer, who was chosen president by fraud at the last elections, displayed a change of heart once he was in office. He announced that he would reinstate fair elections; since 1930, the ballot has been fair and free only in Buenos Aires which votes 80 per cent Radical and Socialist. The landowners, who had combined with the army to get back into power, were a source of trouble. They thought: If only safe and sound Vice-President Castillo were president!

This landowning group is different from its ancestors; it has become ugly with fear, not dissimilar from the *señoritos* who backed Franco in Spain, and the same class in France which, in 1936, said openly that if they had to choose between Leon Blum and Hitler, they'd prefer Hitler.

The people took heart. President Ortiz was veering to their side. Then fate (which evidently wants the democracies to have a bad time) struck at Ortiz. Within a year, he lost his wife, his health and his sight. Castillo became president pro tem; permanent president in fact. He threw out the Liberals whom Ortiz had gathered around him and appointed men like Ruiz Guiñazú, an extreme pro-German, and Rothe.

I had a touching talk with Ortiz. Suffering had deepened and chastened the former railroad lawyer. He did not mince words in telling me what he thought of Argentina's present policy. I could feel how the man's loss of power at this moment tortured him. I could feel also, in view of what this man's return to power would mean to his people and all America, the tragedy of the presence of death in that quiet room.

Ortiz said to me, "The dignity of Argentina is democracy." He asked me to come back; told me he had my lectures read to him. In less than two weeks he was dead.

Perhaps I have given a somewhat unjust picture of the old landowning class. The best of it is strongly pro-American; it is represented culturally by such intellectual leaders as Victoria Ocampo and the rector of the University del Litoral in Santa Fe; politically, by clever men like General Justo, the ex-president with chances to return to office. The worst of it is the most dangerous because it is in the saddle, with the army to back it and the German embassy to advise it. But the average, I suspect, is typified by the "judge of instruction" who examined me after I was assaulted.

At this hearing, no one, not even a lawyer, may be present. The witness faces the judge alone across the table, with the judicial secretary on the side lines to take down notes.

As I told my story, it was increasingly evident to me that this judge, a dark, slender, subtle young man, was struggling hard with some emotion. At last I understood, when I handed him the personal card I had received from the town's most aristocratic club, the Jockey Club, the night before the attack. The judge himself was a member of the club. On the card was scrawled violent abuse of my country, my President and myself, and the emotion on the sensitive, intelligent Creole face before me was shame. The judge was ashamed! There was struggling in him, also, pride of race and country, and a kind of weary resentment against the world that insisted on invading and changing his dear Argentina.

The people are different. The day after my farewell was published, I was unable to pay for my taxi rides. The chauffeurs of Buenos Aires insisted on grasping my hand and refused to take my money. That was typical, too—as the thousands of messages I received a little later from all parts of Argentina and Latin-America proved—and a lot more hopeful.

The question is: What should we do? Nothing to make it harder for the Argentine people to feel that we are with them in their fight, as they are with us. Nothing to make it harder for them to rise again when the right moment comes, to take over their own wonderful land. And this means to me that we should do nothing to make life happier for the present government. *Appeasement today on the Rio de la Plata is as dangerous as it was yesterday in Europe.* And no one will thank us for it; certainly not the people of Argentina.

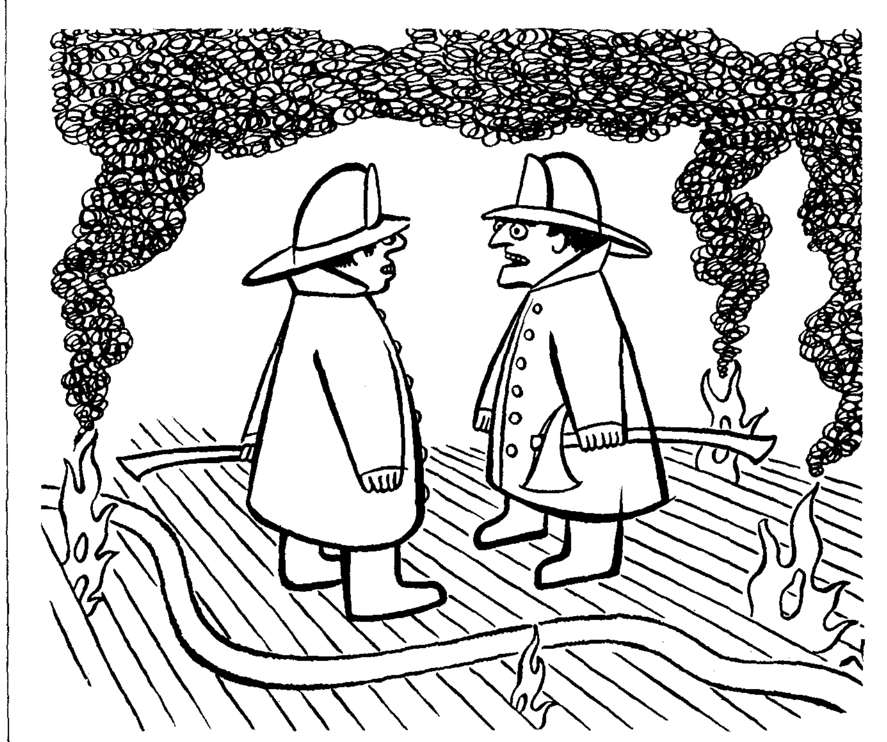
### Nazis Had Advance Knowledge

Let me tell one last incident, so there will be no doubt about the facts: *El Pampero*, the filthy pro-Nazi sheet financed by the German embassy and distributed gratis to the newsboys so that the ten centavos it costs is all theirs, published its twelfth or twentieth attack on me the day after my farewell came out. At the bottom of the two-column front-page editorial, entitled Farewell, Miserable Waldo Frank (every word an incitement to physical violence against me), the editor wrote, "You are leaving Argentina and you are never coming back."

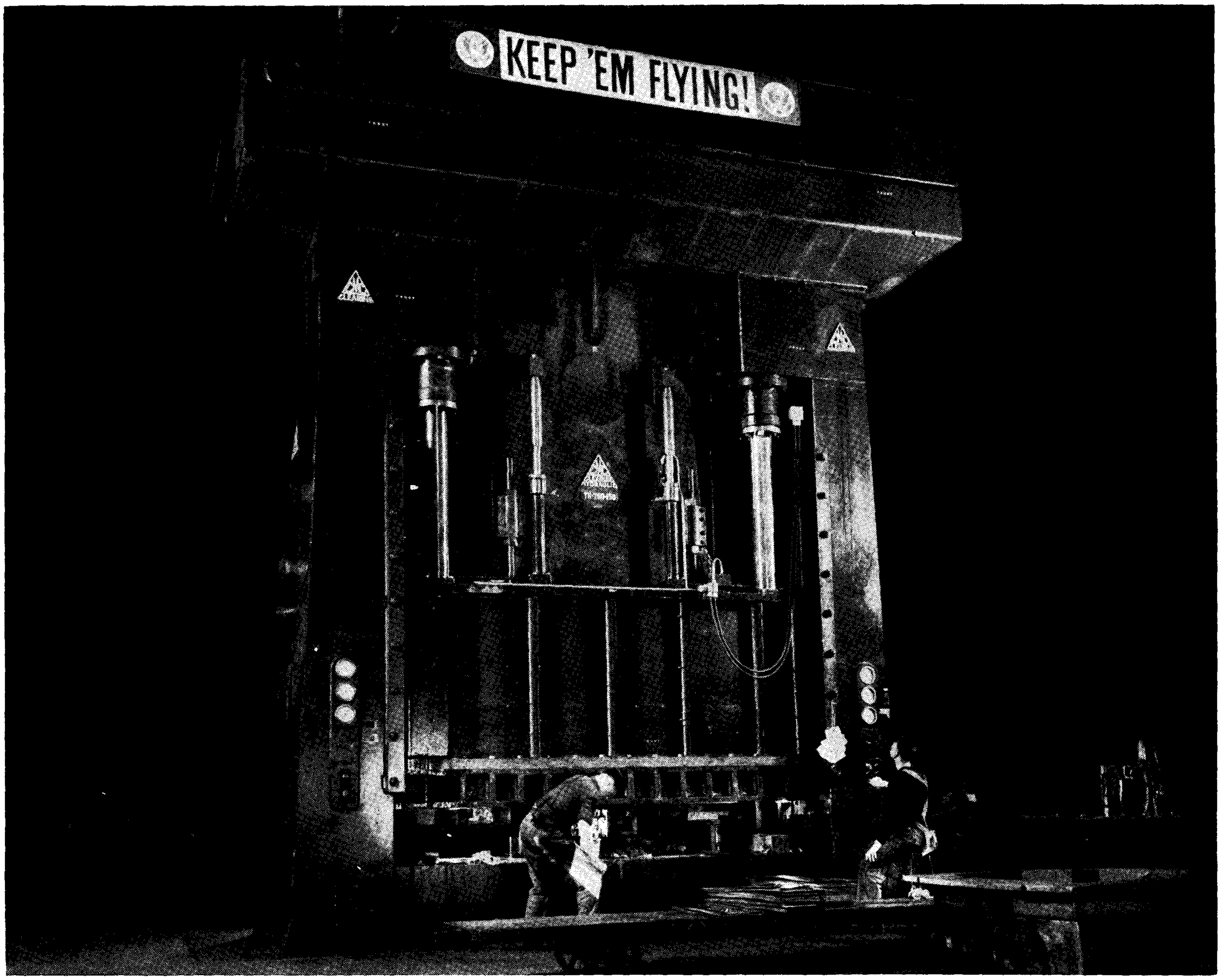
When that was published, I was scheduled to fly back from Chile to address a big labor meeting, and no one on any of the great newspapers or in our embassy dreamed of the order cabled next day from the foreign office to Washington, declaring me *persona non grata*. Only *El Pampero* knew.

Connections between the Nazis and the foreign office of the Argentine government have been common talk for a long time. This is a fact, as it is also a fact that although one of my six assailants left his hat behind and was at once identified, and the whole lot, according to competent Argentines, could have been picked up in ten hours. Nineteen days after the attack eight persons, believed to be implicated in the attack, were finally picked up by the police. All of them were described as members of various nationalist societies and several of them were connected with *El Pampero*.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Don't you think it's hot in here, or is it just me?" V. F. PARTCH



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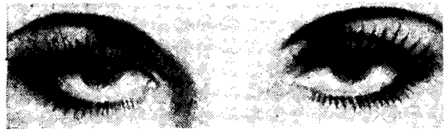

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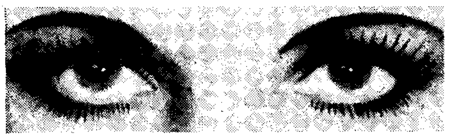

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# Action by Night

Continued from page 30

"It is too long a story." She wanted to tell him but she would not. Her troubles were her own and she kept them to herself so strictly that not even Trumbo had known the gulf between father and daughter.

With Tracy Coleman it was somewhat different. She knew now that he meant a great deal to her; she knew it because of her desire to tell him something she had never wished to tell anybody else. But she held it back.

"Mighty odd," he said in a grave, wondering tone, "how a man will think of things he never thought of before. When I was twenty a good fight was the best thing in life. If anybody had told me then that I would stand in the middle of a forest, eight years later and dodge a fight, I would have knocked him over. You're right: I am not sure." He shook his head, never having been unsure before. "I did not know that all this was in my head until you mentioned it."

"Put me out of your thoughts, if that is the reason."

"Maybe the sight of you brought it on. But it goes on from you into other things. Those things are not all clear. Your father will drop, or I will, when we meet. That makes me think of you. But then it comes to me that what piece of ground is worth a killing? And what is a man for—to seize what he wants and to hold it against all men until he's worn out, or is it to ride free, takin' what comes and lettin' other men do the same?"

She murmured, "I can't bring you the answer."

He sat down on the ground and he rolled a cigarette. She dropped beside *him, her shoulder touching him. The* lighted match was a great explosion in the black, shining dark red on his face; he looked at her and saw the glow of her eyes, the wide attention in them. The light went out.

"A man's like a shovel which is no good standing in the shed. It has to turn soil and get scoured bright, and be filed smaller and smaller and some day break. Then it is through—but it has seen a lot of work. Well, a useless man is small. So is a man who lives only to grab and hold. This Basin has made a lot of men small."

"It changes everything. It turns and twists everyone."

"So I have seen," he said. "Except you. It has left its mark on you, but it has not changed you. You're stronger than the Basin."

"But a man can be small by runnin' free. He spends the days and comes to no halt and some day is old and has found nothing. The world is full of drifters."

"GO DEEPER," she said. "What do you want?"

"All I know," he said, "is it has been close by since I've been in the Basin. Don't know what it is."

Her voice came softly at him, it pressed him forward. She was the echo of his conscience speaking: "Will you stay—or go? You must know that tonight."

"What would you do?"

"I'm not Tracy Coleman."

"The sound of your voice is like—" He stopped and was long still. When he resumed talking he had pulled the warmth out of it; she felt the change and wondered, and was hurt. "A man can't run from his chores. I have led these men into trouble. The rope is waitin' for them all. Maybe it was waitin' for them before I came, but I dragged them nearer to it. That is my doing."

"If you run, they will run. They will escape. They are not part of your responsibility. No, it is what you want—you alone. What do you want to do?"

"You're holdin' me to it, hard and fast."

"Because you are uncertain. You were never made to be that way."

He threw the cigarette away. He drew a long breath. "If I left this place I'd always be lookin' back over my shoulder, knowin' I missed something—I do not know what. I will have to play it out here."

She rose and stood above him. "Then do it. You will face Star Cross sooner or later. Don't think of me then."

"Too late for you to ride on tonight. Camp here until mornin'. At daylight I'll be takin' the crew back to Horsehead."

She was still not certain of him. So she said: "Once I heard you say that you did what had to be done, no doubts and no regrets. Don't change from that, Tracy. It is the only way you can live."

He rose and took her arm and walked toward the shadowy group. "Back to Horsehead when daylight comes," he said.

Pairvent murmured, "Never should have left," and moved away. Ann disappeared into the outer darkness. When Coleman found her again she had taken saddle and blanket from her horse; she had rolled up in the blanket. He crouched near her. "Ann," he said, "what are you thinkin'?"

She was silent. Her hand came up and touched him and dropped. He rose and moved away.

Trumbo stopped the Star Cross column when dark came. "Dust smell's gone. They left the trail here, but they'll have to camp. Can't travel at night in that country. We'll stay here until light."

"Which way did they go?" asked Stuart.

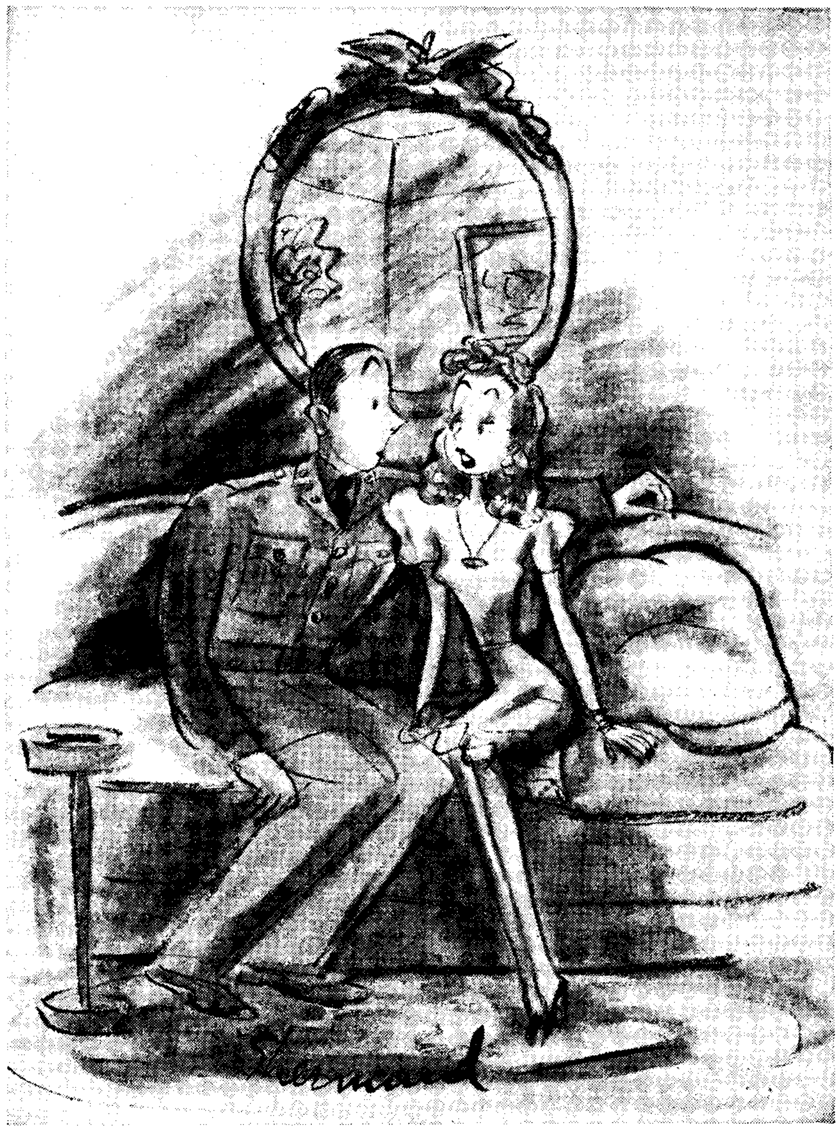
Trumbo thought about it. "Pairvent knows the country. He wouldn't let Coleman lead them into the big canyon. South, I think—over the summit toward Gateway. We'll head 'em off. Daylight's about four-thirty. We'll move on at four."

They stayed in the trail and unsaddled for a cold camp. Trumbo built a smoke and lighted it, a new thought occurring to him. He said: "Stuart, where's your daughter?"

"In town."

Trumbo's mind worried the facts before him terrier-fashion. "None of that outfit knows much about these hills, yet they're battin' around like it was level ground. Somebody in that bunch knows this country like a book. I keep thinkin' of your daughter."

AFTER leaving Valencia, Ben Solvay backtracked the trail for an hour, deeply pondering his reasons for so doing; and presently his thoughts got too involved for him and he dismounted and sat on a rock to work his way through the confusion. Here he was, he



COLLIER'S "Isn't the morning a funny time for revelry?" BARBARA SHERMUND

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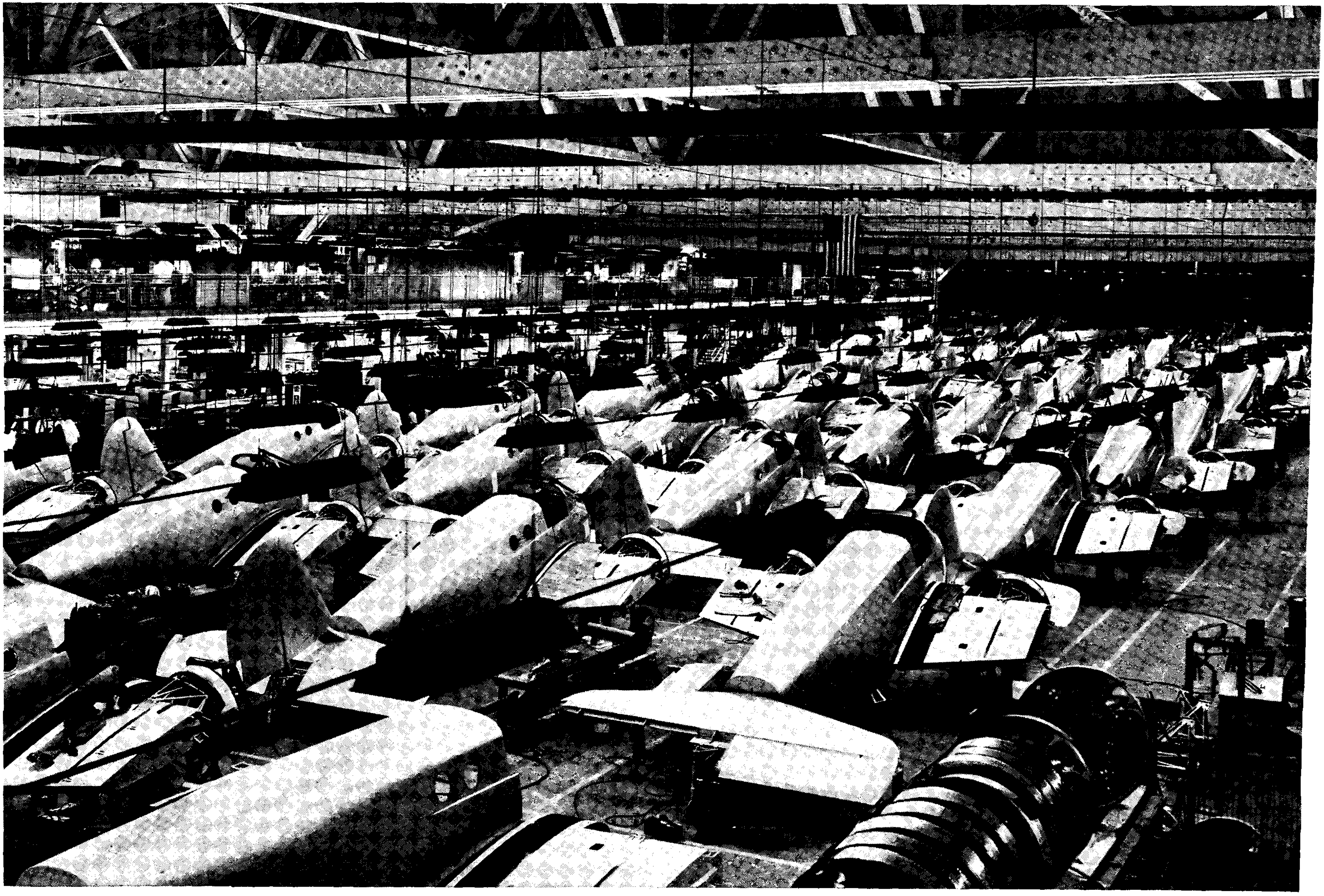

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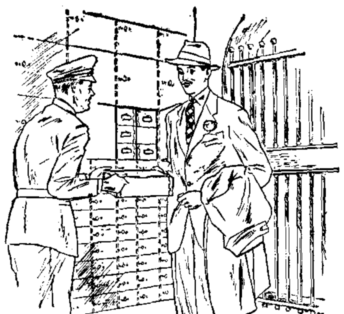
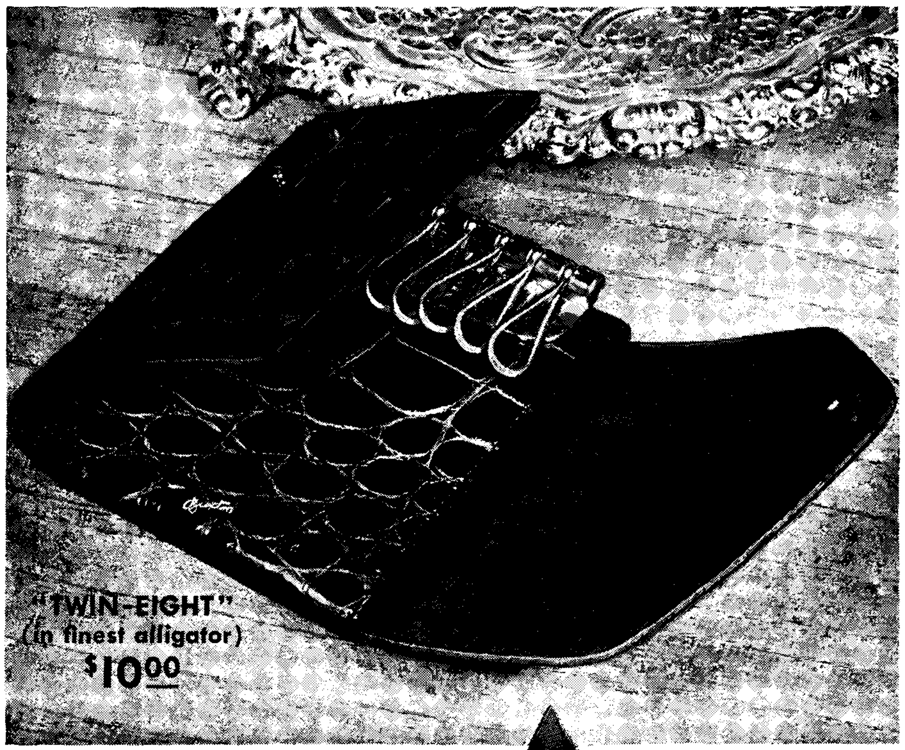


For the Man whose keys unlock many things of value . . .



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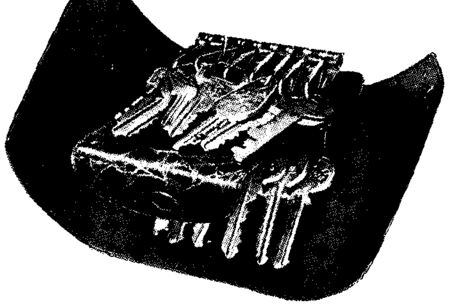

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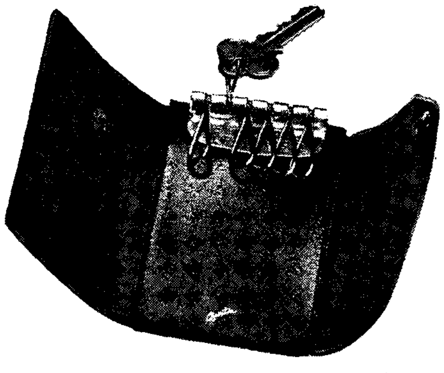

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told himself, a man going on an errand he had no heart in, for the sake of a woman who wanted the man she was sending him back to help; and when that became clear to him he told himself that he would not do this fool's errand.

It was but a momentary rebellion, for he knew he would do what she wished. He had not the power to put her out of his mind. It was hard to realize that he, Ben Solvay, who did his day's chores and was content with the day, could be so greatly changed and so weakened. For it was a weakness to him that he no longer abided his own convictions. In a way it was a disease which had destroyed something in him—like Tyco Rhett in town who, having had typhoid, was no longer the same.

"When a man's alone," he thought, "he's complete, he needs nothin'. But then he sees a woman and he gives something to her. He never gets it back. If he wants to be whole again he's got to go to the woman."

THEN—and his thoughts were moving fast and irregularly—he had an odd idea: Coleman once had said, "You sleep well at night and do not dream." He had not understood those words. Now their meaning came to him like the sound of a gunshot through the dark. There were other things than sleeping and eating; there were strange images before a man, and strange visions and great tides on the inward sweep; there was a world below the world he saw, and in that world there were powerful feelings and agonies and hungers and shames and beauties. And this world had been opened by one woman suddenly appearing before him; and the old comforts and satisfactions of his days were gone forever and he would be going through hell and heaven for the rest of his life.

He thought, "How did Coleman know all this? Is one man born different from another, or has he gone through his torment before me?"

There would be torment for him in knowing that it was Coleman she wanted. He foresaw that as an unhealing burn inside him, the pain of it lasting as long as he lasted. When he had first heard about her he had known her love had gone to another man—now dead; he had prepared himself for that. It had not seemed important then. Now that he had seen her, it was important. Then he thought, "If she loved that fellow, how could she love another one?" He had figured love was a single flame which, once destroyed, never burned again. He went deeper and deeper into strange, unknown depths, through the black tunnels of human behavior, lost and without direction; and presently the tag end of a new thought came to him: Maybe a woman's need to love a man and to be loved by him was so much of her life that it went to the grave with one man but could not be buried with him. Maybe it was like the need of air to breathe—something that could not stop. Maybe that was the secret of living, the reason for it.

And maybe there was in people a pull, like to like. She had known him first and she had made a bargain with him. Then she had seen Coleman; and he was the man—something in the sound of Coleman's voice, in his eyes, in the currents thrown out by each living being, something like that, crossing the air to her. He thought about it until he grew confused and shook his head.

He had dismounted from the horse as one man; in the growing shadows he returned to the saddle, humbled into another man. Wisdom had come to Ben Solvay, in the shape of doubt and wonder. Nothing was positive any more.

At two o'clock Coleman relieved Ray Miller on watch. Sharp, pinching cold lay throughout the hills, and the world was a dead ball rushing through dead space. He took his blanket over to Ann and laid it around her shoulders, and moved to a far corner of the bowl. Near four, a first skim-milk color diluted the coffee-black shadows and he circled the bowl, rousing the men. When he reached Ann he found she had already wakened, and now sat upright in her blankets. He crouched close, catching the half-asleep softness of her face.

"Time to go," he said.

She rose at once. She stood still, working at the pins in her hair. "Don't look too closely at me," she said.

He caught up his blanket and saddled his horse. Baldy was quietly cursing the world. "Second day and nothin' to eat. Next time you knotheads find grub, I'll do the cookin'." Ed Drum's horse pitched along the clearing and suddenly stopped dead, brought in by Ed's quick hand; this was no morning for fiddling. Ann rode beside the group. "Straight over the mountain," she said.

"Wait," said Pairvent, a surly man turned infinitely worse by wear and suspicion. "Look at what's ahead of us."

They were still short of the crest of the big hills. That somber mass lay before them and above them, disheartening to men cold and weary and cranky. "Take us too long to get over the hump. Maybe get lost as well."

"I won't get you lost," said Ann. "I can go through here with my eyes shut."

Pairvent hated the thought of being in her hands; he was set against her and would not change. "The horses ain't had grass and they'll play out by the time we get up there. If we get chased they'll have no steam left for a run. This won't do."

Ed Drum, the quietest man in the group, now put in his blunt addition: "The devil with runnin'. Time to turn around and go home."

Miller said nothing. Baldy, stabbed by hunger, made a grunting assent. The crew, Coleman thought, had reached the end of its rope. He said: "We're goin' home. But if Stuart is on our trail he will have followed our tracks as far as the turn-off. If we go back that way we'll run straight into him. I'd rather pick my own ground for fightin'. Roundabout is the best idea."

"No," said Pairvent. "We been roundabout too long."

IN THAT out and out defiance Pairvent had, Coleman guessed, Drum and Baldy with him. There was always a sour point in men which, once reached, made handling of them impossible. He could do two things, either make a show of force, or let them go as they wished. At four o'clock in the morning a show of force seemed foolish. He made up his mind quickly: "You go back to the trail in any manner you please. I'm followin' Miss Stuart to the summit. I'll hit the trail there and come back. Wait for me."

Miller said: "Never wise to split."

"No," said Coleman, "it is not wise. But it is less wise for all of us to walk straight into Star Cross."

Pairvent's jealous suspicion never lessened. "You sure you're coming back when you get to the summit?"

"I'll pass over the remark for the time bein' George. When you move on, don't start the brass band."

It was now light enough to bring up the shadows of horses and men. Pairvent said, "Come on," and rode away, Drum and Baldy behind. Ray Miller sat fast, his smart mind caught by the situation. "You're right," he said to Coleman. "We should circle. But there's no handling George when he ain't had a meal. This is bad. I better go with the crew. One more gun in case we hit a snag."

"Wait off the trail for me when you

get there," said Coleman. Ann had already moved ahead and was a vanishing shadow in the shouldering blackness before them. He rode after her and closed the distance. The grade began directly beyond the bowl and rose in stiffest pitches, putting the horses to great labor. Ann tackled it crisscross, making short right and left angles.

The ride had reddened her cheeks and her lips were a turned, smiling line. "I have ridden this country a hundred times. The evil in the Basin doesn't climb this far. It is too tough a ride for men to make—and nothing here for them to steal." She looked at him, moved to seriousness. "If men could only be pleased with what they have. They don't lift their eyes, Tracy. They raise dust and the dust blinds them."

He made a wry remark: "I am thinkin' of the coffee we threw away yesterday. Half a pot of it."

DAY rose in the east and somewhere out there the sun grew bright and warm; here it still remained cold. "Once I thought Drew was above the Basin. It was his ambition to be a big owner that dragged him back to its level."

"A man and his dream."

"A cheap dream," she said.

He started to speak, and afterward lifted himself straight on the saddle. Below them, to north and to south, was the break of one shot, close-followed by another, the echoes bounding on through the hills like great balls rolling on an iron floor. No other shots followed. Coleman swung his horse about and started it downhill. He checked in at once. "No," he said, "not that way."

"It came from the trail."

"Go on, Ann. Get to the top."

She rode on, forcing her horse somewhat harder. Now and then from this high elevation Coleman had an occasional vista outward, to see a piece of the trail lying gray and brown in the forest's dark green, and farther east the hint of the big canyon's deep slash. Away in the north lay the grass plain of the Basin, slowly turning amber under sunlight.

"Two shots," said Ann over her shoulder. "What does it mean?"

"Sounds like one man tried and the other man beat him to it."

"Suppose it was a signal?"

"Pairvent wouldn't give himself away with a signal. Neither would your father."

They ran on up a more gradual slope and came finally to a summit meadow lying between low peaks, rocks bare and glittering under the sun. "Straight for the trail, Ann. Pairvent, I think walked into an ambush. How far to the trail?"

"Mile."

They went across an open area at a slow gallop. Both horses were winded from the climb; Coleman's ran with its head dropped, grunting at each strike of its feet. They circled the bare peak and moved into a scattered grove of stunted trees, gnarled and blistered by wind. The ground pitched downward. They left the pines behind, fell into the dry, gravelly bed of a winter's stream—and arrived suddenly upon the trail.

The girl stopped. "That way," she said, pointing to the left, "is Horsehead." He had already lifted his reins and she knew he was ready to go. She gave him a short, incomplete smile. She said, "So long, Tracy. Good luck," and turned to the right, toward Gateway. She hadn't waited for him to speak; and when he did speak it was with one sharp word that brought her about: "Wait." He was looking along the trail; and as she followed his glance she saw two men gallop forward.

Those two came to a complete stop for a moment, staring forward at Coleman and at her; and then one of them raced on and the other lifted a long yell behind him and hit into the timber. The oncoming man was Tap; he reached for his gun as he rode and although it was still far beyond a decent shot he fired once, as though signaling.

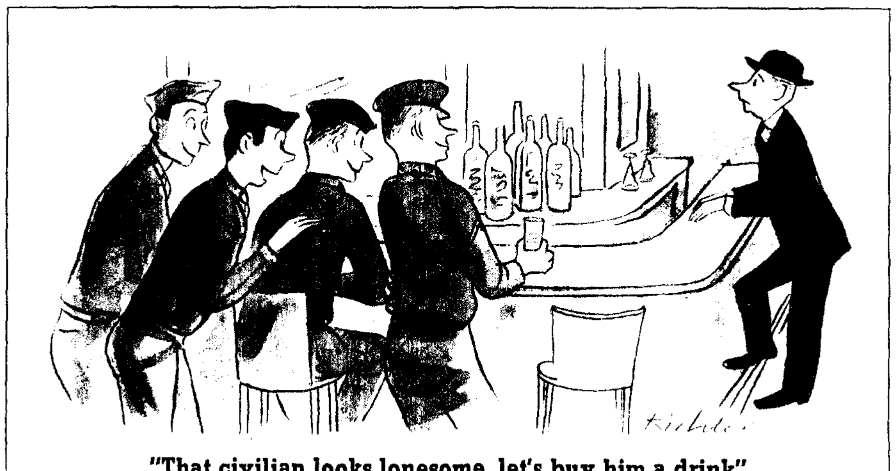
"Whole outfit right off there," said Coleman. He watched Tap coolly; his eyelids came together and he saw the bones of his face make their flat pressure against his skin. Nothing hurried him while he had his quick look and came to his conclusion. "Other way," he said and turned about. "You'd better stick with me until we're out of this." Ann ran before him, south down the trail's slope, around a bend. This closed them out of Tap's sight for a moment, and Coleman immediately called at Ann, "Off the trail and double back."

She swung left immediately, ran through timber and fell over a rough break of land; with this shelter between them and the trail she turned left again. Coleman pulled her to a walk with a gentle, "Easy, Ann." They moved quietly north. To the left of them lay the trail, not more than a hundred yards distant; and now they heard the hard run of horses along it and the shout of a man's voice. Ann turned her head so that Coleman saw the collected gravity on her cheeks. "My father," she murmured.

THE sound of this fast riding came to a quick halt not far away. Stuart's voice was a clear halloo in the thin morning air. Another man raced by and stopped and a horse's feet crushed dead-fallen limbs to the rear of them. Coleman murmured: "Steady." Riders swept back along the adjoining trail. Ann moved ahead, dipping and rising with the potty earth. In another ten minutes, Ann made a sharp swing downgrade and quickened the pace. She looked around, whispering, "This is dangerous. We're drifting into the canyon. I'm trying to make a circle back to the trail below them—before they push us any farther down."

"Long day, lots of time."

One more shot broke, forward and to



"That civilian looks lonesome, let's buy him a drink"

Collier's MISCHA RICHTER

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the left. As soon as she heard it, Ann pointed directly north. The trees began to thin and sunlight streamed down. Ann bent in her saddle, staring ahead; she made a signal with her hand and stopped, permitting Coleman to draw alongside. There was a road ahead of them.

"That leads from the trail to the Star mine at the bottom of the canyon," Ann said. "We've got to cross it. They may be watching. Shall we turn back and try the Gateway end?"

He rode to the edge of timber and looked up the road toward the trail. He saw nothing and he heard nothing. "Over we go," he said, "on the run." He waited for her to come up and put his spurs into the horse. They left the pines, struck the deep dust of the road and fled across, and at once heard a yell sail out: "Tap—downhill at 'em! Beau—Henry—down at 'em!"

SOUND poured at them from their front left quarter. Star Cross came in from that direction, hitting the rough land hard. Stuart's unmistakable voice rose and quit and presently rose again, now nearer. Coleman stopped, listening to all this racket. He shook his head at Ann. "Back—and down."

"Once we drop into the canyon we can't get out."

"Down we go."

She swung with him, slanting with the hill. The road was directly before them but she avoided it until the ground before them got too steep, then turned upon it. Coleman came abreast and halted, listening into the air. The racket was behind them and around them; and now Stuart's voice was a stronger summons somewhere on the far side of the road—to the south. South was Gateway—and Stuart blocked that direction.

"Down," said Coleman. "Take the road."

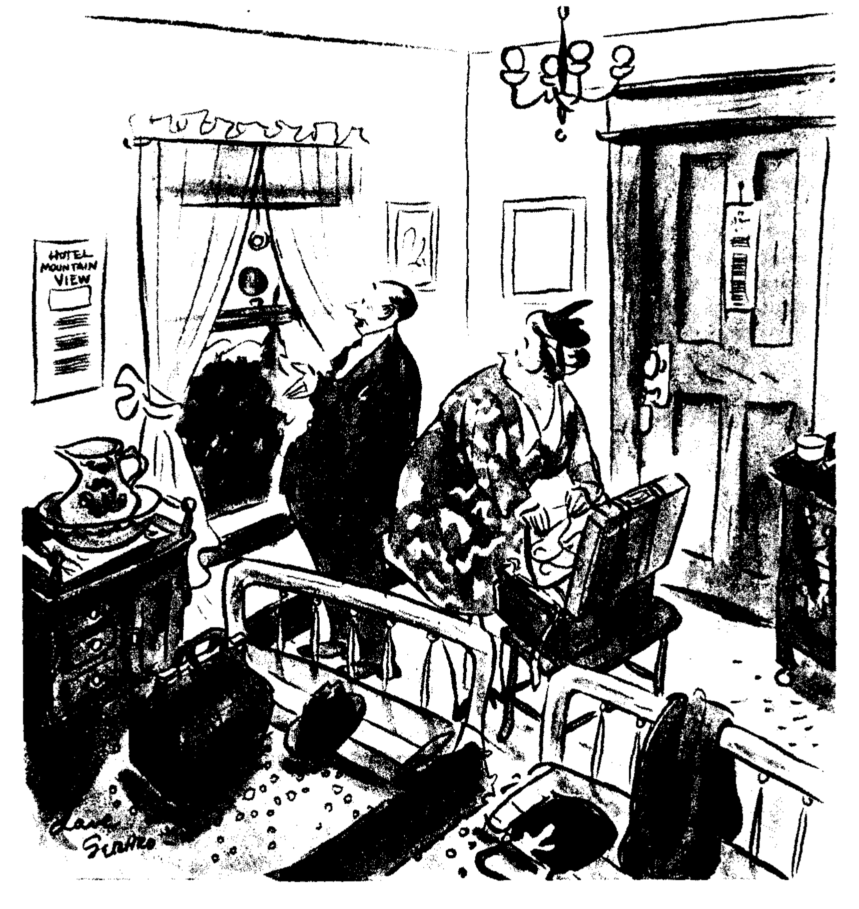
*They fell at once below the rim, the* horses trotting stiff-legged. Dust flared behind them and behind them was a fainter calling. A hundred feet on, he saw the gray top of a mine shack below and a long dump of burnt-yellow dirt stretching to the very edge of the river. The dump made a kind of breakwater, behind which the river's edge lay calm. Beyond the dump was a smooth, fast-flowing stretch and below this, at half a mile, the river exploded into rapids as it fell deeper and deeper between the canyon walls. Heat grew thick. Suddenly behind him he heard a call and looked back to find Tap on the high break of the ledge.

Ann turned a switchback. Following her, Coleman now looked up at Tap, and at Tap's gun. The distance was close to two hundred feet and Tap's bullet ran far overhead. Ann knew nothing of it until she heard the echo of the shot above the river's growing growl and jerked up her head in surprise. Tap, preparing for a second and more careful shot, suddenly lowered the gun as if he had not recognized her before. He stared at her, he turned around and called back of him.

Another Star Cross man came down, and Drew Trumbo rode into sight at the break. Stuart followed immediately on his heels and these four made a watching group. Suddenly Trumbo rode into the ledge, followed by the others.

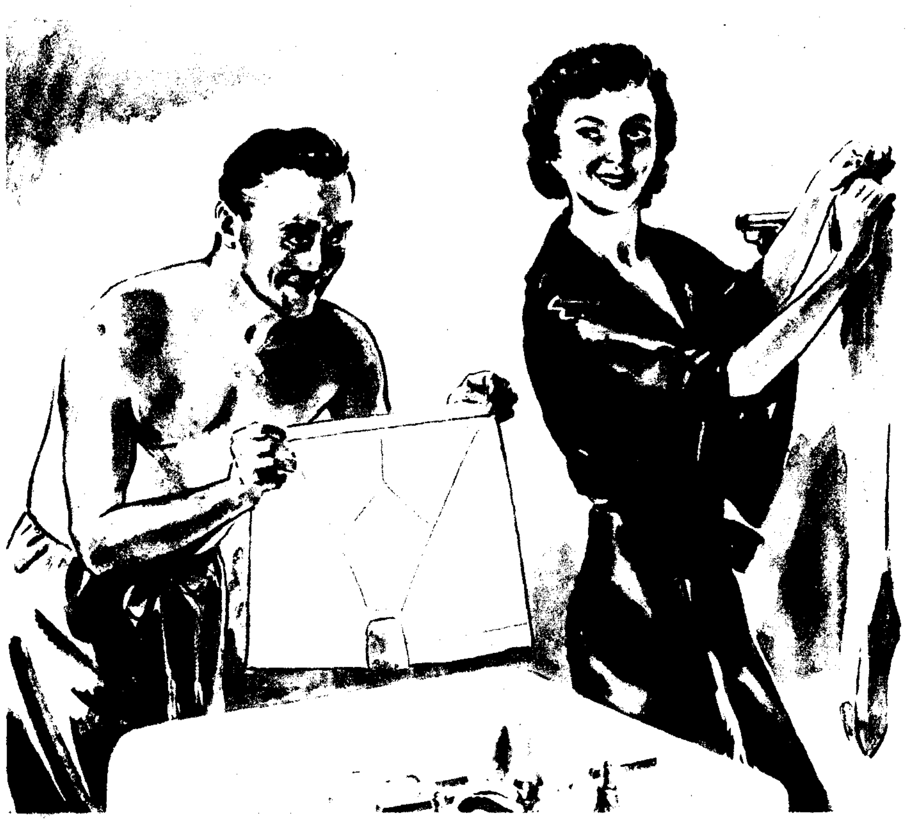
Ann pointed ahead at the slack water behind the mine dump: "Tam Malarkey's boat."

The boat swung on the gravel, its oars lying inboard on the seats. Malarkey, old in the ways of the river, had descended this far, tied up, and had gone on. There was no sight of him on the open stretch above or below them. By now they had reached the narrow gravel beach. Coleman followed Ann to the back side of the mine building, got down and took a swift glance inside the building. "No good," he said. He had already made up his mind. The boat, having been brought this far downstream, was *stout enough to cross him over.* The river, though fast, was smooth and he had a half-mile leeway before reaching the rapids. It seemed a good bet; good or bad, it was the only bet. He said to



"This is a fine change of scenery! That's exactly the view in the picture that hangs over our mantel"

Collier's DAVID C. GERARD



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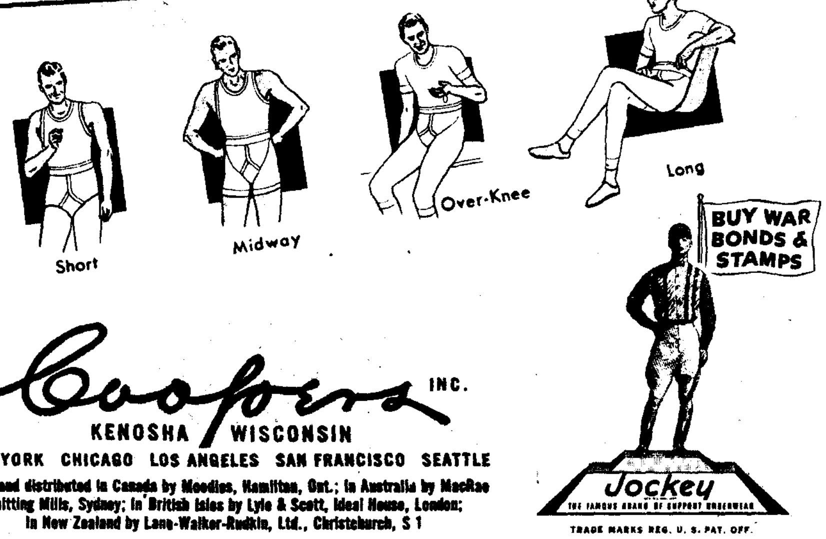

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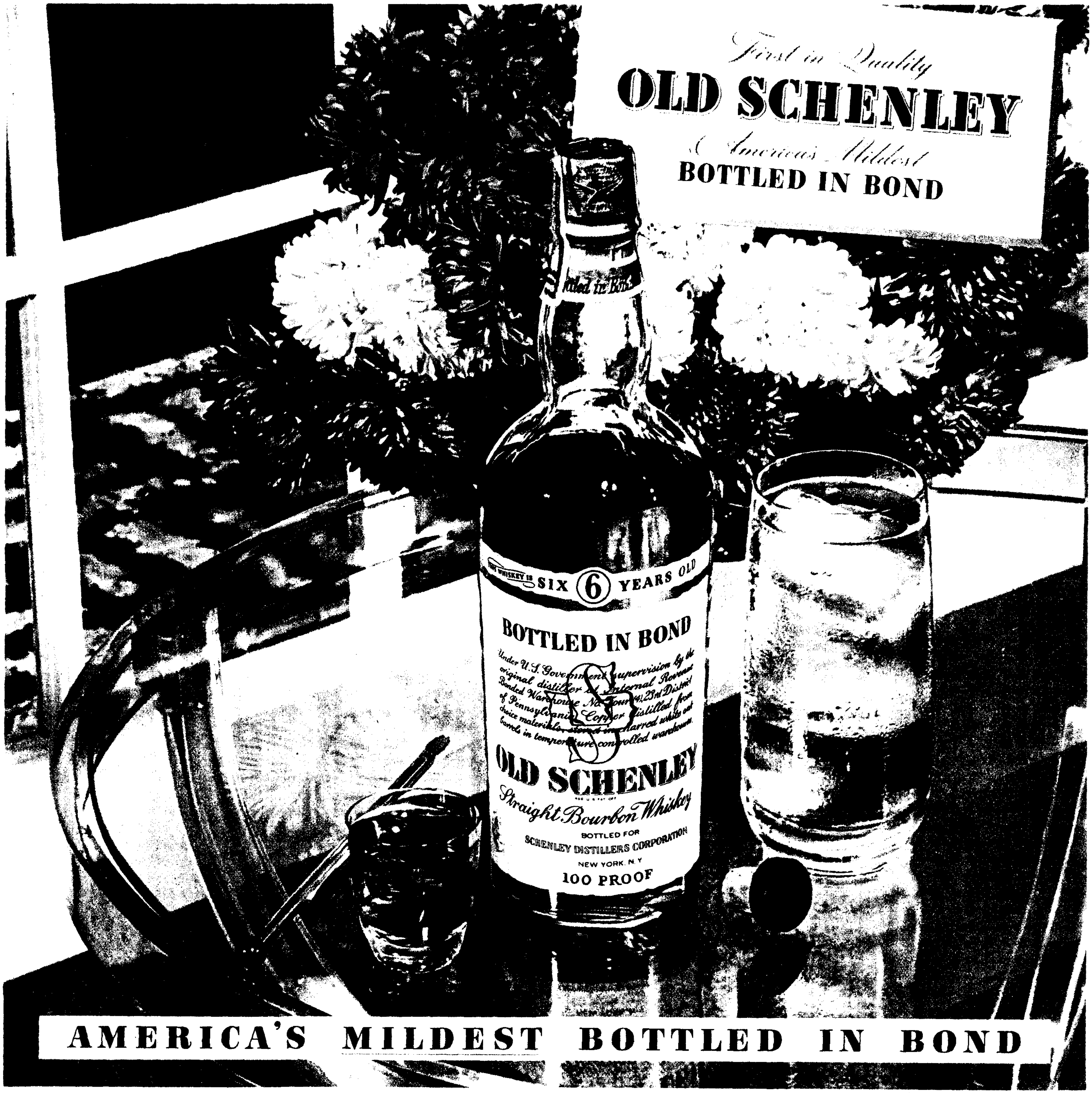
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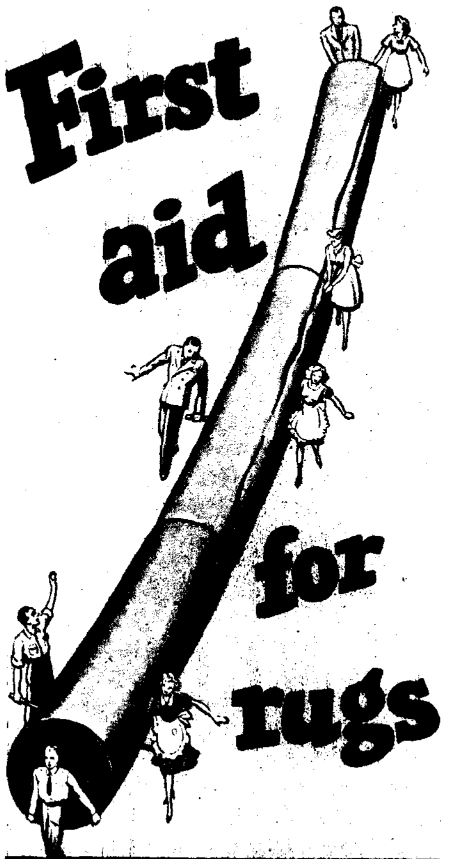

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Ann: "You're safe with your father, aren't you?"

"Yes," she said.

"So long." He ran to the boat before she had dismounted. She turned to watch him, then understanding what was in his mind. Star Cross was half down the ledge, and a shot banged against the canyon walls and she saw the bullet lift gravel near by. Coleman, reaching the boat, made a jump into it and ran out the oars. Ann said, half under her breath, "Oh, no—you're a target!" She said it and rushed from the mine house toward the water, so running as to place herself between Coleman and Star Cross coming down the slope. She heard her father yell, "Get out of the way!" She reached the water's edge, watching the boat drift on, and suddenly she waded hip-deep into the river and climbed over the bow of the boat. Coleman had begun to row. He stopped rowing and looked around. "Go back," he said, and dug his oars deep into the water, heading again for the shore.

"Keep going. Keep going! I can't go back to Star Cross!"

Coleman reversed direction and sent the stern of the boat through the slack water. Directly beyond the mine dump a hard current caught the stern and swung it down. Coleman righted the boat, nose upstream, and put all his weight into the oars. He realized then the river was a power he knew nothing about, for with all his sudden and rapid laboring, the boat ran down, seeming to squat lower as the water pulled it. He turned the bow slightly, intending to make a long diagonal for the farther shore, but as soon as this broadside came against the current the bow swung and then they were racing head on at the rapids.

Above the growing roar of the rapids, he caught Dan Stuart's long, hard-flung cry: "Pull that bow around, you fool! Pull it around!" He knew then why Ann had come aboard. Dan Stuart nor any other Star Cross man would fire at him now.

But that made little difference. The smooth green surface water raced on, faster than he dreamed water could go, and the glass surface began to break before little ripples, and the ripples grew into washboard waves; and suddenly before him was the white, churned flurry of the rapids and the steady, monotonous racket of them. He was broadside and he dug deep, forward on one oar, backward on the other, and got the stern at the rapids and called behind him, "Sit low, Ann."

THE current, so far straight-running, now became a trough into which they fell, and the trough narrowed toward a boulder half awash and half screened by white spray. He laid all his strength into the oars; he heard the edge of the rock strike the boat and he felt the lunge of the boat as it went by. Now, looking downriver, it seemed to him the water dropped at a forty-five-degree angle, from one boiling explosion to another. He braced his feet on the cleats, lifted his oars clear and watched all this rush forward, his belly made empty by the knowledge he could do nothing more.

"Ann," he said, "I'm sorry."

"Remember," she called back, "Luke Wall ran this river."

It was Tap, in whose soul burned so pure and so terrible a flame of loyalty to Star Cross, who first raised his gun and fired at the boat whirling midway in the river, his desire making him forget the girl. Trumbo whirled and knocked Tap's gun down. "You dumb fool!" he shouted.

He received from Tap a burning, brilliant glance of hatred. Tap lifted the gun again, obsessed and made greedy by the target Coleman presented. It took Stuart's bawled-out shout to stop him: "No firin'!" Then Stuart cried out to the boat: "Coleman—pull in, pull in!"

Even as he shouted, the boat was caught in the full-out grip of the river, beyond the reach of Stuart's voice and beyond the power of recall. Trumbo watched it for a full ten seconds, his glance clinging to the girl now sitting in the boat's bottom, both hands gripped on the coaming; he saw Coleman poise the oars and swing and speak to Ann. Her head turned and Trumbo had a dimmed view of her face.

He wheeled his horse and ran down the shore line. He untied the lariat from its thong as he rushed ahead and shook out its loop and began to swing it overhead. The river at this point was not wide; from midstream to shore was not much more than thirty feet, but the boat was ahead of him and the current rushed it on. He scraped his spurs full across the flanks of his horse, ramming it to a dead gallop on the difficult footing of the gravel. The horse stumbled and almost threw him. He grabbed his horn and kicked himself upright again. He seemed to make some little gain on the boat and he thought that if he had a long enough run he might get alongside it, ride a few feet into the water and let go with the rope. He had no doubt about holding the boat once he made a throw of it.

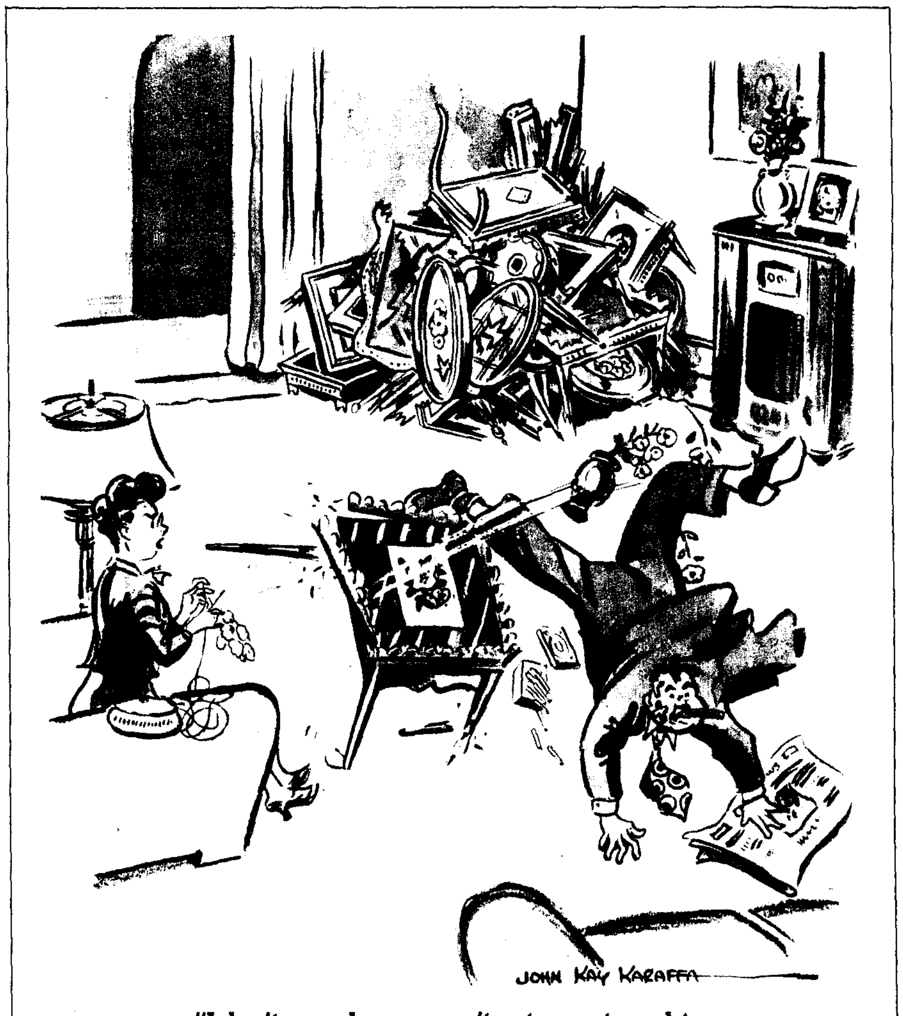
He saw he would never get a long enough run. The boat was now nearing the top of the rapids. At that point the gravel beach narrowed to a foot-wide ledge at the base of the canyon wall; and great chunks of rock, fallen from the canyon's face, studded the shallow waters near the shore. He looked at the boat on which he was slowly gaining, he looked at the ledge; hard by the face of the cliff he brought the horse to a somersault stop, dropped to the ground and ran upon the ledge.

The canyon wall bent in a slow quarter circle. Around this the thin pathway traveled for a distance of two hundred feet, at the end of which it headed into a great boulder. Beyond that point there was no footway at all. He saw this as he ran, and he kept half a glance on the boat now bouncing in the first heavy water of the rapids. A roar of wilder rapids came upon him and wetness was all around him and he breathed from the bottom of his lungs. He began swinging his loop, building it over his head as he ran; close upon the big boulder he stopped, turning his body half around to get a sight on the boat, and made a long, high-arched throw.

He knew even as he cast that it would fall short if he held on; and in one of those instant-born decisions which come of necessity, he let go the rope before it had stretched full. He had allowed for the onward run of the boat, just as he would have allowed for the onward run of a steer; the rope led the boat, so that the boat was broadside to it when the loop came down. He watched Ann make a perilous stand, reach high and seize the loop with her arm. She dropped flat in the boat, snubbing the rope with her body. Trumbo ran hip-deep into the stream, made a futile grab at the rope's free end and slowly straightened. Ann shook her head and sat down in the boat.

HE HAD a quick stab of fright at the power of the river; he dug his bootheels into the gravel's slickness and got ashore and climbed the big boulder. The boat's stern shot high into the air and its bow dipped from sight below a roller; he saw Coleman poise the oars, lower them to steady the boat, and poise them again. The current rushed at the bend of the canyon and struck it with a slashing and a spraying and boiled about the black and battered rocks. The girl was just visible as she crouched low; he saw Coleman suddenly use the oars again in swift, short stabs. The boat slid away from the collision of water and rock, careened until its floorboards were visible to Trumbo, and vanished around another bend of the canyon into the greater roar below.

Trumbo said to himself with a dull



Collier's "I don't see why you can't get accustomed to having a table in the center of the room" JOHN KAY KARAFFA

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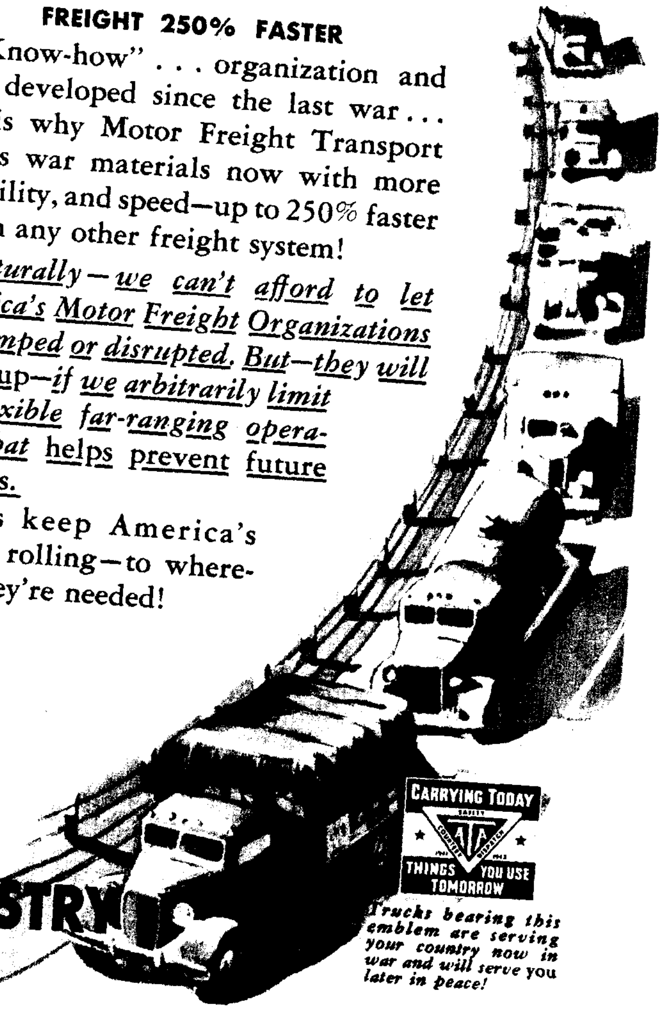

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satisfaction: "It was a good throw." Water dripped from him; water squealed in his boots. He sucked air into his lungs and found his legs trembling. A thought stabbed into him, turning and gritting through his spirit: "I wish she had thought better of me." For she would be dead in another five minutes, all her fairness and laughter gone, her hair streaming in the river, the beauty of her face rubbed and broken and destroyed by it. He stood with sickness in him; he heard Dan Stuart calling behind him but he didn't turn. Before him, moving slowly forward on the barest edges of the shore, he recognized Tam Malarkey.

Tam shouted, "How'd they get out there?"

Trumbo shook his head. Stuart yelled again: "Drew! Drew!"

TRUMBO slid from the rock. Stuart was half along the narrow pathway; he waved Stuart back and he followed the Star Cross owner to the gravel beach. The old man's face was without its ruddiness. Pale, it showed the network of broken veins, it showed its sags and lines, its oldness and its basic cruelty. "No luck," said Trumbo. He thought to himself, "He's dead inside, so dead he stinks!" He himself had some of that deadness. Twenty years more and maybe he would look like Stuart. He pushed the thought aside. "No luck," he repeated.

He stepped to his horse and turned toward the mine shanty. He had lamed his horse in the reckless run through the gravel and he rode slowly, Stuart tramping abreast. Star Cross crew stood by the mine house, watching these two come forward. Tap stared at Trumbo, bright evil clearly shining on that narrow face. The girl meant nothing to Tap; and at the thought of it Trumbo's rage swelled in him and he stared at Tap and so desired to kill the man that Tap saw it. Trumbo thought: "He knows I'll try it sooner or later. He will beat me to it unless I watch sharp."

Somebody followed them, kicking the gravel. Trumbo turned to see Tam Malarkey move forward with his old man's loose gait. Tam stopped and scanned the group. He said: "Coleman, hey?" He knew the story then, except for the girl's part. "How'd your daughter get in that boat, Stuart?"

Stuart was too far sunk into himself to hear; or too indifferent to answer. Trumbo answered for him: "She was on Coleman's side, Tam."

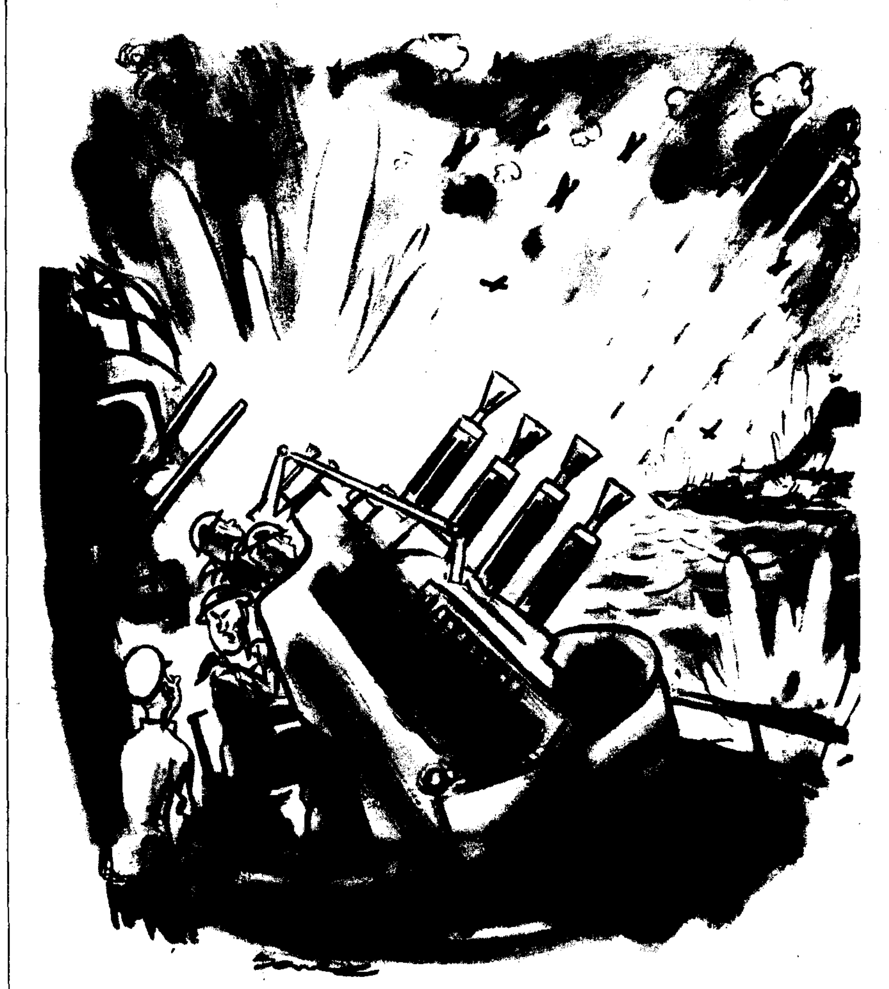
Malarkey carried a rifle cradled in his arms, his right hand loosely curved around the stock of the trigger guard; his eyes drilled their holes into Stuart with an insistence Stuart at last felt. He looked at Malarkey. "Old man," he said, "get out of here."

"Old?" said Tam Malarkey. "I could walk the heart right out of you in an hour. I could pin you to your back in half a minute. I could break your neck with a twist of my hands. I have seen you ride your horse like the lord of creation, but your wind is broken and your face has got death written all over it."

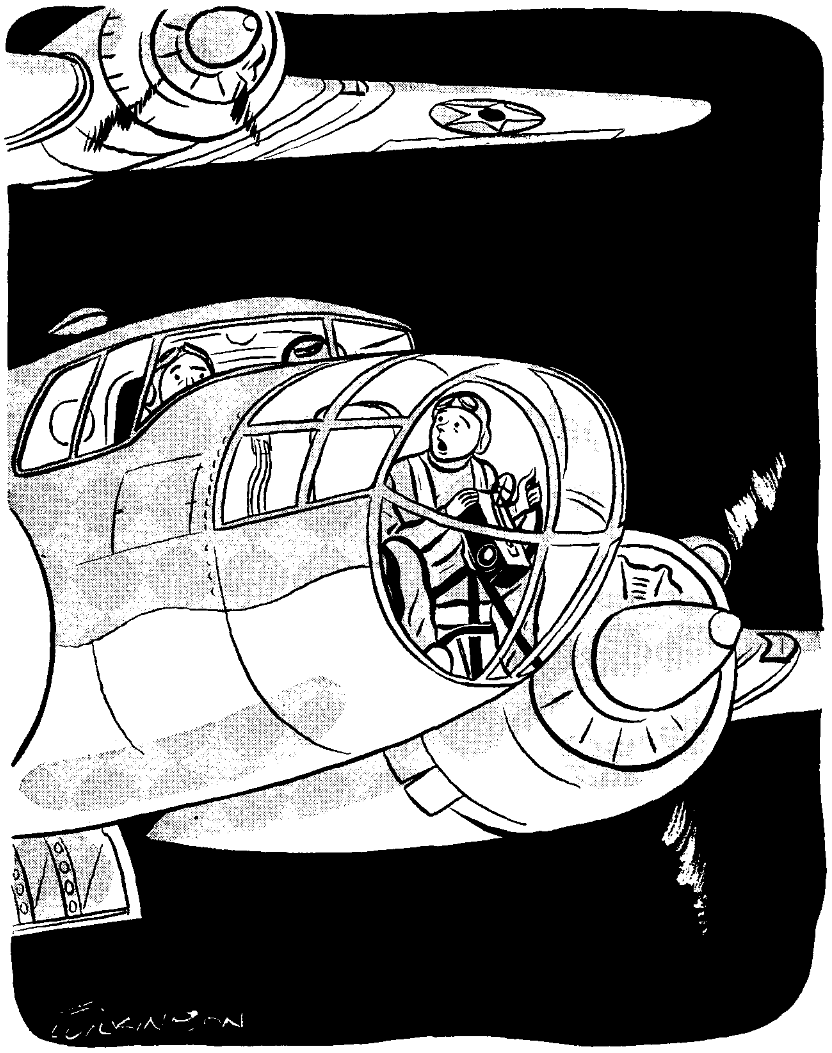
"Old man," cried out Stuart, "shut that loose mouth!"

Tam shook his head both in distaste and in sorrow for what he saw. "You Basin fellers are a bunch of wolves lookin' for dead carcasses to feed on. The sooner you get a poisoned carcass and die the better it will be. You're here now, knowin' you pushed your daughter down the river. Think you'll ever sleep again, Stuart? Think your grub will ever taste the same? I would not care to live in your sort of a hell."

Stuart made half a motion toward his gun, driven to it by the ceaseless goading of those words. Old Tam's shoulders swung gently, thereby presenting the raw, round muzzle of his rifle at Stuart. There was no answer to that; the old man stood his ground, his glance rendering out a hard judgment. Stuart walked on to his horse, gesturing his crew to follow, and turned up the trail. Trumbo delayed his departure, considering Tam Malarkey and in a way envious of this bony, rugged old man who had no worries, no ambitions cankering



Collier's "Where the 'ell's me cup of tea?" LEONARD DOVE



"Was that address 106 Leipzigerstrasse, or 107?"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

him. "Tam," he said, "it is easy for you to judge. There is nothin' you want. How can you judge other men that want things?"

Old Tam cast a weather eye on Star Cross going up the trail, and relaxed long enough to find his pipe and light it. His hair was iron-gray, close to his skull, his skin as smooth and dark as dressed leather. His brows made a grizzled, tangled awning over his eyes, over his long, arched nose. His glance finished his keen search of Trumbo. "I have made my errors, son. Only way a man learns. You will have to do the same. But there is no way of knowin' if you'll grow wise from your mistakes or not. Some men do not. And some men die from their follies before knowledge comes."

"Not much help, Tam," said Trumbo.

Tam's eyes mirrored scorn. "The whole world bleats for help, figurin' it somethin' that comes natural." He waved a hand at the canyon, at the river. "You think you'll get any help from this water or these rocks? The world will beat the livin' guts out of you if it can. You have got to help yourself or else die."

Trumbo shrugged his shoulders and turned from Tam's uncomfortable presence. His pride was ruffled at the rough talk, his temper was disturbed; yet the distantly critical eye that looked upon his life with so complete a detachment—that ironic and self-knowing bit of mind in him—accepted Tam's words as full truth, and used them as malicious weapons against himself. There was this warp and division in Drew Trumbo, this isolated knowledge of rightness lying lonely and ineffective and mocking in him while his will and his energy carried him on through baser things. He knew his baseness, he lived with it and sometimes cringed before it; but always he kept on.

He followed Star Cross up the trail, thinking steadily of Ann. The strangest images of her came to him, beautiful images of her alive and laughing; grisly images of her torn and dead. It brought him a kind of agony and a kind of emptiness. He heard the lovely tone of her voice, the warm touch of her hand; he remembered how her shoulders made their curve at the points, he remembered the faint freckles at the base of her nose. He went up the canyon, sickened and weary of riding and when he came to consider what chore lay next, he ground his teeth together and could scarcely face it. Still, he knew he would do what Stuart intended should be done; he could not go back, he could not change himself, he could be no other kind of man.

SO HE followed Star Cross out of the canyon to the main north and south trail, and rode down the trail for a mile and a half, at which point Star Cross turned into the timber and stopped.

Pairvent, Ed Drum and Baldy stood here, trapped at this spot earlier in the morning as they came out of the hills; and Ray Miller, the only man alert enough to make a draw, lay dead on the ground. Those two shots, fired by Miller and Tap, were the ones heard from a distance by Coleman. Ambushed by Star Cross, the other three Horsehead men had surrendered.

Hoby Spade and his two riders had been left behind by Stuart to guard Horsehead. Spade showed a great deal of relief at the reappearance of Star Cross. He said, "You took a long time. Where's Coleman?"

Trumbo looked at Pairvent when he answered: "Coleman went down the river in a boat. The boat's smashed to matches by this time, and Coleman's lodged against a couple of rocks, ten feet under water."

*(To be continued next week)*

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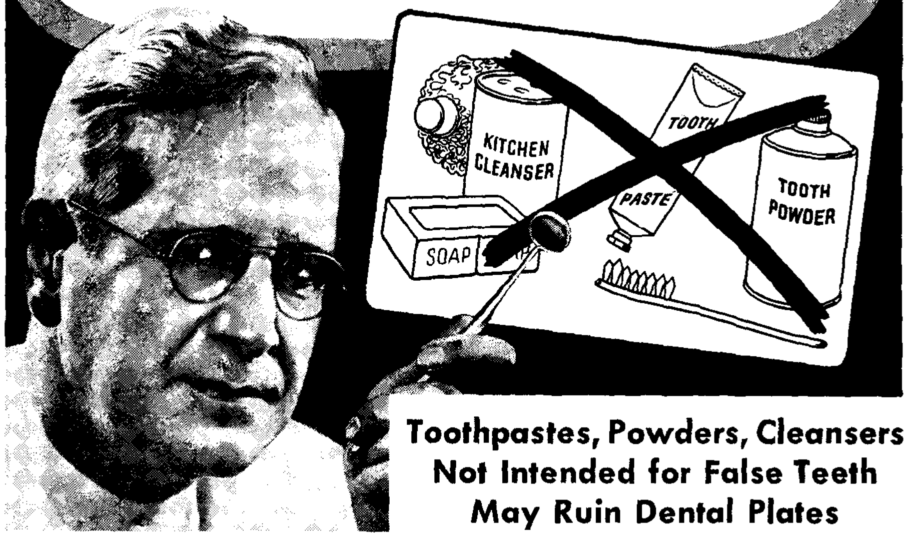
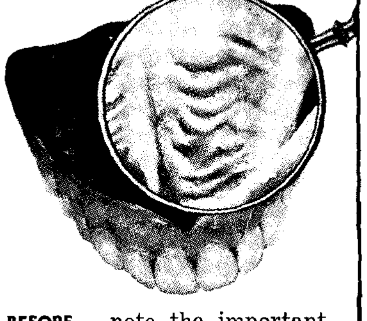


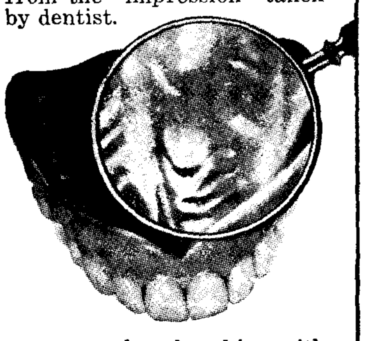
Toothpastes, Powders, Cleansers Not Intended for False Teeth May Ruin Dental Plates

PLAY SAFE...USE POLIDENT

LABORATORY TEST SHOWS HOW MAKESHIFT CLEANERS WEAR DOWN PLATE-MATERIAL



**BEFORE** — note the important fitting-ridges, built into plate from the "impression" taken by dentist.



**AFTER**—see how brushing with makeshift cleaner wore down the denture material, changing contour.

DID YOU KNOW that dental plates are softer and more easily worn down than natural teeth? It's true. Many dentifrices, safe for natural teeth, are dangerous for dental plates. Most household cleansers are even more harmful.

Tests show that these cleaners—not designed for artificial teeth—slowly but surely ruin the denture. They wear down ridges so that plates become loose. They scratch the polished surfaces causing stain and film to collect faster and cling tighter. The extra handling, while brushing, increases danger of breakage.

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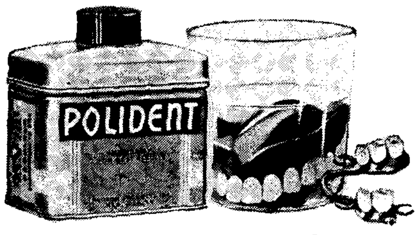

The Safe Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges

# HEALER AND FIGHTER

## By Oren Stephens

***Sister Kenny has won again—this time against an epidemic in Arkansas. It's her third victory and if there's a medal for saving people from crippled lives, it surely belongs to her***

WHERE the road forked, the doctor hesitated. Behind him, urging him to a quick decision, were the infantile paralysis victims—children, bodies contorted, crying out in pain. It was a difficult decision because the number of cases indicated that this was the beginning of an epidemic.

Down one road was the orthodox treatment. Down the other was the revolutionary treatment developed by Sister Elizabeth Kenny, the Australian nurse.

A few weeks before, the doctor recalled, he had read a paper in which he declared cautiously that Sister Kenny's treatment was "a challenge." There was much evidence of its effectiveness, he had said, but . . . well, the theory behind her treatment hadn't been proved nor had the treatment been tried under actual epidemic conditions. Now those conditions were at hand. Here was the challenge.

Dr. F. Walter Carruthers, professor of orthopedic surgery at the University of Arkansas School of Medicine and consultant to the Crippled Children's Division of the Arkansas Department of Public Welfare, which was in charge of the antipoli fight, accepted the challenge. Turning h back on the past, he chose the road lighte by the faith of a nurse who had sper more than thirty years telling the med cal profession it was wrong—that th "inevitable" crippling aftereffects of ir fantile paralysis weren't inevitable at al provided the proper treatment—her trea ment—was used.

His decision made, Dr. Carruthers pu through a call to Dr. Miland E. Knapp the Minneapolis General Hospital, wher nurses and doctors were being trained the Kenny technique.

"I've got what looks like a pretty ser ous outbreak," he said, "and I've decide we'll use the Kenny method. Can yo send us some technicians?"

The emergency crew arrived in Littl Rock the following Monday, but fortu nately the victims did not have to wa that long for the beginning of Kenn treatments. By "an act of Providence as Dr. Carruthers described it, three Litt Rock nurses had been sent to Minneapol in May for a week's course in applying th hot packs Sister Kenny prescribes. D Carruthers himself had been in Minn apolis the first week in June attending th first course given for physicians. Now was the last week in June and the pol cases were pouring into Little Rock University Hospital. In its isolation wa they were to be treated during the acu stage—about two weeks—before tran fer to the Arkansas Children's Hospita

Let's move ahead for a minute to th

*Left: In Sister Kenny's treatment for infantile paralysis, a washing machine is used for wetting and wringing the blanket strips, here being applied by Nurse Violet Poage (right). At right: Anna Fay (left) and Barbara Ann have completely recovered, without being crippled, as a result of the Kenny method*

second hospital: It is now the last week in July. Dr. Carruthers stops beside the bed of a two-year-old girl.

"This is Anna Fay," he says. "She was stricken on June fifteenth in an eastern Arkansas town. Five days later she was unable to walk. But it was not until June twenty-ninth that the disease was diagnosed, and she was brought to Little Rock as an emergency case. Kenny treatments were begun immediately."

"Has she reacted favorably?"

"I'll let you see for yourself." He picks up the little girl and stands her on the floor. "Now let's see how well you can walk, Anna Fay."

### They Walk Again

She toddles out of the room and down a corridor, and when a nurse picks her up and brings her back, she's screaming like a dive bomber because her stroll has been interrupted.

The doctor moves on to another bed. "This is Barbara Ann. She'll be three in December. She was stricken in a north Arkansas town, and we didn't get her until twenty-five days later. Now, as you can see, she's wearing shoes and is walking as well as she ever did."

"Here," he says at a third bed, "is another type of case. Lola Mae is seventeen. She contracted infantile paralysis last October and was treated in the old, orthodox manner. She made no progress and seemed destined to life as a helpless cripple. When Nurse Violet Poage of this hospital, one of the three who went to Minneapolis, returned in May, she began giving the Kenny treatment to Lola Mae. We didn't have much hope because the case was so old but it seemed worth trying. Much to our surprise, she has made amazing progress."

Lola Mae is sitting on the edge of the bed, swinging her legs. One foot is still drawn up but otherwise she seems to be enjoying complete freedom of movement.

"I'm going to get well now," says Lola Mae, smiling. "And you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to be a nurse . . . like Sister Kenny."

In University Hospital and in the Arkansas Children's Hospital, there were, this last week in July, 52 cases being treated. Some of more than 80 Arkansas cases, plus about 20 in the vicinity of Memphis, had gone to Memphis hospitals, which followed Arkansas' lead in adopting the Kenny method.

Of the Arkansas victims, one, a five-year-old boy, has died, though primarily from a weak heart rather than from infantile paralysis.

"It will be at least four months before I can make a conclusive report—that is, one which will satisfy the scientist, on these cases," declared Dr. Carruthers, "but even now I'd be willing to stake my reputation on the proposition that we won't have a deformity in the group. All have reacted favorably."

Dr. Don W. Gudakunst, medical director of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, came to Arkansas to

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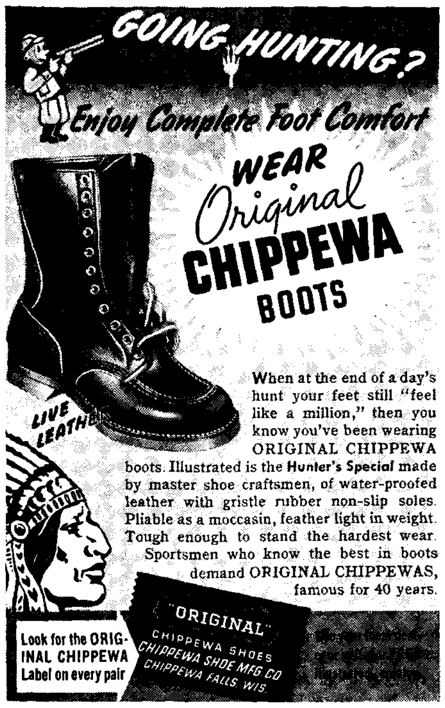

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take advantage of "the first opportunity presented to the National Foundation to study the application of the Kenny method of treatment under typical outbreak conditions." Impressed, he pledged all the organization's resources and recommended faster training of Kenny technicians so that "at least a limited number of communities can be prepared to render this type of care during the present year. However, if major outbreaks occur in a number of different parts of the country, it might not be possible to meet all the demands, for time will not have permitted the training of sufficient persons to do the work."

The tragic undertone of this statement is the fact that a generation has passed since Sister Kenny first successfully used her treatment. That was in 1910 when she was a "bush nurse" in Queensland, Australia. Four children were stricken by a disease she did not recognize. She wired the nearest doctor, Dr. Aeneas John McDonnell, chief surgeon of Toowoomba General Hospital, Queensland, described the symptoms, and asked for advice.

Dr. McDonnell replied that the disease evidently was infantile paralysis, and since there was no known cure, she would simply have to do the best she could.

A year later she reported to him that the four patients—and two additional ones—had completely recovered. While he listened in amazement, she explained she had simply used hot foments to relieve the spasm in the affected muscles. He explained patiently that there was no spasm in the muscles, that muscles affected by infantile paralysis were, on the contrary, flaccid. She convinced him he was mistaken.

"She has knocked our theories into a cocked hat," he remarked finally, "but her treatment works, and that's all that counts."

Unfortunately that was not all that counted with the medical profession, which on the whole was far more skeptical and cautious than Dr. McDonnell.

### Doctors Last to Approve

Years passed, and Sister Kenny—the title indicated promotion to chief nurse—continued to treat infantile paralysis victims when possible. Her work was interrupted by the first World War, during which she served on a troop transport. Incidentally, she invented and patented an improved transport stretcher, the royalties from which have been her main support. After the war, her attention was again focused on infantile paralysis. Somehow, she felt, she had to convince the medical profession that she was right. Yet she seemed to be able to convince everybody except doctors.

The people, and eventually the government, were sold on the method because results were indisputable. Elizabeth Kenny clinics were established and the government made it possible for victims to choose between the orthodox treatment and Sister Kenny's. Yet as late as 1938, a Royal Commission appointed to investigate her methods condemned them bitterly and declared them to be dangerous. She persisted, and a year later another commission reversed this decision. She had won in Australia. The United States became her next goal.

With official sanction and financial support from the Queensland government, she came to this country in 1940 and arranged to give demonstrations at the Minneapolis General Hospital. Drs. Knapp, Wallace Cole and John F. Pohl were assigned to observe and co-operate. The National Foundation provided patients and necessary funds.

After exhaustive experiments, Dr. Pohl declared in the Journal of the American Medical Association last April 25th that "the method should be immediately adopted as the fundamental treatment of the disease of anterior poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis)."

Still there was skepticism. What about her theory that spasm was an ever-present and damaging symptom? Was there any scientific basis for that? Most doctors thought not. But while the treatment was being used in Arkansas, Drs. R. Plato Schwartz and Harry D. Bouman of the University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry were completing a study of the question under the sponsorship of the National Foundation. In July they reported in the Journal of the A.M.A. that 500 recordings of the electrical current produced by muscles in action had proved beyond doubt that her spasm theory was correct.

Here, indeed, was scientific basis for the success of her treatment. Application of heat is a long-accepted treatment for muscular spasm and, now that there was no doubt of the presence of spasm, there naturally was no doubt of the effectiveness of her hot-pack treatment.

Is the medical profession hostile to new ideas when they come from an outsider—a nurse in this instance? Taking cognizance of this natural question, the National Foundation News declared in its July issue that "to understand how a nurse could present a form of treatment apparently superior to that long advocated by the medical profession calls for a word of explanation about that nurse. Miss Kenny years ago acquired a truly remarkable knowledge of anatomy and of muscle function. This came as the result of persistent study plus a real interest in things mechanical. . . . Trained in a different direction, she might well have become a famous inventor. As it is, she has designed several items which are of great service."

Dr. Carruthers adds to this explanation by saying that if when she first came into contact with the disease, she had been familiar with it, she might not have detected the presence of muscular spasm. Like doctors imbued with the old theory of flaccid muscles, she probably would have seen what she expected to see.

"And it could be," he added facetiously, "that doctors were antagonistic because her method virtually removed them from the case once the diagnosis had been made."

Her method requires an ordinary washing machine and strips of blankets. The strips are immersed in boiling water, wrung as dry as possible, then wrapped around the affected muscles. This is seventy per cent of the treatment and is done by a nurse. It not only relieves the spasm but also relieves the excruciating pain which is aggravated by the orthodox method. The remaining thirty per cent, done by a physical therapist, is muscle re-education.

### Her Treatment Prevents Crippling

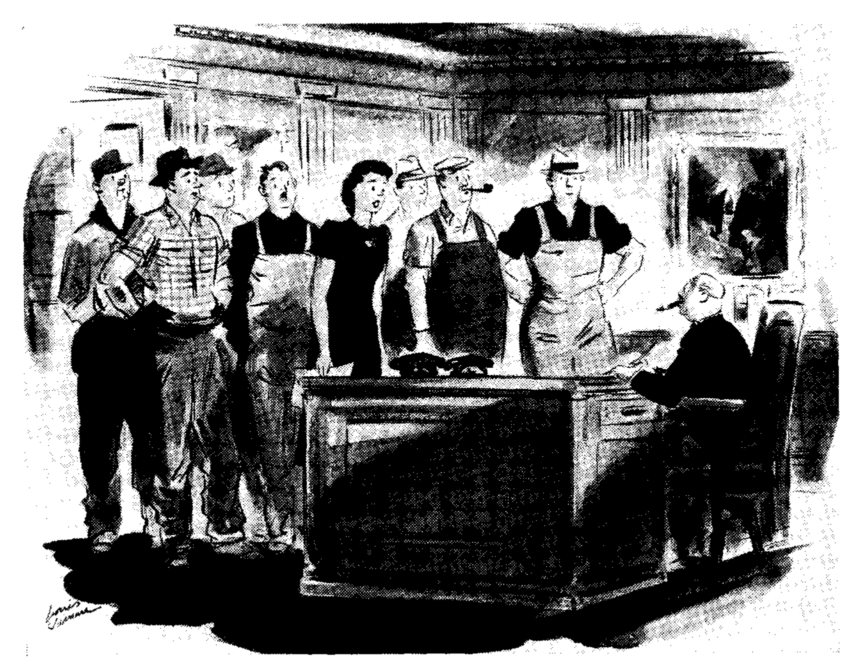
"There are two things," said Dr. Carruthers, "which I wish could be emphasized. One is that the Kenny treatment is not the solution of the infantile paralysis problem. The problem will not be solved until we learn how to prevent the disease. The value of her treatment is that it prevents the crippling aftermath. The other point is that the Kenny treatment offers little if any hope for persons who were crippled by the disease years ago. Every person who has ever had the disease now thinks he, too, may regain the use of his limbs. In some cases, where the muscles are not dead, there may be hope, but I regret to say that, where the muscles are dead, nothing in the world can revive them."

A less determined, less unselfish woman than Sister Kenny, long ago would have abandoned her efforts to convert the hostile medical profession, but she felt this was the only way victims all over the world would eventually be able to enjoy the benefits of her treatment. Those who know her well say there is still another reason for her persistence. She is a fighter by nature—doctors laugh heartily over her word battles with eminent medical authorities—and she was satisfied with nothing less than total victory.

"I am confident," says Sister Kenny, "that the day is not far distant when this happy situation (universal availability of her treatment) will be brought about. I regret that years of valuable time have been lost and that patients have had to suffer unnecessary pain, stiffness and deformities. I am sure that speedy measures will be taken to grant me facilities to present this work for the benefit of the human race."

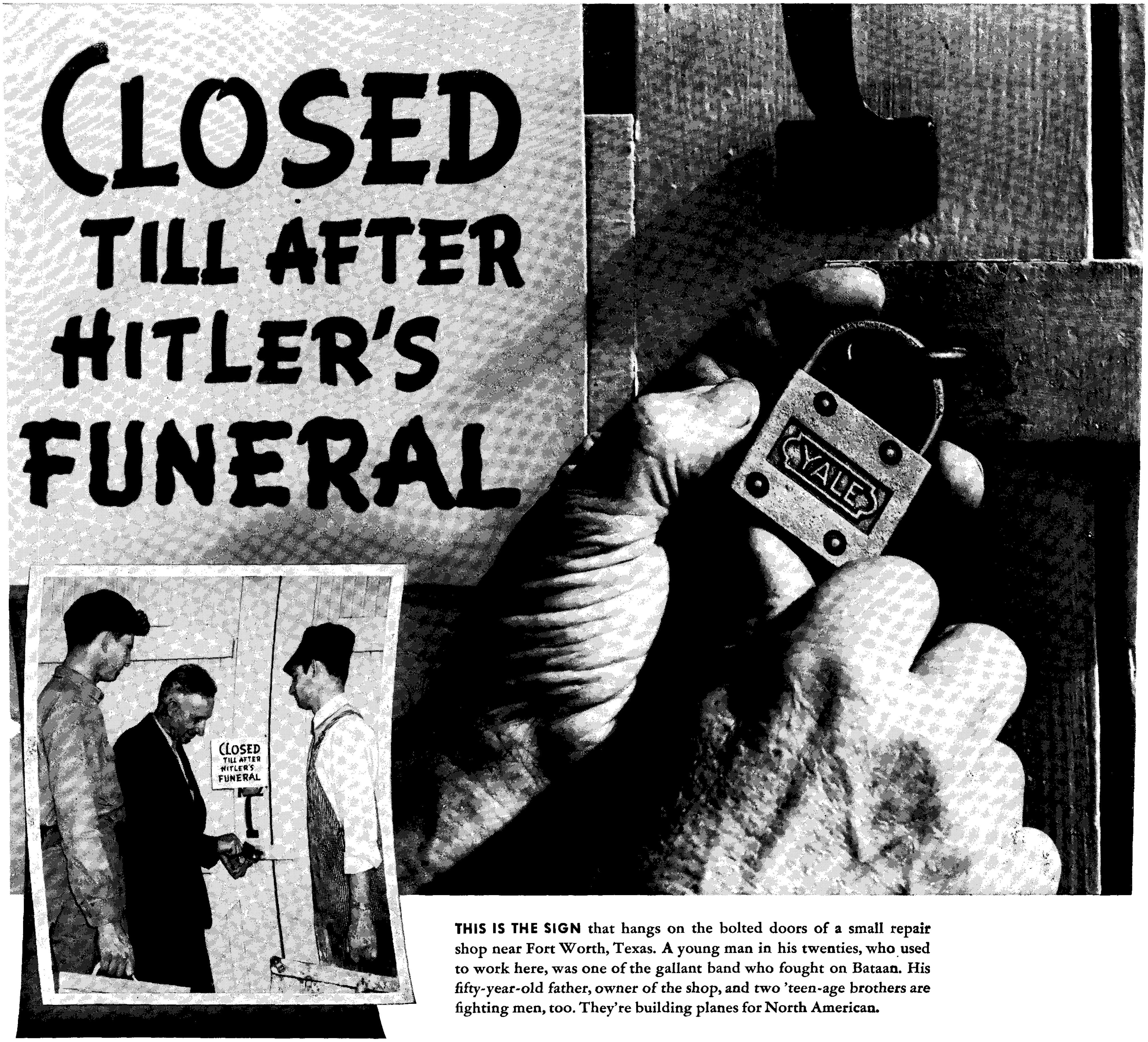
These speedy measures are, at long last, being taken, for in the Arkansas epidemic her treatment has passed its final test.

THE END



**"Some gentlemen from the excavation around the corner. They'd like to watch you work for a change"**

COLLIER'S LOUIS JAMME



**THIS IS THE SIGN** that hangs on the bolted doors of a small repair shop near Fort Worth, Texas. A young man in his twenties, who used to work here, was one of the gallant band who fought on Bataan. His fifty-year-old father, owner of the shop, and two 'teen-age brothers are fighting men, too. They're building planes for North American.

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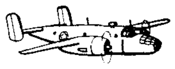
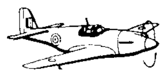
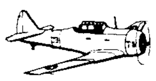


BOMBERS
For the United Nations, B-25 "Mitchell"



FIGHTERS
For U. S. Army and RAF, P-51 "Mustang"



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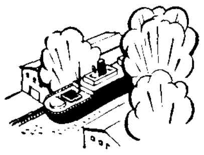

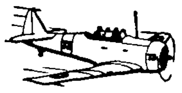

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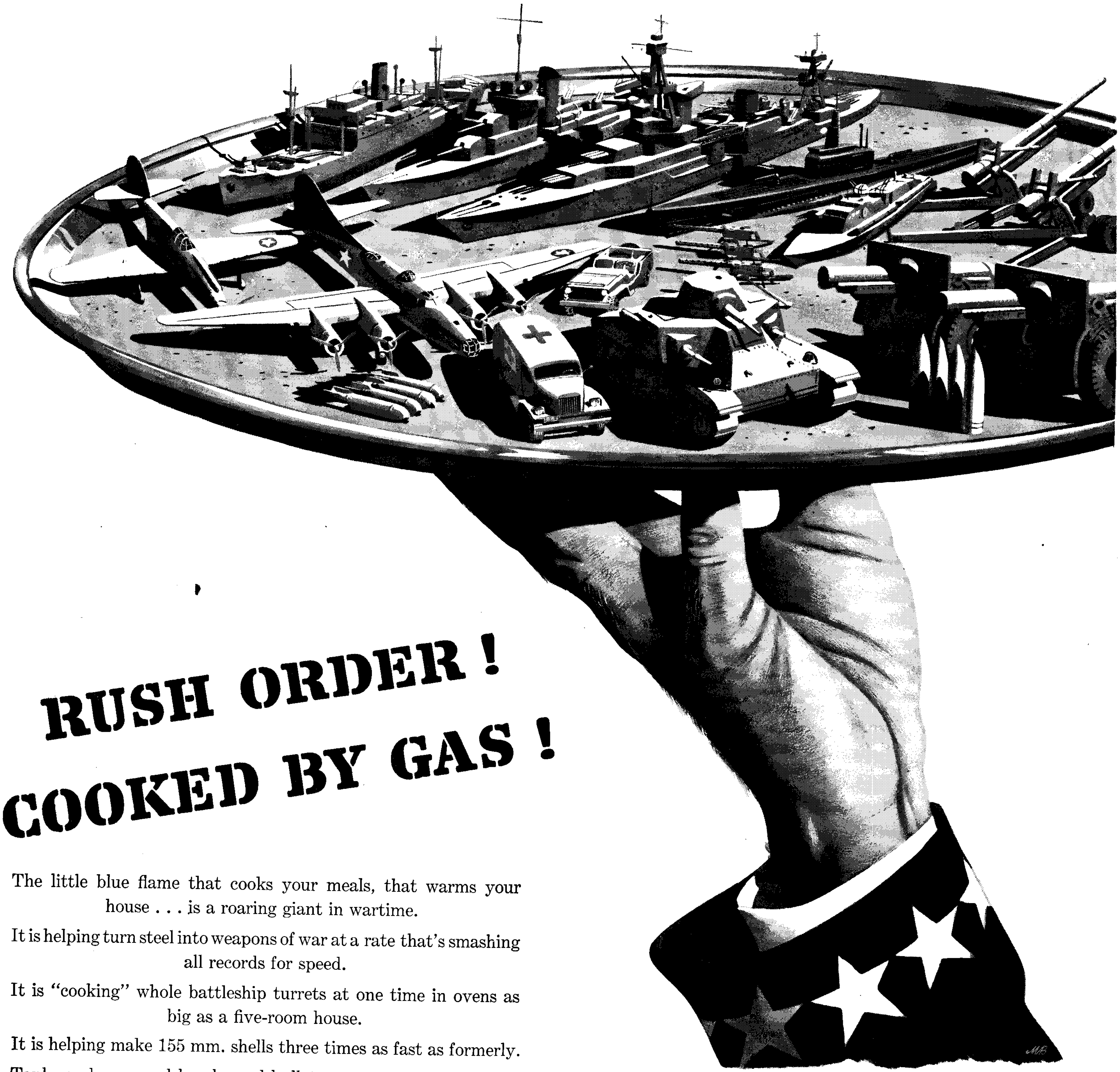

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# Lady in Uniform

## By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

IT WAS cold that morning in the squadroom. Doris Kittredge heard the woman stirring in the next cot. Fifteen minutes before first call; thirty minutes in advance of reveille. Doris buried her pretty blond head under the blankets and tried to snatch that last few precious minutes of sleep before the shrill notes of the bugle should sound from the east side of the vast parade ground of the Waac Training Center at Fort Des Moines.

Personally, she didn't give a hang what Mary Roberts did, but she wished the older woman wasn't bunked right next to her. At the beginning of the rigid officer candidate training course they'd all beaten the morning gun because it was necessary to be spick and span and military at the day's first formation, and that took a lot of doing. They had learned plenty, these women who were competing for commissions in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. But this Mary Roberts persisted in doing it the hard way. First up in the squadroom, first to be dressed for reveille, first at formation.

Sure, it was all right for Mary Roberts to be intent on the job; sure, it was understandable that when you're 42, you don't adapt yourself as easily as a woman fifteen or twenty years younger. But most of the other candidates agreed that Mrs. Roberts carried a good thing much too far.

Suppose she was one of the officer candidates who had a reason above and beyond the simple desire to serve her country. They'd all been sympathetic enough when the story first leaked out: the story that her son hadn't been heard of or from since the fall of Corregidor. Killed maybe; maybe a prisoner of the Japs. Maybe wounded *and* a prisoner. Sure, that was reason enough for Mary Roberts to want to be a good soldier, to make a good record, to struggle doubly hard for her commission as third officer. But she didn't have to be so confoundedly efficient as to disturb the working day of her fellow candidates even before that day began.

Mary Roberts shivered into her robe and tiptoed between the rows of army cots. No light in the squadroom except the crimson glow over the emergency exit. She was first downstairs, first in the washroom. She was back at her cot, dressed and policing up when First Call split the quiet of the early morning. She was trim and ready and waiting, uniform immaculate over her compact, mature figure when reveille sounded . . . "You can't get 'em up, you can't get 'em up; you can't get 'em up in the mooooorning . . ."

Basic training for this group of officer candidates was just about finished. It had been a sharp, hard grind. Within the next couple of weeks commissions would be issued to those who had made the grade. They'd be based on three things: report of the men officers who were directly in command; secondly, academic standing, and, thirdly, the rating given them by their fellow candidates. Mary Roberts was going to have tough sledding on the academic thing. And perhaps on the matter of the rating she'd get from the women who had shared squadroom intimacies with her for six weeks. She had overdone the thing. As though nothing in the world had ever been—or could ever be—so important as the little gold shoulder bars which Third Officers would wear.

Doris Kittredge wanted her commission, too. She had worked hard for it, but she hadn't dehumanized herself. She knew she would be somewhere near the border line; almost good enough or almost not good enough. She hadn't ever been able to be grim about it, as Mary Roberts was.

Later that morning, Mary Roberts went to her company commander and asked for a private interview with the commandant. She got it.

She walked into the big corner room at headquarters, clicked her heels, saluted smartly and stood at attention. The commandant glanced at the nameplate which she wore over the left pocket of her O.D. blouse and said, "Good morning, Mrs. Roberts." Then he said genially, "Have a seat. What's on your mind?"

He was that way; this slim, military, kindly colonel who had been entrusted with the job of training women for Army service. He was commandant, all right; but sensibly. No Prussianism about him.

Mary Roberts did not relax. It seemed as though she were too afraid of herself to let down for an instant—even on invitation. She said, "I'm afraid this is unusual, sir—but I have a request to make."

He nodded and motioned for her to go on.

"I understand," she said, "that our grades have all been turned in. Naturally, I haven't any idea whether I've been recommended for a commission."

The commandant said, "Yes . . . ?" He said it gently, with a rising inflection.

"If it's possible," she went on, "I'd rather not be commissioned—even if I am slated to be."

The slender, veteran Army officer tried not to betray his surprise. He asked, "Are you serious?"

"Yes, sir."

"You doubt your ability as an officer?"

"No, sir. But it seems reasonable to ask for less than I may have earned."

The colonel was beginning to remember something about her now. He was that kind of man. He said, "Assuming that you've qualified for a commission and that you don't want it—what do you want?"

"I'd like to be a leader, sir."

"First leader?"

"No, sir. Just a leader."

"That's a noncom grade, Mrs. Roberts. And not even the top one."

"Yes, sir. I understand that, sir."

He said, "You've considered it carefully?"

"Yes, sir."

He let her go then, and summoned the handsome iron-gray lieutenant colonel who was second in command. The commandant said, "She made the grade all right . . . just barely under the wire, but she made it. Do we commission her—or play it her way?"

The man with the silver oak leaves on his shoulders said, "Her request seems reasonable. If that's what she really wants. . . ."

The commandant said, "Okay. We'll give her a certificate of capacity and appoint her a leader." His eyes twinkled. "That'll make some other girl happy. Who's next on the list?"

The assistant commandant consulted the records. "Doris Kittredge," he said. "She'll make a pretty good officer, too."

GRADUATION exercises were held in the afternoon. The public was invited and all the girls who had successfully completed the officers' training course were given certificates to that effect.

That night an additional ceremony was held; nobody except those attached to the post attended that one. The top section of the graduating class was commissioned; the others were awarded noncom grades until such time as there might be need for additional third officers.

The women who had shared Mary Roberts' squadroom were surprised. The forty-two-year-old woman who had worked so fanatically was made a leader.

The new officers proudly pinned gold bars on one another's shoulders. Doris Kittredge left her barracks and walked toward the Post Exchange.

Standing under the elms was a squat, compact figure. Mary Roberts saw a pair of gold shoulder bars approaching. She snapped to attention and saluted.

Doris Kittredge returned the salute. Then a great wave of pity and of regret suffused her and she stopped. She meant to say something . . . she wasn't sure what, but it seemed that she had to speak.

But Mary Roberts wasn't looking at the pretty young third officer. She was staring across the parade ground, across the roofs of the officers' houses which bulked in the moonlight.

She was looking westward, across the parade ground, across a continent, across a great ocean. She was staring at a great prison camp where American soldiers were held captive.

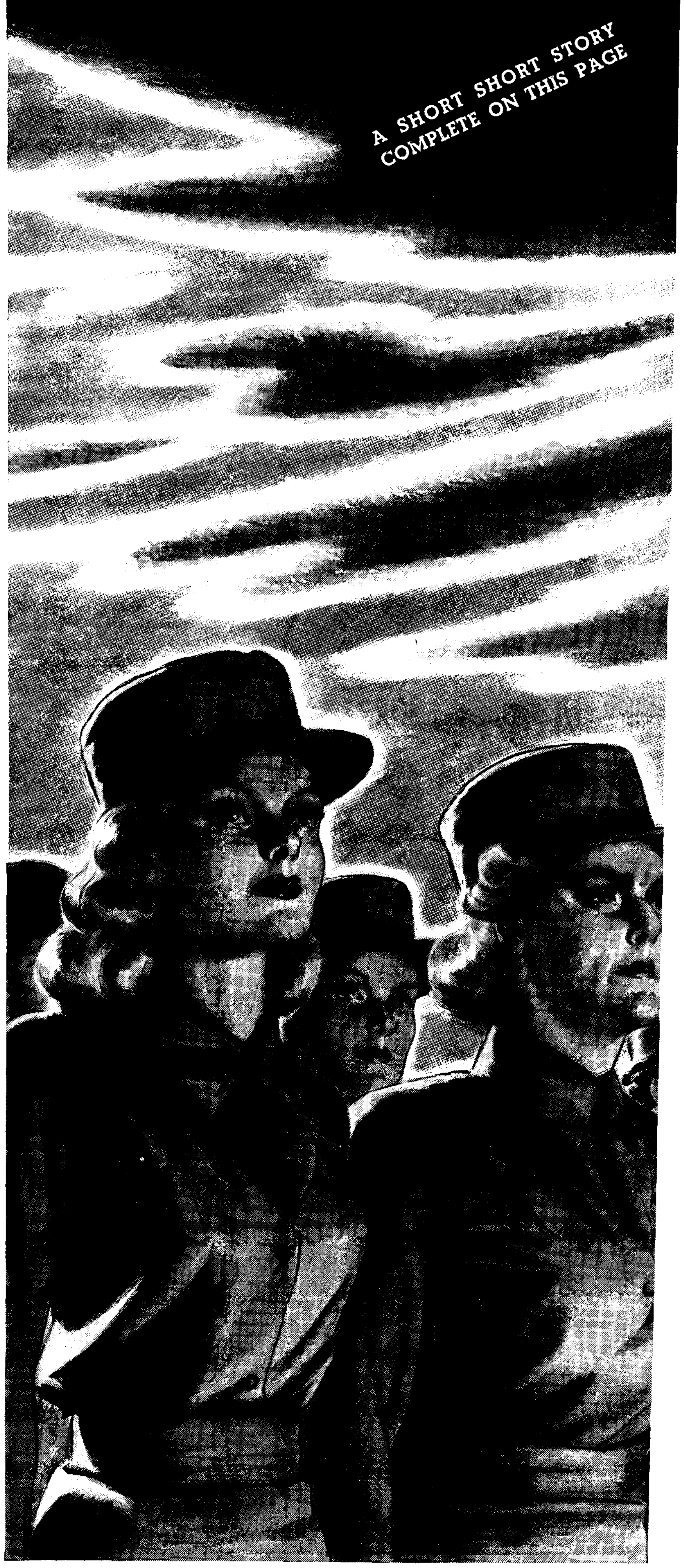
Through all that distance, she was seeing her son; she was seeing Sergeant Sam Roberts. And then Leader Mary Roberts touched the chevrons which had just been sewed on her blouse.

She was a leader in the Waacs. He was a sergeant in the Armed Forces of the United States.

The chevrons were the same.

This was what she had wanted.

Somehow, the distance which separated her from her son was not now so great.



She was trim and ready, uniform immaculate over her mature figu

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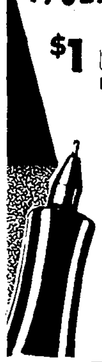

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## The Stone Woman

Continued from page 18

search the high grass around the mound. The sergeant and his men came back with Yarak, whom they had found lying in the grass.

A search of the old Cossack, however, yielded no trace of weapons. He had got rid of his musket, powder horn and bullet punch. For a moment the officer studied his prisoner. "You," he snapped in good Ukrainian, "where is your chum hiding?"

"*Chelom, dobrodiou,*" Yarak responded instantly. "The forehead to you, master. There's no chum."

"That's a lie. Where did you hide your rifle?"

"A rifle? Haven't any such. Not a smell of one."

"Lie number two." The Magyar spoke to a soldier who snapped the bolt of his carbine. "I saw the rifle with my glasses. Now spit out one more lie and you'll have a bullet through your guts. Understand, Uncle?"

"Yes," said Yarak moodily, cursing himself silently for not getting into cover quicker.

"Turn around," ordered the Magyar.

Yarak did so, flinching inwardly.

"Where did you get that flag?"

Starting to ask what the German was talking about, Yarak checked himself, remembering the bullet which would, from that position, go through his kidneys. And he recollected the small streamer of white, red and green silk that he had found and tied to the back of his belt, for convenience. Evidently that was what German officers meant by a flag. Carefully and truthfully, he answered.

"Captain," the Magyar interpreted, "he swears he found it near the road, and he uses it like any other piece of clean cloth. Clean! Come to think of it, it's a Turkish idea of sanitation. Also, he says he does not know that it is an Italian flag—doesn't know what Italian is. Now—what will the captain do with it?"

Exasperated, the commander eyed the soiled emblem of Italy. Lacking imagination, he could not think what to do with the flag—especially with his section sergeant and four men looking on. So he snapped at his lieutenant: "Over there—look over there, Sartlov, and you will perceive the second Russian whom you have failed to find." And he pointed with satisfaction at the woman's figure on top of the overgrown mound.

Now the Magyar's eyes were better than those of his captain, who wore glasses. Moreover, he had been through the campaign in the Ukraine, while the captain was newly arrived in that area. He said briskly: "Right—maybe. Let's have a look at her."

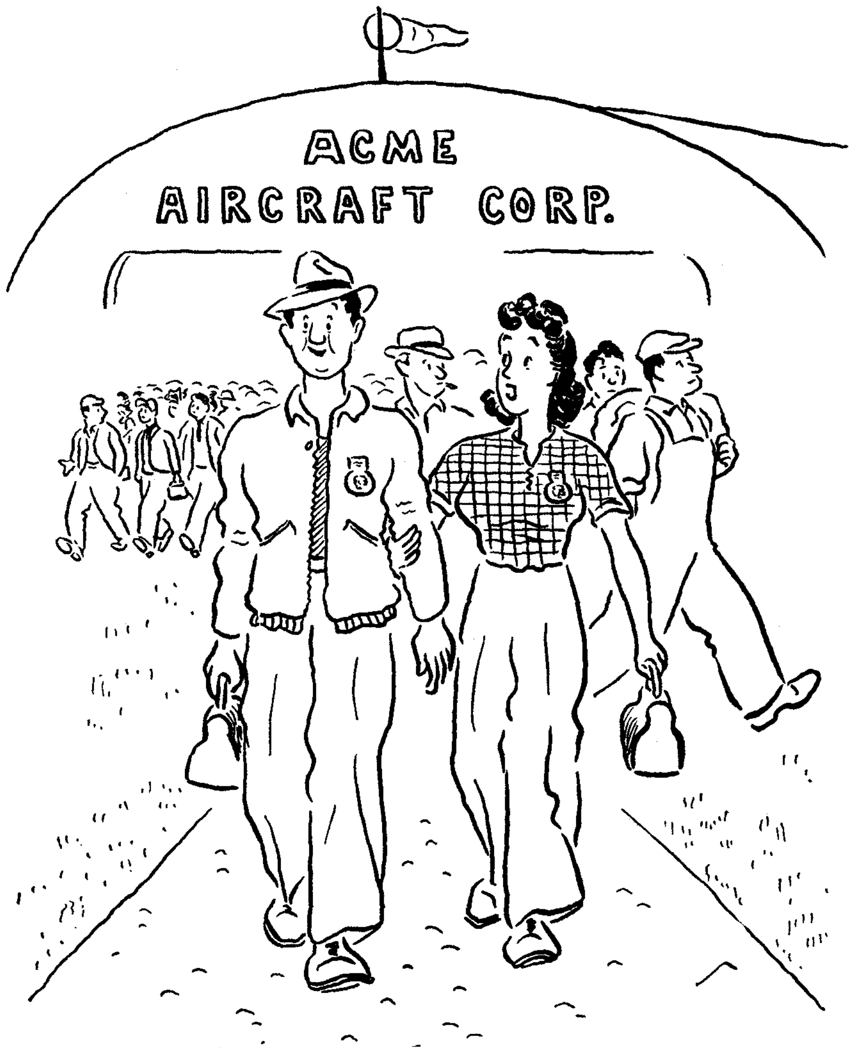
ESCORTING Yarak, the two officers walked across a plowed field to the mound, which was smooth and regular in shape. They left the sergeant and the men to other duties. As soon as they were out in the field, the Magyar jerked loose the knot that tied the flag to Yarak's rear, and dropped it between two furrows.

Meanwhile, as he had hoped, his captain had identified the woman on the mound.

"So—it is a statue, Sartlov. And still distinctly I remember you said you saw a woman moving."

"I did . . . something moving. Maybe a boy."

"Or a woman, let us say." Irritatingly, the captain pricked at him. "But why is


ACME AIRCRAFT CORP.

COLLIER'S "I hope Junior has a nice supper ready" J. MONAHAN this statue sited in a field? Observe, the regular mound makes for it a base."

"Oh, they're scattered through the steppes hereabouts. Ancient *steles*—you always find them on a mound." A flicker of interest warmed the young officer's voice: "And always facing due east. Always solitary, like this woman—as far as Manchukuo. Curious things."

"Russian?"

"Older—"

Abruptly Yarak came to a halt at the edge of the high grass. He had been pondering anxiously the hiding place of his musket and powder, there in the mound. *"Kurgan plocho—strashno!"* he muttered. "Mound haunted—by spirits."

The Magyar's narrow eyes shifted moodily to his prisoner. "Another lie!"

*"Het!"* Yarak spat. "True enough. Doesn't the noble officer know about the stone *babas?* They watch, here in the steppes. Bad luck to monkey with them. Don't step on the mound. Look—the people here wouldn't plow close to the mound. That's why grass grows over it."

Out to the east, the shadow of the stone woman stretched. A kind of skull-cap covered her rudely shaped head, and her hands were clasped on her girdle. Dust swirled up from the grass around her.

"I suppose this *baba*'s spirit haunts the mound, of nights?"

"Certainly. The hours of darkness are not good here at the mound. We Cossacks know that."

Something vaguely remembered tugged at Sartlov—back in his homeland, a white *schloss* standing deserted on a dark mountain ridge. A medieval castle, avoided by the modern villagers simply because it was old and deserted. No, more than that. The girl. That one with the stiff embroidery on her jacket, who used to walk up with him to the *schloss* of evenings. She used a kind of balsam oil in her hair and she had strength in her young arms. Perhaps she had really loved him. She had never said much . . . that was it. The hour of darkness, the ruin on the height, and that girl who had been amusing, until she took to crying . . .

SEEING that he was making an impression, Yarak gave tongue fiercely: "*Ekhma!* Keep away from these women, noble commander. With human beings you can deal, somehow. But the spirits aren't the same at all. The stone *babas* don't keep their watch for nothing. Try to move one from her place and see what happens."

"Well, what happens?" Sartlov's mind was off still in the shadow of that other ruin.

"Why, with a horse and a rope you can pull a *baba* to the east, that way. But you couldn't pull her away, to the west, with one of your machines over there. Impossible!"

"What's he saying?" demanded the captain.

"He's afraid of this mound. Although, come to think of it, we found him under cover in the grass. The Cossack's right one way—these *kurgans* are really burial mounds. Archaeologists have been at work on them and have uncovered ninth-century burials. Local people are always superstitious about burials before their time."

"You are unusually partial to Slav superstitions, Sartlov."

The Magyar smiled. "I am partial to women."

The captain grunted and led the way back to the cottages, as if washing his hands of a bad business.

"Don't try to escape," Sartlov warned the Cossack.

Yarak hung back, in the plowed field. Paying no more attention to him, the officers headed for a table under the camouflage. On that table, gray soldiers were breaking out tins and curiously shaped bottles. They poured white liquid from these bottles into glasses, and the two gray officers drank quickly from the glasses. Beyond a doubt, Yarak thought, men did not drink water like that. He licked his lips and reflected.

Somewhere in the red haze the sun was setting. But a sentry at the edge of the field was watching him, and the sentry had a carbine. No two ways about it. Yarak, who had done no harm to these soldiers and who had told only the simple truth, was still a prisoner. Shambling back to the edge of the mound, being careful to keep in sight, he squatted down to think things over.

From this vantage point, he could dive down into the mound and recover his musket and ammunition. Only, then he would have to emerge again under fire from the carbines of the gray soldiers. That dog wouldn't bite. On the other hand, he could keep quiet where he was, hoping that they might forget about him, until after dark—

"Ayaa-hi-lahaa!"

The skin along the back of Yarak's neck moved of its own accord, and his nerves tingled. This soft, whispering herder's cry seemed to come from the ground behind him, and a woman's cry at that. Hastily, he glanced up at the stone *baba*.

"Don't move, blind ox!" said the voice.

ALREADY dusk was obscuring the gray walls of the cottages, and no living being was nearer than the motionless sentry who could not be expected to know a Tatar herder's cry.

"In here," the voice whispered. "In the grave place."

If she was down in the mound, Yarak reflected, she must be where his musket was. "Where are you from, girl? How did you get here?"

"Shut your mouth!" The voice quivered excitedly. "I crawled. If you are faithful to the Russian land, *don't* come in here!"

Yarak did not care at the moment about the Russian land. But he was mortally concerned about his musket. If these gray soldiers were going to shoot him through the guts, he intended to plug them instead. If a strange woman, who might or might not have anything to do with the stone *baba*, was down there with his musket, ordering him to keep out, the matter required careful thinking. "Listen, *dushenka*, did you see a musket there, by the bones?"

"No." The voice quickened hopefully: "Is there one, Uncle?"

Inwardly Yarak swore. It had been a mistake to mention the gun. But how was he to know? Luck certainly had been against him since he sighted the motor trucks.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "And what the devil are you doing in the grave?"

"I'm just Somebody, old comrade," explained the girl. "And I'm on a mission. *Don't* gab so loud!"

"Devil fly away with you!"

"Wait. Just for a couple of hours. Then it will be over—"

The sentry, either because he heard Yarak or because it was getting dark, was moving over to the Cossack. Yarak hesitated and decided that fate was against him. "Shut your noise," he whispered to the ground behind him.

Stopping by Yarak, the sentry jerked his head toward the cottages. *"Marsch!"* Slowly Yarak arose and marched.

No gleam of light showed at the table where the officers sat. The sergeant made Yarak sit against the house wall, and in that position he could smell the fragrance of the bottles. More than vodka—probably rum or kümmel. The Germans seemed to be waiting there,

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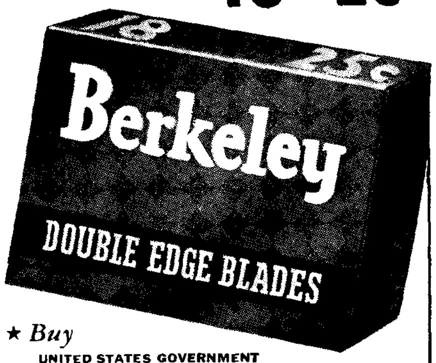

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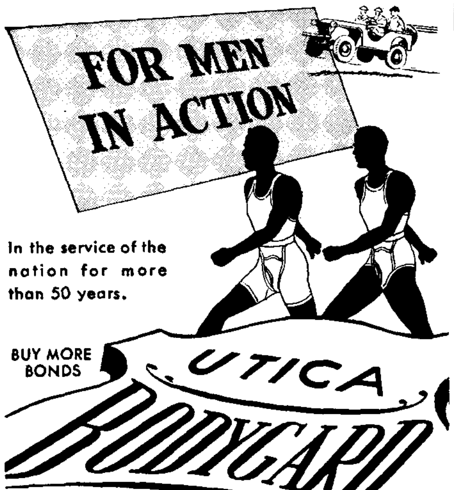

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with their tank cars put inside the houses, and only once did the younger one speak to Yarak.

"Is your woman up to anything, Russky?"

Yarak started, and then realized that the officers apparently had seen only the stone *baba*. "No, nothing," he muttered. "Only, keep away from the *kurgan*, or it will be bad for you."

"Superstition has been the curse of the Slavs. You accept fate, good or bad. It's your kismet—it's been like that ever since the first of your race emerged from the swamps that bred you. Indeed yes, Cossack, the Slavs, your remote forefathers used to run off into their swamps to escape an enemy—"

"That's a lie!" Yarak yelped.

His rage seemed to please the young officer. "It's an ethnological truth. How else did the English word slave come to be, unless from Slav? That's why you'll accept the rule of a master. You'll be better off so, old wolf."

Yarak did not agree with the young officer on this point. But he said nothing because at that moment he heard a confused rumbling down the road. The ground shook under him. Black shapes larger than buffalo appeared, hissing and grinding—a whole line of them. Under the camouflage they stopped close together, and men climbed out of their tops. Yarak, interested, recognized these black monsters as the tanks, which until then he had seen only afar along the roads.

Immediately the tanks began to refill with fuel from the waiting gasoline trucks. The Germans who had captured Yarak began to talk with the others who had come from the machines. Although it was full dark by then, with all the stars out, no one lighted even a cigarette.

Apparently the Cossack did not stir. Actually, he was edging himself closer to the table. Stretching out a long arm, he grasped a bottle, which turned out to be shaped like a dog. From this he drank quickly and silently, and set the bottle back in its place.

The liquor, more fiery than vodka, warmed Yarak's gullet.

His thoughts now began to grow urgent. His anger against the young officer who had said that he, Yarak, had been born in a swamp, increased. Into this anger intruded the German tanks, which —as he now understood—had been the cause of his present plight. Obviously the German officers had come to this village to refuel the black monsters.

"Eh, you are big enough," Yarak muttered, "but you are like the blind steers that have to be led along the roads. A horse is better, because if the road is lost the rider can let go the reins and the horse will find his way, even in a snowstorm. That's the truth—"

OFF in the field the sentry called out something, and the Cossack, glancing that way, became filled with misgiving. A faint light showed along the mound. A glow within the ground fell upon the figure of the stone woman. From beneath her, a spiral of smoke rose.

This phenomenon, Yarak knew, would lead to fresh trouble. And so it proved. The Germans on the road stopped talking. The sergeant grabbed Yarak's shoulder and hauled him up, striding toward the mound.

At first they could not find the source of the light. The Magyar officer came up and led them around the base of the *kurgan*.

Here, almost covered by the rank waist-high grass, a trench showed, extending into the *kurgan*. A little way along the trench, a fire of dry grass and sticks burned. The wind whipped the flames up and down.

Immediately the big sergeant ran into the trench, stamping out the fire. Then the Magyar lieutenant pushed Yarak into the trench. When they reached the smoking embers, the officer switched on an electric torch.

The Germans saw what Yarak feared they would see, the black opening of a tunnel where the trench ran underground into the *kurgan*.

"Old work," said Sartlov to the sergeant. "Looks more like an excavation than a bombproof."

He had seen such excavations of tumuli before, and he reasoned that if Russian archaeologists had supervised the digging, they would have tunneled in at the grave level rather than open up the whole of the mound. Pushing Yarak ahead of himself and the sergeant, he called down into the tunnel. No one answered.

"That fire," the sergeant said, "was lighted just about three minutes ago."

The Magyar considered, his bony face tense. And he smiled. "Old wolf," he said gently, "we'll have a look at your chum who lights a signal flare so promptly when the panzers arrive."

Yarak did not understand the officer well. But he caught the word *kunak*—chum—and he guessed a good bit. His thoughts were shifting very quickly around the musket he had hidden in the grave and the girl Somebody who was probably hiding there, as stupid as a fox.

"Look," he argued, "it's nobody but a woman in the *kurgan*—"

"I've heard lies aplenty in my time," said the officer, "but nothing to match yours."

Shoving the Cossack ahead of them, the Germans entered the tunnel and felt their way down the steps cut in the earth. Ahead of them, the officer flashed his beam. The sergeant drew out his pistol.

They found themselves in a cavern so low that Yarak had to stoop. Around them the earth walls showed no other entrance. A heap of bones lay on one side, and these Sartlov identified with a glance as human. Since they were blackened with fire, he guessed that the bodies laid in this tomb had been burned centuries before. Probably the excavators had removed any objects spared by the funeral pyre. Then he whistled softly, steadying the beam from the torch.

The light shone full upon Somebody, pressed against the earth wall. She was panting with fright, her slant Tatar eyes gleaming. She wore men's trousers, and her hair had been clipped short. One hand, tight-clenched, held something.

"What in the name of a thousand devils," demanded the officer, "is this?"

"The girl in the *kurgan*," growled Yarak.

He noticed that she was stiff with fright. When the officer questioned her, the only thing she would say was that her name was Atzai, a Tatar name. They made her open her hand and saw that she held only two matches.

"Why did you start that fire?" the officer asked for the dozenth time.

Atzai would not explain.

"Very well. You do not know, I suppose. Then, why are you sticking here in this grave, which is not exactly a recreation spot?"

THE sergeant, satisfied that only the girl was present in the cavern, put away his pistol and waited indifferently.

Atzai's eyes half closed and speech bubbled out of her: "Because I was afraid."

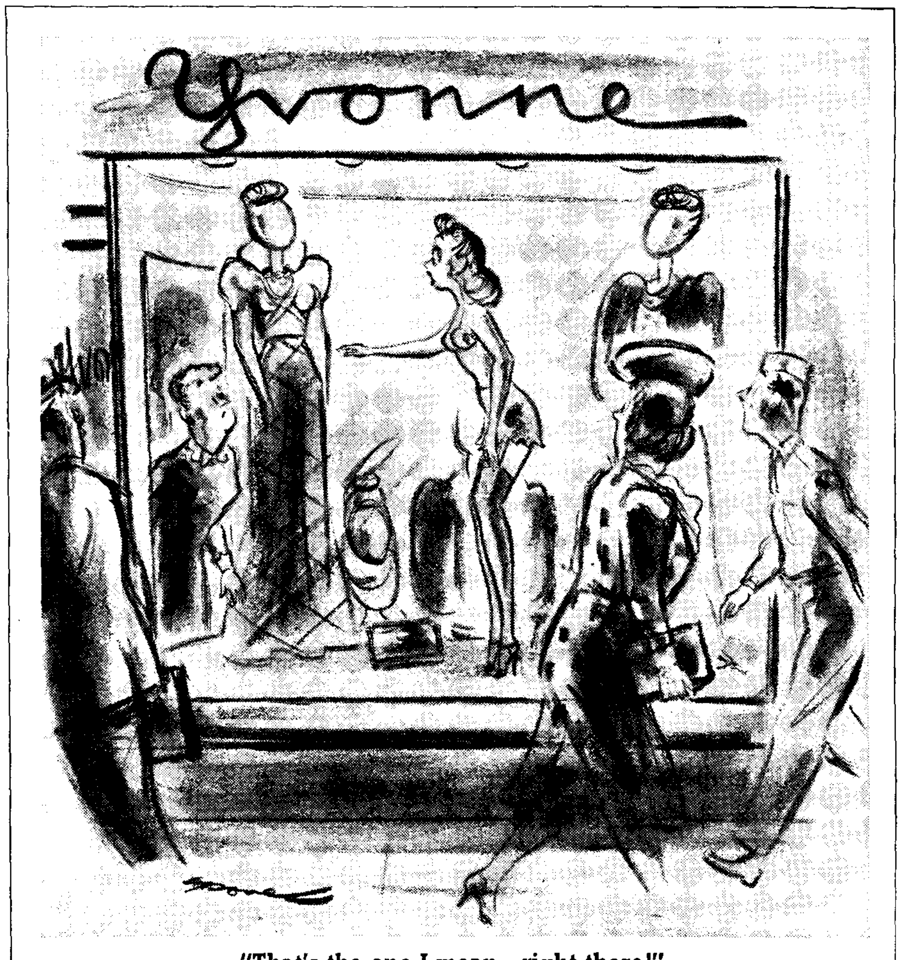
"Of what, pray?"

"Of you. Of all of them. The Fascists rape and kill."

The German considered her small face curiously. It was coated with dust and sweat, and yet if washed off, it would be handsome enough. Atzai's slim body did not seem to be more than fifteen years old. "We are not Fascisti," he said thoughtfully.

Yarak thought that the girl was lying. Yes, she was screening her eyes and playing a part. Scared of something—no doubt of that—but not of the officer.

"*Chelom, dobrodiou,*" he said to the officer. "The forehead to you, lord. Let her go. She has seen too much killing. Her mind isn't what it ought to be. Yes, that's how it is." He gained inspiration



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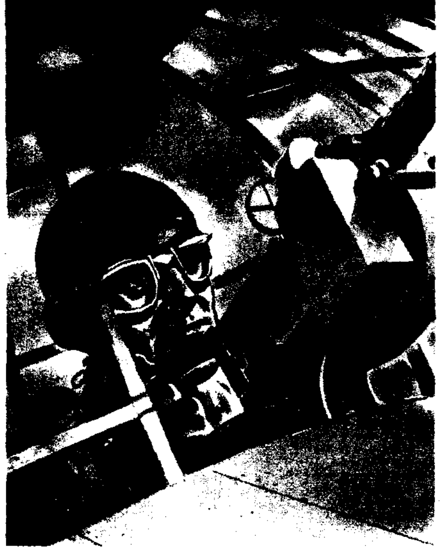

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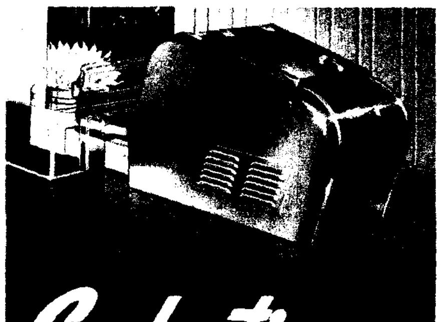

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as he harangued. "The little child is afraid of the dark—she lights fires—"

"Shut up!" The officer was frowning, piecing things together in his mind. "When I believe you, Cossack, my platoon will walk on water." He thrust the torch closer to Atzai's eyes. "So. You knew she was here. And you gave us that tale about the haunted *kurgan.* The spirits that come out after dark—"

For a second, a memory touched the Magyar . . . of the twilight hour and the castle of his homeland. Then he heard the planes.

It was the faintest droning sound, far off. But Atzai heard it and she gasped. She jumped from the wall, between the men, out of the beam of light, before the officer could get in her way. Toward the entrance she scurried.

THE sergeant shouted after her, reaching for her. The sudden rush touched off Yarak's nerves. Things were warming up. He hooked out his foot, tripping the sergeant.

When he moved, the lank Cossack moved quickly. He dived down behind the bones and came up with his musket. Lurching up, the sergeant found the barrel of the long weapon pointed at his stomach.

Hearing the hammer of the strange weapon click back, he peered at it in the half-glow. The beam of the officer's torch had followed the flying girl.

*"Het!"* yelped Yarak, his gray mustache bristling.

The Magyar took several seconds to study what was happening. He decided quickly enough not to move from where he was. Holding the torch motionless, he spoke sharply:

"Cossack, put that antique down. If it goes off, it will fire one bullet and it might hurt one of us. I grant you that. Whereupon our pistols would fill your carcass with holes. Can you understand that?"

His words came curt and crisp. As he talked, behind the light, his left hand was freeing the flap of his automatic pistol.

*"Tfu!"* Yarak spat and shouted, "you talk too much!"

The officer's hand closed on the butt of his pistol. "Besides," his voice went on, "there are two hundred men outside, who would cut the hide off you—"

Hot rage gripped Yarak and he swung the muzzle of the musket, jerking the trigger. The cap flashed, the gun thundered into Sartlov's face.

Heavy smoke rolled around the sergeant. The torch dropped, rolling along the dirt, and the sergeant could see nothing. Nor could he hear the Cossack.

He heard, however, strange sounds. A snapping and crackling outside the grave chamber, and men shouting, far off. Also, through the drifting smoke, a red glow lighted the entrance of the chamber. Freeing his pistol, he moved his head, to catch the Cossack's outline against the glow. The dense powder smoke stung his eyes.

Then something smashed against his jaw. Loose powder filled his nostrils and eyes. He swore, crouching, to wipe at his face.

Yarak, having thrown his loaded powder horn, felt that the grave chamber was becoming unsafe for him. Too much was happening for him to understand clearly. The grass was burning outside, and he ran back to the trench with his musket. Sheets of flame and smoke, twisted by the wind gusts, whipped over the trench, and he scrambled through on all fours.

He plunged out into the smoke and found men running up to the fire which crackled over the mound, from the trench. Waving his musket, his scalp smarting from sparks, he leaped away, running.

The Germans seemed to be too busy to pay any attention to him. With blankets and rifle butts they were beating at the fire. As Yarak ran, the glare of the fire grew brighter. In that wind, the dry grass went up with a roar. Yarak ran on to the first cover he could find, a pile of rocks. Here he flung himself down.

"Come on, Uncle," Atzai's voice called in his ear. "Come away, you blind ox."

"Not yet," panted Yarak, who wanted to see what was happening among the houses.

The Tatar girl pulled at his arm. She was lying there behind the rocks, biting her lips, pressing one fist against her chest. In that hand she still held one match.

"Don't you see? *They* aren't following," he explained to her.

The girl moaned with excitement. "Look up, Uncle," she gasped.

Up there, black shapes were passing across the stars. A whining came out of the air over the roaring of the planes. And then it happened.

Explosions ripped the village, flashing like lightning, sending dirt flying skyward. Yarak flattened down, stunned. Another line of bursts struck full over the blazing mound.

The Germans vanished from around the mound, in a mighty dust cloud. "Eh!" Yarak yelped. "The sky is shooting down."

The sky was exploding down on the village, where the stone walls melted, and dead branches and human bodies shot away like wisps of straw. The sky was tearing at the earth, around the lighted mound. And the girl, shivering beside him, was crying out. "It's our planes . . . they kept coming over the road at night . . . now they have a light to see the tanks. I thought they would come down if only they could see. I waited . . ."

Yarak remembered the lair where this schoolgirl had watched, hiding herself. From the black monsters crowded close together along the road, guns belched up at the shapes circling across the stars. Some of the tanks were moving away.

A bomb struck into a housetop, and flaming gasoline shot up. Bombs struck among the tanks, jerking them across the road so that they ground together. Then lines of tracer bullets flowed down from above, on the tangled clusters of mechanical monsters. The dust cloud, rising from the road, was lighted by the fiercely burning gasoline.

The Cossack was awed by this insensate fury of the sky. "The whole herd is trapped," he grunted.

Atzai was looking up at him, crying with excitement. He patted her shoulder. Had she not set the trap for the herd? "And *they* said we ran away to hide in swamps."

In the first lull in the bombing he made the girl run off toward her lair. He headed through the dust clouds into the village.

THE captain, hugging the ground beside a rubble of stones, lifted his head in the interval of quiet. It was unbelievably bad luck, this attack, which had been provided against with such care. Where had his lieutenant disappeared? How had the ancient grave mound become a lighted beacon at the time of the passing of the planes?

Over at that mound, smoke rose around the stone woman, like incense at the end of a ritual of burial. It was fantastic.

By the glare of the burning gasoline, the captain saw a wild figure flourishing a musket rush at the table. This figure grasped two bottles and vanished with a yell into the curtain of dust.

The captain did not know how he was going to put all this into his report.

THE END

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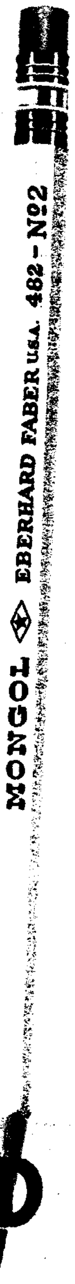

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A smiling giant—two hundred and eleven pounds of bone and fighting brawn—is Bruno Banducci who plays tackle for the highly regarded Stanford Indians this season

Poised to hurl one of his deadly forward passes—Frankie Sinkwich of the Georgia Bulldogs, one of the game's best passers

Big, fast, strong, and a deceptive runner is Bill Hillenbrand of Indiana. He's expected to better his 1941 record—which was A-1

With his helmet off, Captain Dick Wildung of Minnesota doesn't appear as formidable as he does when playing tackle in the Gophers' line

# PIGSKIN PROPHECIES

## By Grantland Rice

**It's no military secret that football has a part to play in the war—and is in for a bigger year than ever. Before placing your bets this fall, we advise looking over Grantland Rice's choices**

FOOTBALL, in the autumn of 1942, is on its way to the greatest year in its seventy-three-year history. This may seem strange in the midst of the worst war this spinning planet ever thought possible, with the destiny of 131,000,000 people directly involved. How does football fit in?

Well, there are three answers:

1. Football means physical and competitive fitness for half a million young Americans.
2. It's a help to national morale among both young and old.
3. It provides financial aid to every form of war service.

Football will no longer be a battle among bowl survivors for a national championship. This will be a year of the hardest tackling, the roughest blocking, the most daring offensive thrusts and the stoutest will-to-win the game has ever known. That's the report I get from Collier's All-America Advisory Board and from more than seventy coaches directing college, Service and professional teams,

Just after Pearl Harbor, there was a general feeling that all sports were facing a near collapse. Instead of any such debacle taking place, baseball, racing and golf, among other games, have proved more popular than ever. And the leader is sure to be football, which includes body contact, speed, power, durability and quick thinking under heavy pressure.

Those happen to be the ingredients that are badly needed now, and they constitute one of the reasons why football has the strong backing of the War Department.

What sort of football will we have during the next three months?

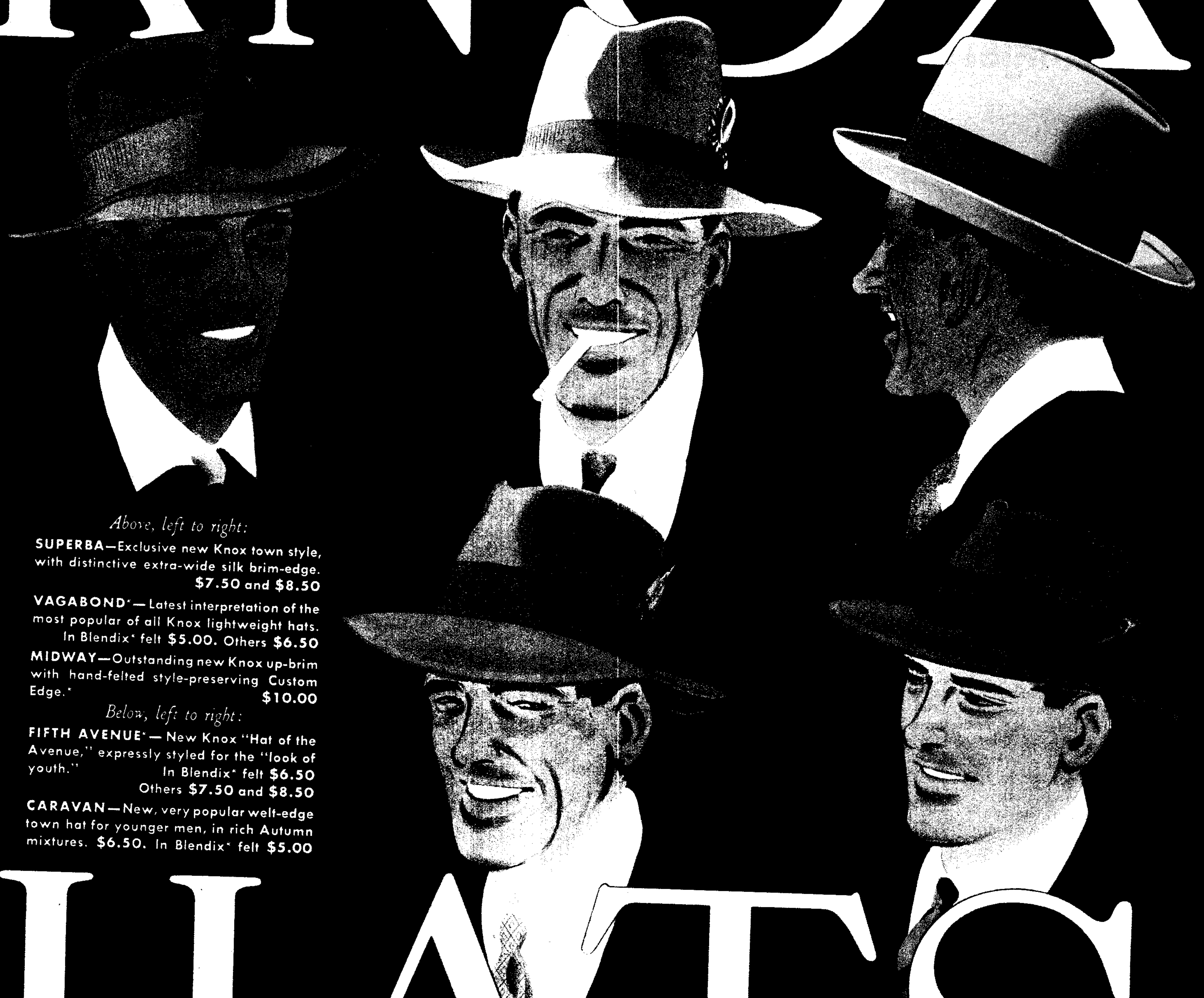
In checking from one ocean to another, from our Northern lakes to the Gulf, we find an array of strength that seemed impossible a few months ago, especially on the college side. In this preseason checkup, the Midwest is far in front.

Oddly enough, the Midwest, which includes the Big Nine teams and Notre Dame, will be fully as strong as it was a year ago, when Minnesota, Michigan, Notre Dame, Northwestern and others led the parade. The Midwest, in fact, will be tougher than reinforced rawhide.

Frank Leahy's Notre Dame squad should be one of the best in South Bend history. Minnesota will be close to her 1941 ranking. Fritz Crisler's Michigan team will be somewhat more than dangerous. "Bo" McMillin's Indiana outfit will take a big jump forward. Ohio State will be hard to beat. There is no other section that can match the Midwest in football strength.

In the first place, the Big Nine gets back Hillenbrand of Indiana, the best

# KNOX



*Above, left to right:*

**SUPERBA**—Exclusive new Knox town style, with distinctive extra-wide silk brim-edge. $7.50 and $8.50

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BY SOCONY-VACUUM

sophomore since Red Grange, the Galloping Ghost. Minnesota, with her usual manpower in the line, including the massive Wildung, has one of the best backfields of the year. Add Bill Daley, one of the best of all the backs.

Northwestern reports with Otto Graham, another 1941 sophomore star, who can run, pass and carry out a full assignment. You can ask Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin and Notre Dame about this fast, smart and rugged kid.

Michigan offers Tommy Kuzma and White, two of the best backs any gridiron will know. Wisconsin has Pat Harder, plus Elroy Hirsch and Rodney Liljequist. The Midwest is packed with football talent. From this early crow's-nest, Notre Dame and Minnesota are in the lead, with Michigan and Indiana not too far behind.

There will be another one of those Big Nine-Notre Dame campaigns that will match anything in the past. Frank Leahy needed a bruising fullback at Notre Dame last fall. He has the man he wants in the bulky person of Jerry Cowhig, some 210 pounds of driving force.

He also has fleet-footed Dippy Evans at one half and, more important, a quarterback by the name of Angelo Bertelli, who is a brilliant passer and perfect for the T formation which Leahy will use. The main basis of the T formation is fullback power, halfback speed, and quarterback passing and ball handling. Notre Dame has backs with all three of these merits.

Outside of the powerful Midwest, football's strength on the remainder of the map is fog-surrounded. In the East, Fordham will be strong, while Harvard, Cornell and Pennsylvania will be among the Ivy League's best. I have an idea that Pennsylvania won't be far from the League's top.

Navy has lost a two-year graduating squad and both "Red" Blaik and "Biff" Jones tell me that the Army is still shy of needed weight and power. At this early date, the East seems to be on the weaker side.

It's different when you swing South. Here's the one section that should come close to matching the Midwest. In Sinkwich of Georgia, Black of Mississippi State, and Cifers of Tennessee, the South offers three backs to challenge the best in the country.

Sinkwich alone is a backfield threat that would make any team dangerous. But Sinkwich won't be alone. There will also be Charlie Trippi, a crack sophomore, at left half.

Georgia is looking for an even stronger squad than the Red and Black of Athens knew last fall. And there was no better football team anywhere at the season's end.

### Deciding Southern Supremacy

Just behind Georgia, we have Alabama, Tennessee, Duke and Vanderbilt, with Tulane and L.S.U. threatening on either flank. These teams will all be on the stronger side. Vanderbilt has a star back in Jack Jenkins, 200 pounds of football dynamite. Jenkins is a fine blocker and ball carrier, a high-class pass receiver and, beyond this, he backs up the line. Jenkins can take his place with Sinkwich, Black and Cifers. You can add McDonald of Tulane to this list. The battle for Southern supremacy will be just as hot and steamy as the wild scramble which will take place in the Midwest.

Moving along to the Southwest, always a great football stronghold, the two teams that will be hardest to surround and capture are Texas and Texas A. & M.

The vast commonwealth of Texas has sent more than her share of football talent into the fighting services, but exceptional high-school talent coming up has plugged most of the gaps. Texas goes in for football on a major scale. The Aggies and the Longhorns now seem to be in a class apart, with Homer Norton's Aggies out in front. The other Southwestern colleges are well matched, with Rice having any shade of advantage.

The West Coast is football's deepest and darkest mystery. It would be no surprise to see "Buck" Shaw's Santa Clara team on top, but the Pacific Coast Conference championship could leave Doctor Einstein with funny noises ringing in his dome.

In the first place, with a tremendous coaching shift this season, the major part of it has been on the West Coast. Southern California, Stanford, St. Mary's, Oregon and Washington will all have new leaders, none of whom has yet had an outstanding team to his credit.

Jeff Cravath at Southern California has Jerry Whitney and Mickey McCardle, plus Captain Don Willer. Marchy Schwartz at Stanford, replacing two coaches, has a star back in Buck Fawcett. Stamm, Banducci and Taylor won't hurt him, either. But the great backfield that Clark Shaughnessy had at Stanford is wearing another harness.

Jimmy Phelan at St. Mary's has a top man in Johnny Podesto, a real triple threater. John Warren, the new coach at Oregon, has a good back in Tommy Roblin. "Babe" Hollingbery at Washington State finished with a strong team last fall and should be good again. Oregon State has a star fullback in Joe Day. California has a fine guard in Jack Herrero.

There will be no national championship this year, but if one had to forecast a final ranking, the leaders would certainly include Notre Dame, Minnesota, Georgia, Texas A. & M., Texas, Alabama, and possibly Michigan and Fordham.

In the same way, the list of outstanding stars is sure to contain such names as Hillenbrand of Indiana, Sinkwich of Georgia, Graham of Northwestern, Daley and Wildung of Minnesota, Jenkins of Vanderbilt, Cifers of Tennessee, Harder of Wisconsin, Black of Mississippi State, Bertelli of Notre Dame plus Evans and Cowhig, Reynolds of Auburn, and Rice of Tulane—to mention only a few.

Outside of certain college uncertainties, the biggest football mystery now concerns the four Naval Cadet teams at Georgia, North Carolina, Iowa and St. Mary's. Here you will find the best-conditioned athletes in the world, under the brilliant direction of Coaches Bierman, Crowley, Wolf and Barry.

Each of these cadet centers has a tough college schedule of ten games. In many cases, they will meet the pick of the campus flock. Many of the cadets will be football raw. They will come in for three months of bruising, battering work and then leave to start their flying duties at various airfields. To compensate for the swift-moving change of cadet personnel, arrangements have been made to have five officer instructors play in each game. In this way, every cadet will still have a chance to play. Important as these games will be, they will in no way interfere with the work being done.

### Football and Our War Program

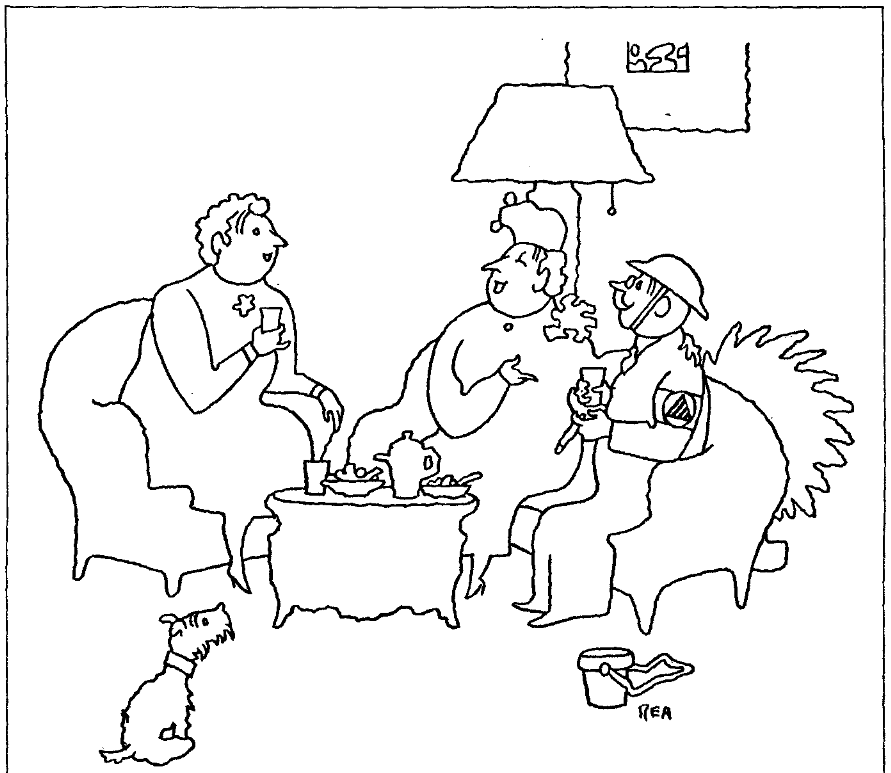
In addition to those of the four leading Naval Cadet teams, games will be scheduled for Preflight Schools at Jacksonville, Corpus Christi and other flying centers. This football program will unquestionably be one of the most exciting features of the season.

Football set another record for early starts with the formation of two powerful Army teams, coached by Colonel Bob Neyland and Major Wallace Wade. These Army teams began their campaigns in late August against professional opposition and continued through a sharp September schedule for the benefit of Army Relief. The eight pro teams have lost over a hundred stars to the war services, but they still have enough good men on hand to complete one of their best years.

You can see from this brief survey that football, as a vital part of the war program, will move into the most useful and interesting season it has ever known. You will also find that attendance figures at all accessible fields will more than keep pace. This is one game that belongs, above all others, to the grim program the country faces.

In addition to its financial war help and its annual thrills, by late November, football will have more than half a million young men far better fitted for the bigger game they have to face and win.

THE END



Collier's "Arthur saw his first crack of light tonight" GARDNER REA

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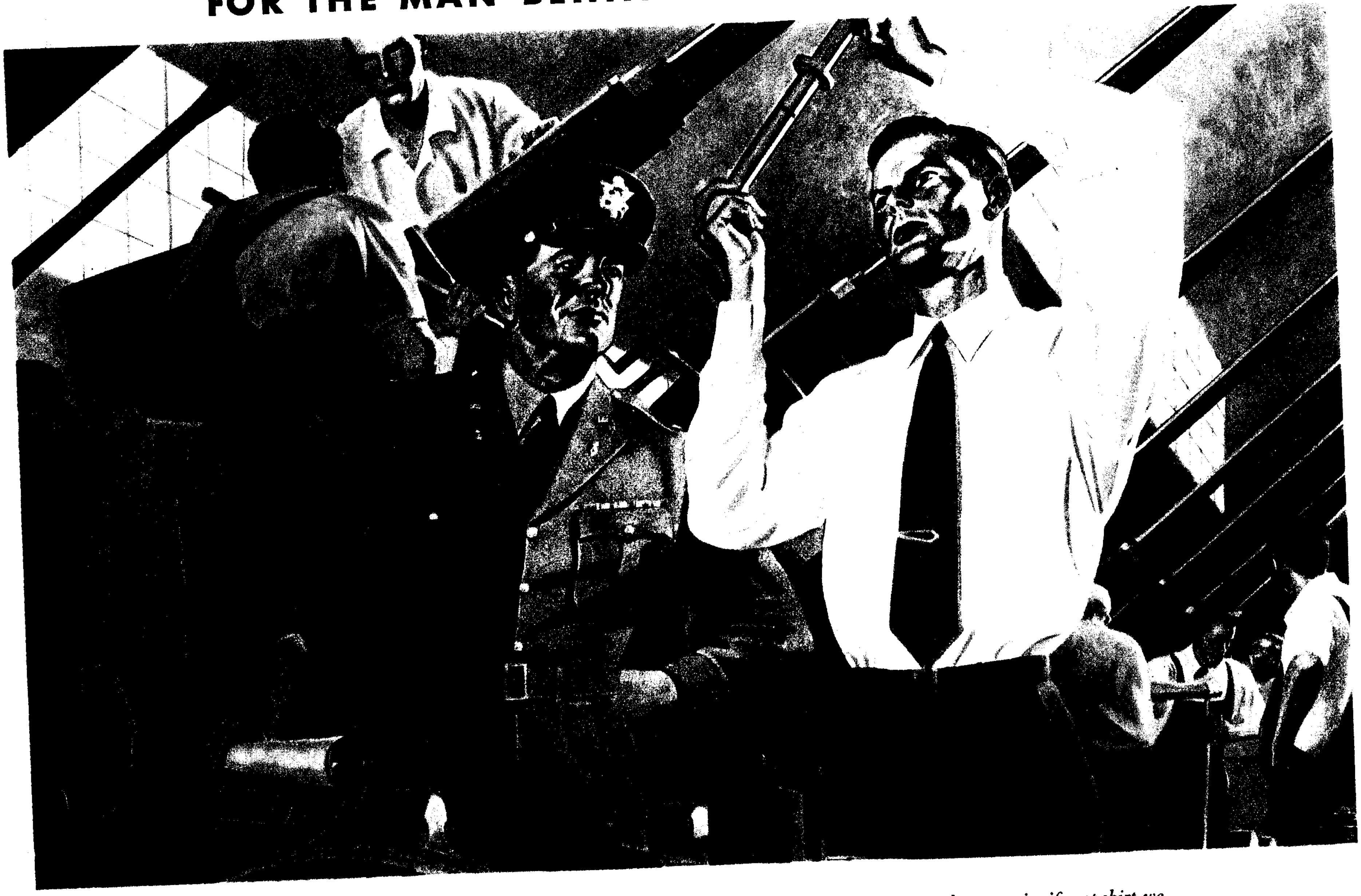

*The shirt Uncle Sam gives us is about the most significant shirt we can put on our backs today! And Phillips-Jones is proud to be making that shirt . . . along with America's great civilian shirt—the VAN HEUSEN.*

*Specifications as rigid as those in army shirts make VAN HEUSENS doubly important today for the working man behind the fighting man. Read VAN HEUSEN'S five MONEY'S-WORTH FEATURES below—they'll show you WHY "the man on a job" finds it smarter to buy VAN HEUSEN. And more patriotic, too—because he can use "shirt-replacement" money for War Bonds!*

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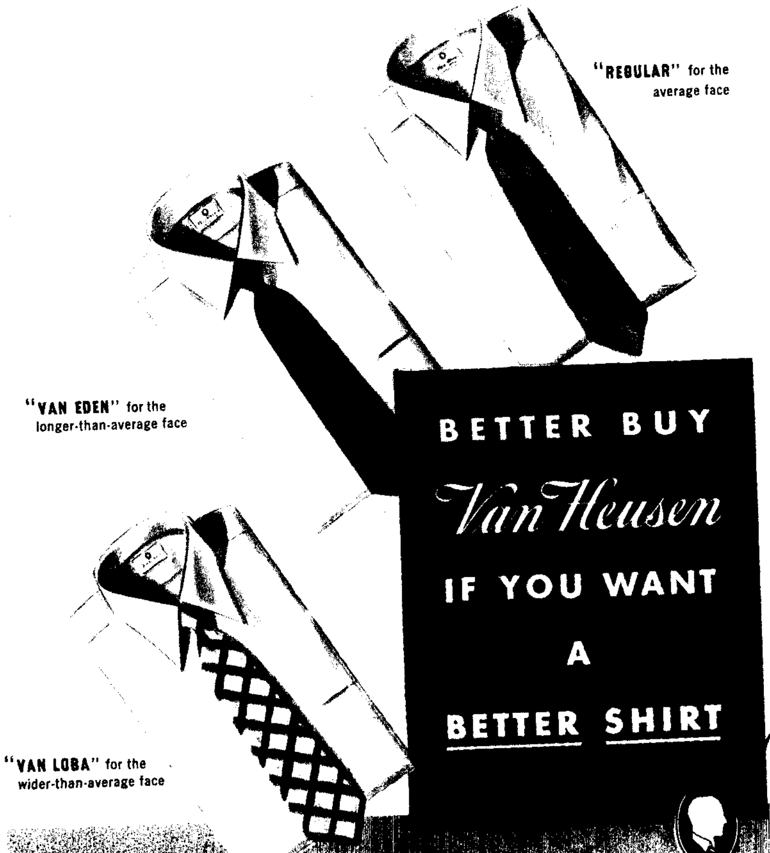
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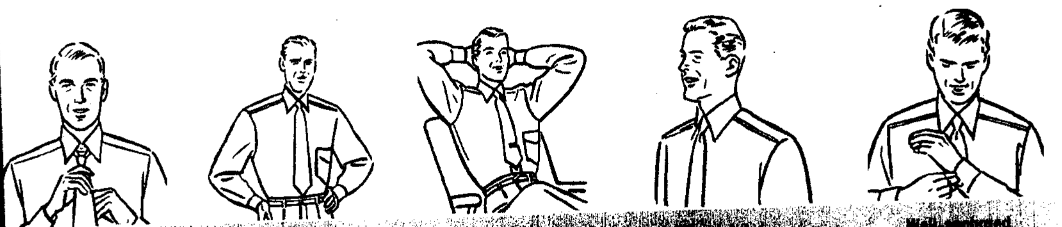

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# Are you going to live ON *the Country...* or FOR *the Country?*

*By* ROBERT M. BOWES, *President and Founder of the Bowes "Seal Fast" Corporation, Pioneer in Safe Tire Repairs*

WHEREVER you live, north, south, east, or west, bear in mind that your forefathers, under great handicaps and with tremendous sacrifice, literally carved our present civilization out of a wilderness. They had no rubber tires, no buses, no electric lights . . . in fact they had little except their "will to win". . . and . . . an ax. And . . . with that "will to win" and that ax . . . they started "Our American Way of Life."

★ *Now* we are facing a crossroads, here in America. We can sacrifice and bear down and get hard . . . and hold that American Way of Life . . . or . . . we can stay the "softies" that a lot of us have become . . . and lose that American Way of Life.

### ★ It's a Pure Case of "Sugar-Tit" versus "Whang-Leather"

The individual liberties of free men have never been founded nor kept alive on any other basis than "whang-leather" patriotism for free men's ideals. Free men who stay free are attuned to far bigger responsibilities than the mere matter of half-heartedly seeking their own economic needs. I know we have been told that our Government or somebody else should even shoulder that responsibility but now a far bigger responsibility has fallen into our laps in the form of the biggest, the ugliest, the toughest and the bloodiest war in all Humanity's history. The question is, are we going to be tough enough to meet it and its aftermath or are we going to be "sugar-tit?"

### ★ There's too Much "Sugar-Tit" Reasoning in This Country

Neither individually nor en masse does man ever accomplish anything of truly great consequence until he becomes psychologically attuned to the job. We have to get "mentally set" for accomplishment before we get into it physically. We must take the offensive in this dirty, bloody war, psychologically, now, *or else.*

### ★ Letting "George Do It" Won't Work

All over the world our fellow citizens are moving up to the line of battle—in Australia, at Midway, in Ireland, in Alaska, in Iceland. These men have made great sacrifices. They will make even greater sacrifices.

And . . . *we squawk* because we are rationed on tires . . . we squawk because sugar is rationed . . . we don't like it if they take the "club car" off a train.

### ★ We Have a Fight On Our Hands

It can't be won by those brave "guys" who are thousands of miles from home unless we back them up. They have to have guns, airplanes, ammunition, tanks, food, oil, and lots of other things. If they don't get all the things they need they will lose their lives and we will lose the war.

### ★ What Are You Going to Do About It?

There are a lot of things you CAN do. You can quit squawking. You can make the little sacrifices YOU are asked to make and look about you for other sacrifices you CAN make, which will help back up the boys who are doing the fighting. This is YOUR war—YOUR country . . .

### ★ GET TOUGH!

If you and I are not going to fight until our bruised knuckles drip red with blood, if we are either too old or too decrepit or too weak to tear barbarians apart, then it's up to us to lay cash on the barrel head for War Bonds so that "Hard Guys" can have something more to fight barbarians with than bare and bruised knuckles.

### ★ *Sacrifice — Give — Fight* — or Prepare to Lose the American Way of Life

Free men don't live *on* their Country. They never have—they never will. Free men live *for* their Country. They give and they fight and they die for their Country so that their freedom and their liberties may survive. And now we give and we fight and we die—or our liberties will die as dead as a dodo and become as extinct as the mastodon.

We have worried about the erosion of our Nation's soil . . . we should have worried more about the erosion of our Nation's character and our Nation's soul. Nations without character, nations without souls do not give and fight and die for individual liberties, for the freedom of man. *Now* every last one of us must enlist his character and his soul to give and fight and die or let our freedom and our liberties pass on into history.

So . . . come away from "sugar-tit" ideas of what the Country should do for *you.* Become imbued and impassioned with the old "whang-leather" patriotism that gives and fights and dies for individual liberties and for freedom . . . for American Citizenship and all that it implies and all that it ever has implied.

It's "sugar-tit" versus "whang-leather" . . . We succumb—or we give and we fight unto death that freedom for us and for posterity may live!

***Are YOU Going to Live ON the Country or FOR the Country?***

Bob Bowes INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

# An Apple for Eve

## By Kathleen Norris

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*The Story Thus Far:*

LITTLE Hugh Gurney wanders away from his grandfather's home, near Indian Hill, California, and becomes lost. Searching parties fail to find him. Then, a long time later, Al Harris, a hospital orderly, finds what appears to be the child's body; and a one-thousand-dollar reward is his.

Meanwhile, Hugh's mother has given birth to another child—a girl, who is christened Loveday. While Loveday is growing up, her grandfather—reputed to be wealthy—dies; and, to the amazement of everyone, no trace can be found of the old man's fortune—it has simply vanished!

The years pass. When Loveday is twenty—after her mother and grandmother, with whom she has always lived, have both died—she marries "Larry" Ingersoll, a sweet but rather futile young man. . . .

Among the young bride's friends are the St. Georges, of San Francisco: Mr. and Mrs. Warren St. George; their two sons, Rodney and "Chris" (who is in love with Loveday from the first moment he sees her); and their daughters, Fanny and Nini. While visiting them (before her marriage) she meets Dr. Marc Villard, who is supposed to be a Frenchman. But, comparing notes with "Villard," she finds, to her amazement, that he is neither Marc Villard nor a Frenchman—he is Hugh Gurney, Loveday's "dead" brother!

But what about the body Al Harris had found? All Loveday and her brother can learn is that little Hugh had been kidnaped, taken to France and there educated by a wealthy American woman, and brought back to America. . . .

Loveday bears her husband three children. After which, Larry—unable to find work, and jealous of Chris St. George (who calls on Loveday at every possible opportunity)—deserts his little family, to "enlist." And enlist he does—in the Canadian air service. . . .

Feeling sure that Harris can throw some light on the mystery of Hugh's disappearance, Hugh and Loveday find him, interrogate him. But they learn very little other than this: that Delia Dillon, once one of the Gurneys' servants, may be able to solve the mystery—or at least help solve it. Unfortunately, however, Delia has disappeared.

Chris calls on Loveday. They have a long, confidential talk. "If," Chris says, "the whole world weren't so full of divorce, if even we didn't have to accept it as our way of life, it would be different." He pauses, then adds: "You see, I love you so, my dear."

### IX

IT ISN'T what the world, or what anyone except myself would think," Loveday began with a little difficulty. "It's that—I have to live with myself, Chris. And I promised, and I am his wife, and there are my children."

"I know," Chris said. "I know." And for a while they were both silent. Chris moved a little, and put his arm about her shoulders.

"I want you to understand something," he presently began. "It is enough for me now to know that such a woman as you exists. It's enough to think about you, and now and then to see you, and come here and hear your voice. I don't care whether you're splitting apricots or spooning mush into Owen or rushing in and out of the kitchen with pans of biscuits—it's enough that you're here."

She settled her head against his shoulder; one hand lay in his hand.

"Loveday, life works itself out in queer ways sometimes. I'm not waiting for any man's shoes; I'm not going to distress you with claims and decisions. I only know that we belong together, that it would be one of the perfect marriages of all time. I'll wait," Chris said; "I'll be your friend until the time comes when you'll let me be something more. When you want me, I'll be ready. I'll live for the hour that gives me my wife—mine, in my arms, with all the days and the weeks ahead for ourselves. Some men live all their lives without as much joy as just thinking of that hour gives me."

She did not speak. He looked down and saw that her face was washed with tears.

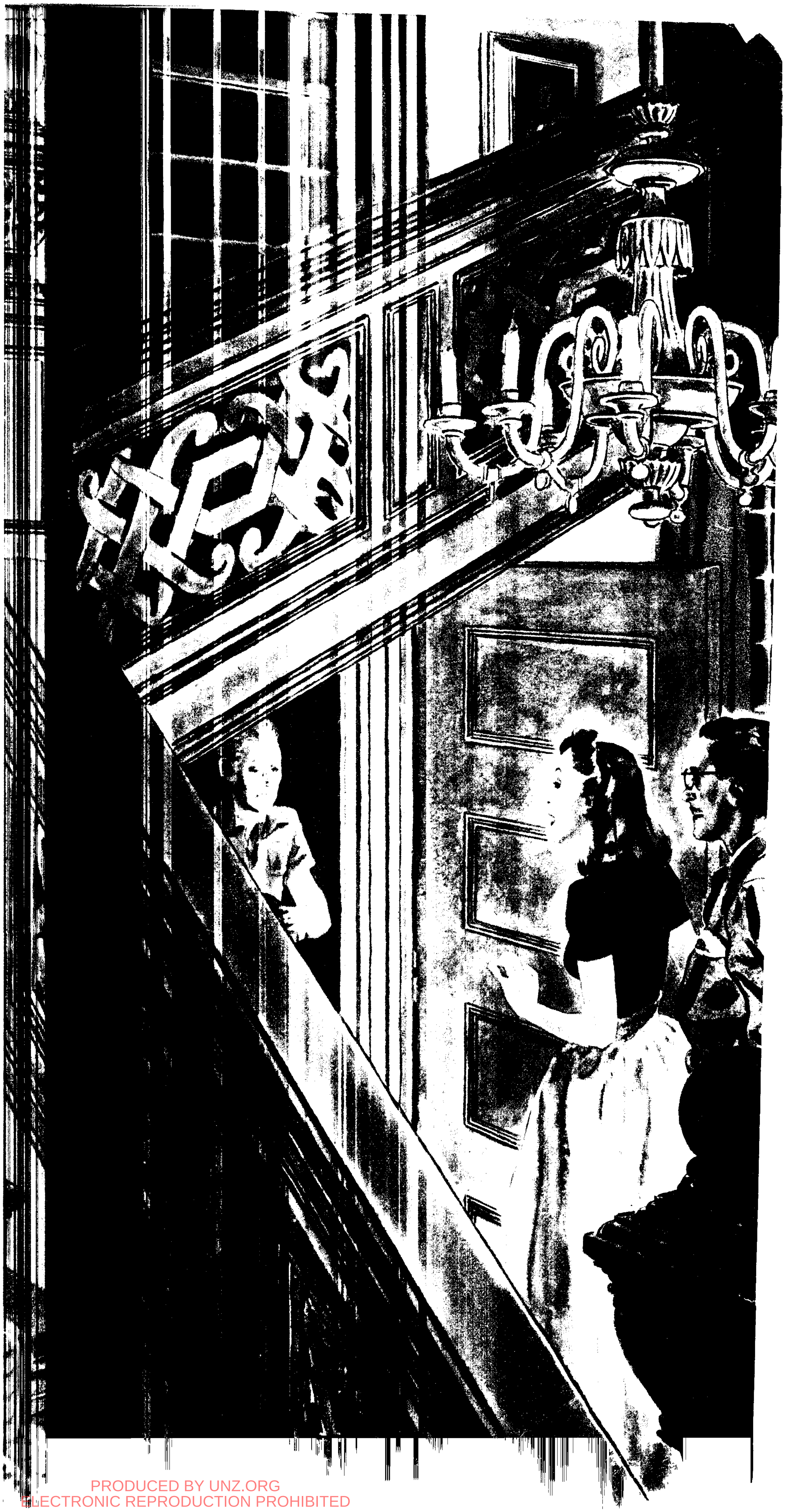
"You'd be happier if I went away—I must go tonight, anyway—and didn't talk about this any more, wouldn't you?" he asked.

She nodded her head, turning it so that her forehead brushed his lips.

"You—you're so kind," she whispered; "it's been so hard for me to think it out. And that's the way, of course."

(*Continued on page* 99)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



**Before Loveday could speak, Chris addressed the caller harshly, "Well, what do you want?"**

PEAK LOADS
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## Big Splash

Continued from page 13

Then she went down to the Los Angeles Athletic Club and put herself under the instruction of Aileen Allen, the coach. Miss Allen watched her in the pool for a few days and then talked to her.

"You'll be a national champion in four years," she prophesied.

"Oh, gee!" complained Esther. "Four *years!*"

She made it in two years, winning the national 100-meter free-style championship at Des Moines, with the temperature 126 in the sun, which was where they were swimming. She found swimming in national competition as strenuous as wrestling.

She swam later at Seattle and Miami, winning titles, and it was a great life, all but the training and the competition. Although her natural weight is around 125 pounds, she would be trained down to 115 for competition.

"You look like a wolf that swims," she says.

She had won a degree of fame from all this, and nobody seeing her pictures as a champion had shut the paper with disgust. The next move was a job as model at Magnin's in Los Angeles. This paid twenty-five iron ones a week, and she was happily strutting about showing her shape in sportswear and bathing suits when a call came from the fabulous Mr. Billy Rose. "Come over to the Ambassador immediately," said Mr. Rose.

He dragged her down to the Ambassador pool and shouted, "Do twelve of these, twelve of those, twelve of those others!"

That was enough to ruin a mule but Esther ended without taking a second breath, came before the great man, shook herself like a porpoise and waited for the oracle to speak.

"Okay," said Billy. "You got it. Forty a week. Report Monday."

She shook herself a bit more, preened herself to get the water out of her ears and said, "Mr. Rose, *really!* You shouldn't make jokes with little girls."

The negotiations that ensued were of classic proportions. Mr. Rose phoned and telegraphed, upping the ante each time by as much as a buck. He finally got it to $175 a week and the papers were signed. She stayed at the Aquacade for eight months, appearing four times a day and five times a day on week ends.

"I lived constantly in three feet of water," says Esther, "and wrote my mother long psychological letters."

### A Parting Gesture

Her associates in all this were the great Johnny Weissmuller and Morton Downey, the latter singing and not swimming. Conditions backstage were primitive. Esther, as the prima donna, was treated best. She had a dressing room that contained an Army cot, a mirror that would fit only in the smallest of pocketbooks, and no heat.

The beautiful Mr. Weissmuller added further to her troubles by pushing water so strenuously in her direction that she acquired a pretty case of sinus which still troubles her. When the Aquacade was over, she took off the Eleanor Holm costume, wrapped it neatly around a brick and threw it viciously into the pool. Then she and Mr. Weissmuller lifted Mr. Downey aloft and heaved him in. This gave them some sort of satisfaction.

During the period of the Aquacade, Esther was being worried by a certain Johnny Hyde, agent. He in turn brought up important executives from M-G-M. One Mr. Cummings talked to Esther like an aged family friend.

"Not interested," said Williams.

What they didn't know was that she was married to a young doctor, Leonard Kovner, and took the movie racket as just an extension of the Aquacade, which was rapidly impairing her faith in humanity. But Metro raised with regularity the figures in the offer, and finally the clan had a meeting and Esther became a movie minion.

The clincher was the technicolor film they are now promoting for her. The enthusiasm was great about it and then it waned. In the meantime Esther was being groomed. For eight months she took lessons in how to talk, how to dress, how to walk.

"All swimmers walk like seals," she explains. "Loose."

It got monotonous and she began to feel that after all she had made a mistake. She went to Mr. Sam Katz at the studio.

"Mr. Katz (*boo! boo!*), either put me in a picture (*boo! boo!*) or let me go home and have babies (*wah!*)."

The situation was strange because she had learned a great deal at San Francisco, and when she reached Culver City, she knew what she wanted. She had her own dressing room and maid. She was a personage on the lot, though she had never made a picture and in fact had only made one test, on a silent job. It was therefore startling when Clark Gable turned up at her dressing room one day.

"I've seen your picture, Esther," said Gable, "and I want to make a test with you."

"I've seen your pictures, too, Mr. Gable," said Esther, feeling that the words were a trifle unoriginal.

It was a good test, and then she heard that Mickey Rooney had been called in from a vacation to make another test with her. Mr. Rooney knows more about making pictures than most producers and he held her up admirably when the going got hard.

As is well known, the Hardy pictures are Metro's showcase for new girls. It was through this medium that Lana Turner, Donna Reed, Katherine Grayson, Pat Dane and Ann Rutherford were launched.

She finds Mr. Rooney a great actor, a highly amusing gentleman and an inspiration. When she swam under water examining the foundations of the tank preparatory to a scene in which she was to kiss Mr. Rooney beneath the waves, she got nothing for her effort but another busted eardrum, very painful.

"You could have kissed me up here with less distress," pointed out Mr. Rooney with good sense.

But the Williams girl doesn't go around kissing strange men, even actors, because she is joined in wedlock with the aforementioned physician, now an interne in Los Angeles County Hospital. They live near the institution and have as best friends her husband's brothers, also doctors.

### A Lesson for Male Swimmers

What other spare time was available was spent at Santa Monica, swimming. This pleasure has now been taken away by an ordinance declaring the section unfit because of pollution. She has never hinted that M-G-M may be behind this but it will ease the minds of Mr. L. B. Mayer and others to know that their property is not silently slumbering in the briny.

It will also be regarded kindly by certain manly swimmers who have met Esther just beyond the breakers and engaged her in contest. After the first mile, they are invariably fagged but determined. No woman is going to show them how to swim. At this point she engages them in discourse. "Are you all right?" she asks solicitously.

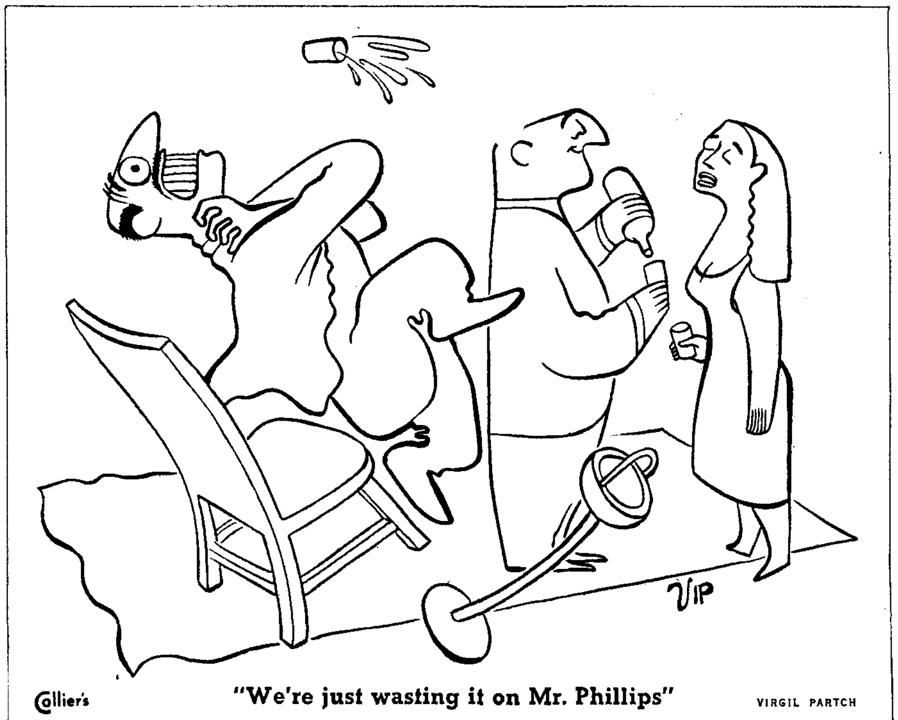
"Just go ahead and swim," they say grimly.

At the end of the second mile, she repeats the question in kindly fashion and gets no answer because they are conserving their last breaths. It is then that she awaits the next move, which soon comes.

"Help!" cry the gentlemen feebly, and she takes them over and begins towing them to shore like a log. She always makes a point of setting them down and putting them on their own just before they reach the breakers and before any busybody on shore can recognize the gentlemen's state.

"This is my definition of tact," says Miss Williams in a way which she does not mean to be tart. They're convinced at M-G-M that she'll be a great actress.

THE END



Collier's "We're just wasting it on Mr. Phillips" VIRGIL PARTCH

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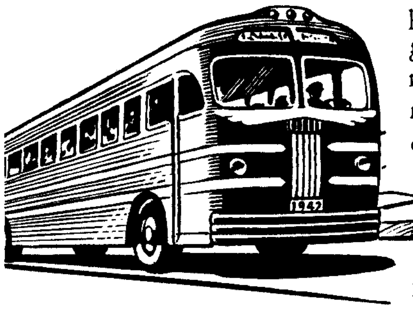

And everywhere buses go, they offer a ready, organized method of *sharing-the-ride*—multiplying by many times the passengers carried by each pound of rubber, each gallon of fuel.

Co-operating fully with the government and with each other, bus lines are doing the war-time job—to the utmost limits of tires, equipment and replacements available. But the enormous volume of war-time travel is taxing transportation facilities to capacity, and calls for the continued cheerful acceptance of minor inconveniences on the part of millions of bus riders. With this public co-operation, all essential civilian and military needs will be served.

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NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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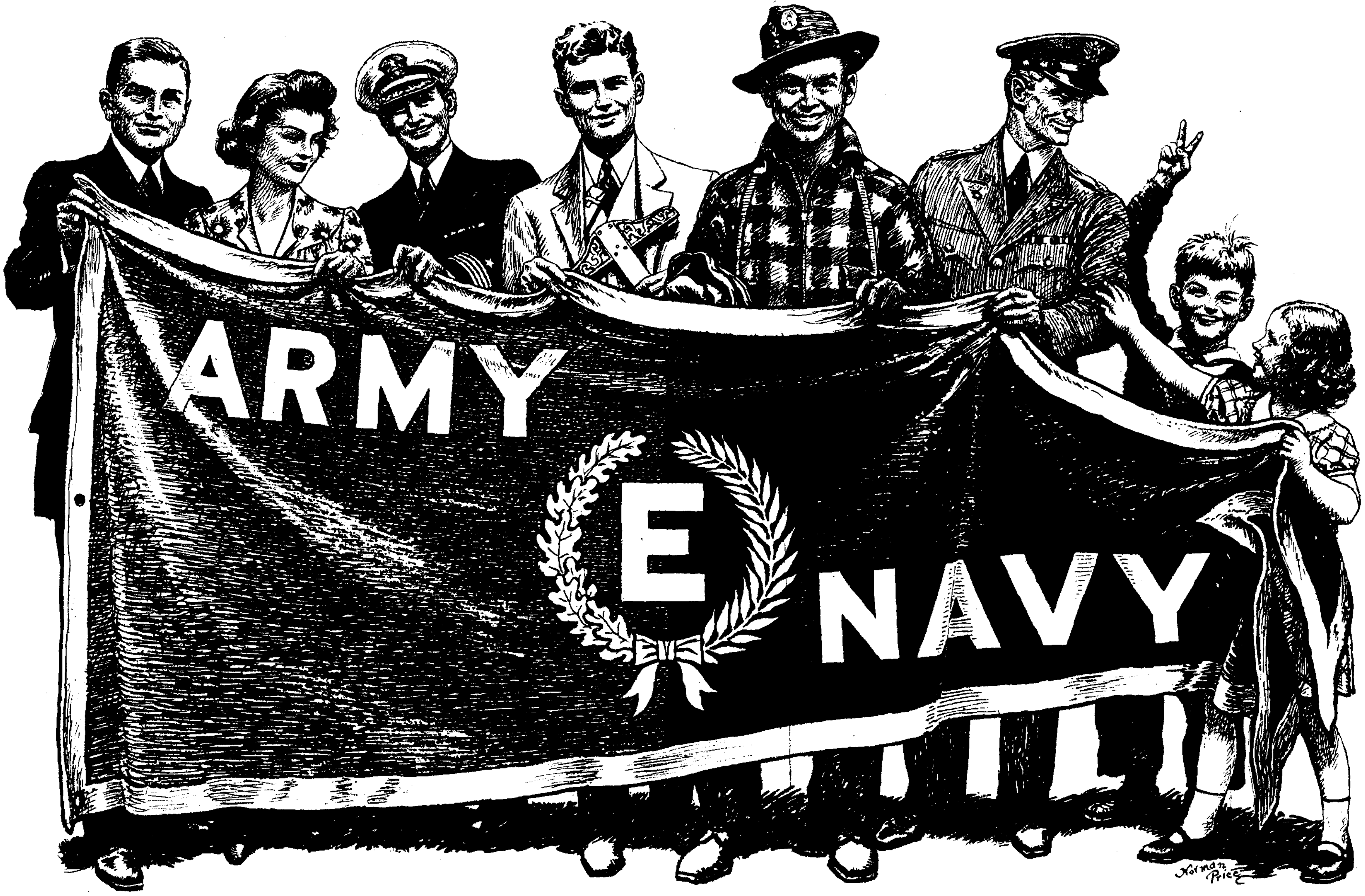

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## An Apple for Eve

Continued from page 95

"I'm not kind at all," he said. "I'm sitting here planning with diabolical cunning some way to hold you until a little time has gone by and you can see clearer. I wish it could be now, my dear; I wish we had both been free when we met. But we weren't, and the miracle is to have found each other at all."

"Ah, yes; that's the miracle!"

"I'm going to see you now and then, and I'm going to write you, and send you books and generally keep an eye on you," he told her. "But you're not to be distressed and upset. Larry is doing the fine thing, and you don't want to fail him. So that's the way we're going to leave it for the time being."

"I love you," she said gratefully.

"And you'll always believe that I love you, love every inch of you, and always will?" Chris asked.

"If you say so," she answered shakily.

"I do say so."

She raised her gray eyes to his, felt his arms about her, crushing her against him. "How could any woman help loving you?"

THESE were happy and exciting days. She had a strange, exhilarating feeling that she was only now coming into the true fullness of living. She thought neither of the past nor of the future; the glowing present sufficed. It was so good—good—good to be twenty-six, to have a thrilling, pliant, tireless body that loved every hour and every task of the day, to feel youth and strength and joy flowing through her.

Every night she drifted off to dreamless sleep hugging the precious knowledge to her heart that the real secret of this uprushing of wild exultation and joy in living lay in the fact that a certain open car, dark blue and lined and trimmed with bars of tan, might turn in at her gate at all hours and occasions, and Chris get out of it and come up the terrace steps calling for her.

What she happened to be doing at the moment of his arrival had no embarrassing significance for her now. She was never ashamed before him. He knew what her life was, and he thought no more of the varied occupations that filled her busy days than he did of the activities of the movieland beauties who were beggars, spies, adventuresses, vampires as the exigencies of their profession demanded.

So if Loveday was flushed and busy over kettles of simmering fruit in the kitchen, or blown and breathless as she pinned long lines of fresh, sweet, wet baby clothes to the back-yard wires, or with her car filled with children was about to start out for a shopping tour in the village, Chris very simply constituted himself an onlooker or participant as the case might be, and whatever it was they shared the hour together.

He gave her presents. At first she protested against accepting them, but after a while they seemed unimportant beside the depth of feeling that actuated him. He gave her writing paper and stamps to put on it, and a fine handkerchief, and then two dozen plainer ones because she told him that she never could possibly use a real lace one. He had given her her comfortable secondhand five-seated car. Did she like it? It wasn't new, he said without apology, but he knew she never would accept a new one.

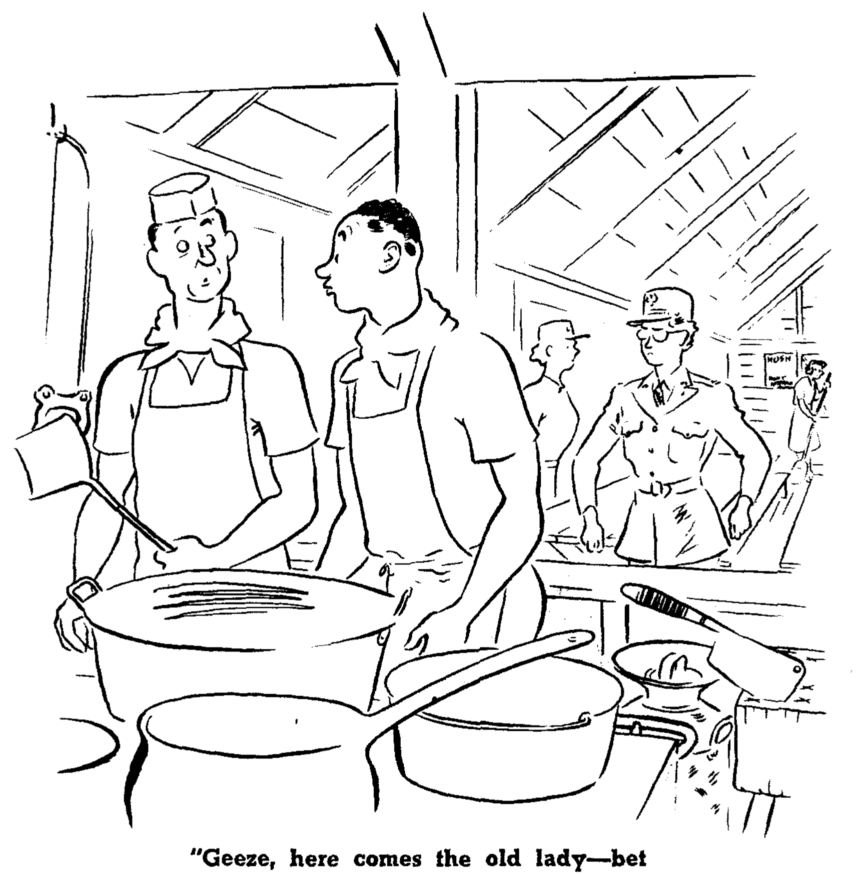
"You're to owe me one hundred dollars for this, Loveday, so that you can truthfully say that you are paying for it gradually, and that your brother picked it out. You did pick it out, didn't you, Hugh?"

"But good heavens, it must have cost a lot more than a hundred dollars!"

"Never you mind what it cost; you pay me ten dollars now and the rest at regular intervals, and keep calm."

"Hugh, would you? Ought I?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, it was my idea, and Chris of course picked it up and ran off with it," her brother had said. "I told him a month ago that I wanted, when I turned in my car, to get you one—that your depending on Bet-

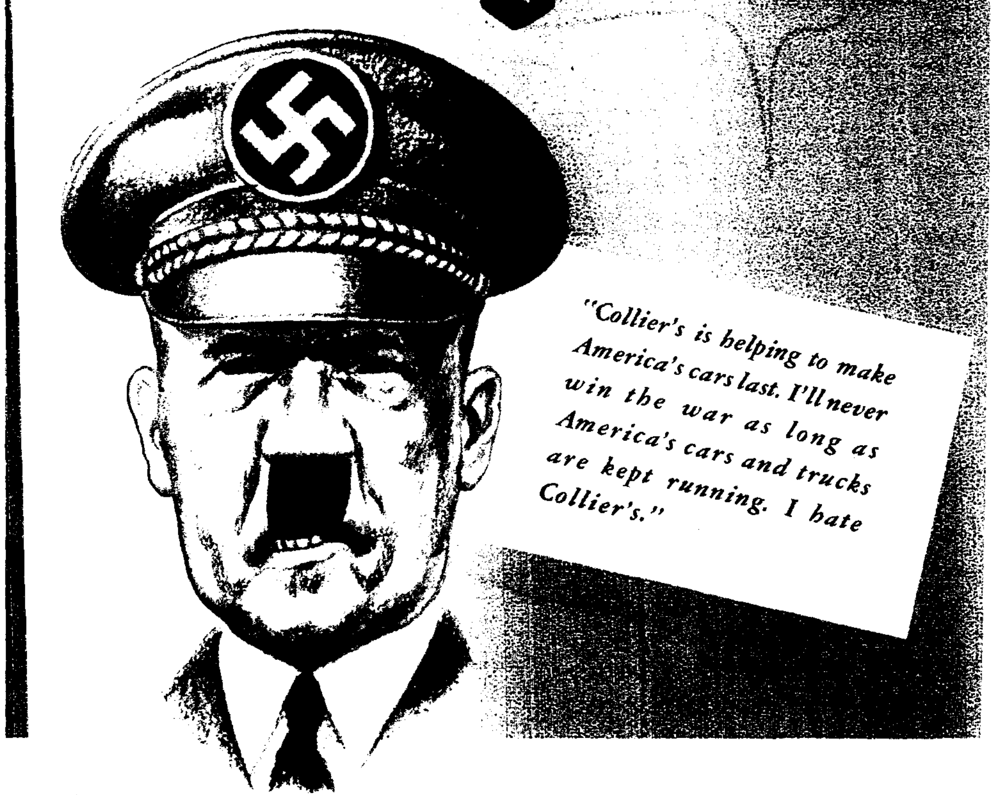


"Geeze, here comes the old lady—bet it's about that cheese soufflé last night"

GARRETT PRICE

Collier's

# I hate Collier's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THAT'S O.K. by us, Adolph. We don't like you, either. We're going to keep right on telling motorists to drive carefully, to stay under forty, to watch starts and stops.

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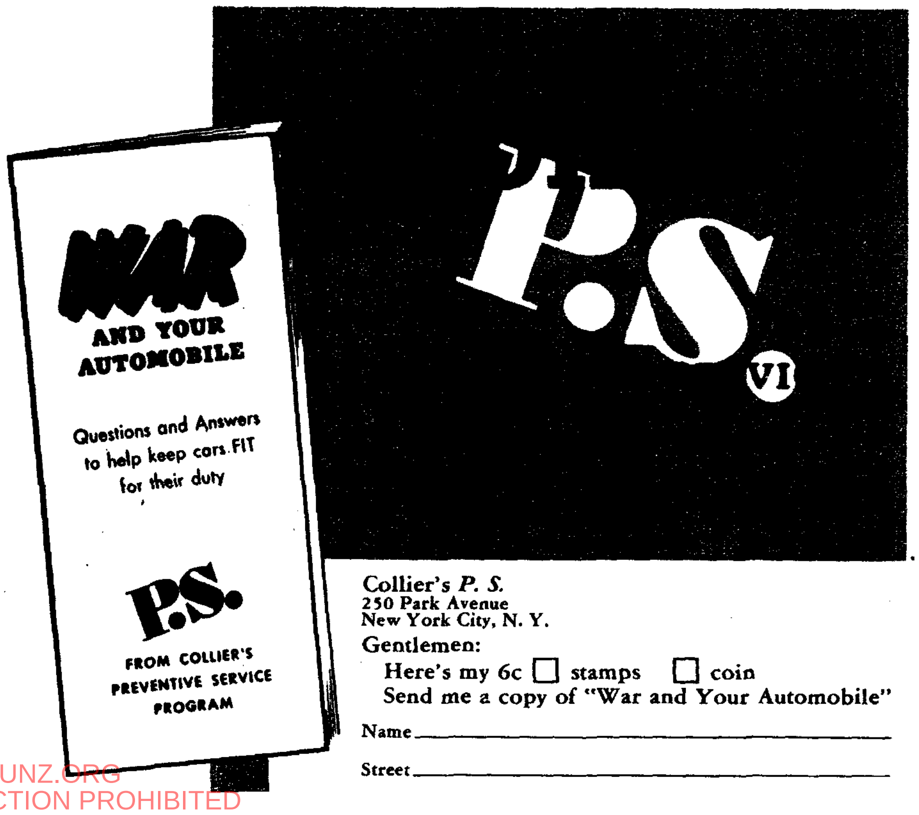
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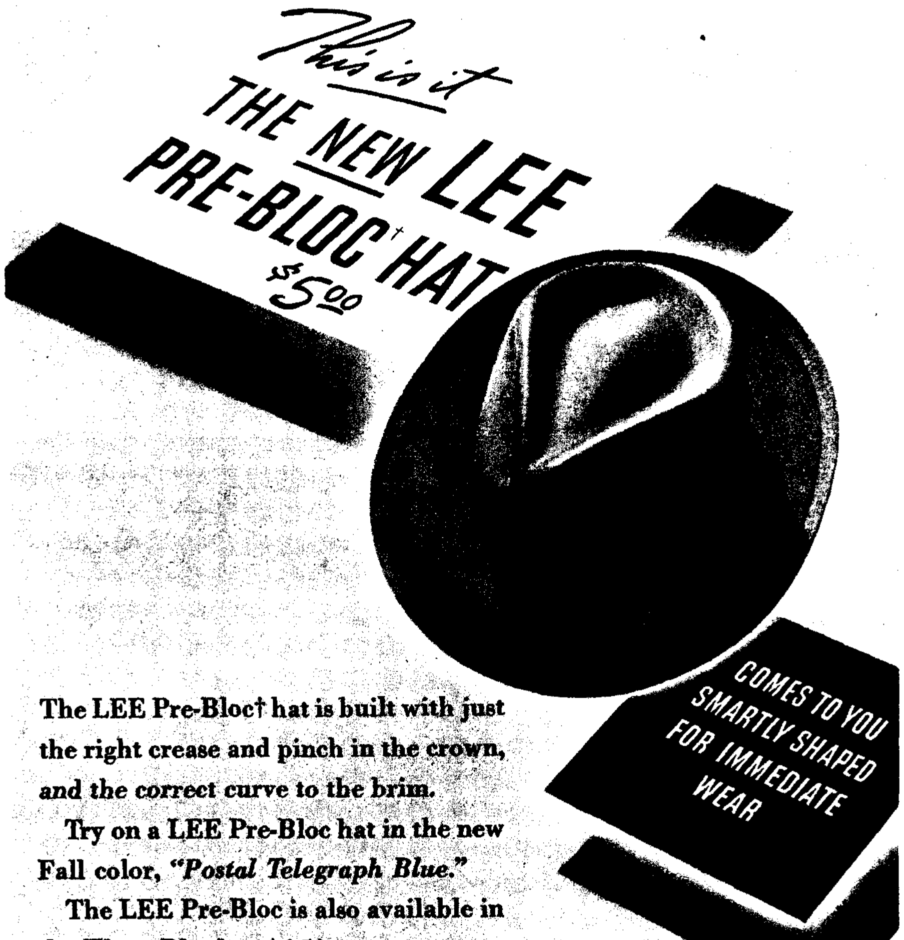
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tancourt wasn't safe in case of fire or an emergency."

"I have awakened in the night a hundred times smelling smoke and finding the telephone wires were burned," Loveday had confessed gaily in the car now testing its gears, "and mentally harnessing one of the Bettancourt horses and galloping for help with Owen in my arms and the girls behind me holding on for dear life!"

"Dad asked the other day when I was at home if you had a car," Chris had said. "He said, 'We must do something about that,' and I took him at his word."

"I'll tell you," Hugh had suggested, in his pleasant, reasonable way. "I'll pay Chris these monthly installments, and then, since we're going to be so scrupulously truthful about the whole matter, you can say that your brother arranged it for you."

"You all spoil me!" She had gotten out of the car, put her hand quite simply on Chris' shoulder and kissed him lightly, and then gone to Hugh to repeat the embrace. "I'm too happy!" she had said.

"If you can say you are happy when Larry has treated you so—so—has treated you as he has," Chris had said later when they were alone, "it says something for your disposition."

He had spoken lightly but she turned to him a face suddenly troubled.

"But you mustn't say that! It wasn't like that. I'd like it better—truly I would!—if you'd sometimes say—if you'd realize that I was terribly to blame for the way Larry felt."

"I LOVE you when you try to defend him," Chris said, "and I don't often make any comment because I hate to disturb you. But surely the facts speak for themselves."

"What speaks to me," she answered, "is that Larry wasn't important in his own house, and a man ought to be. It's a wife's job to see that he is."

"Even," Chris queried, "when he isn't?"

"Well, but he is. The man of the family, the children's father, *is* important."

"Not if he isn't important in his own eyes. If he feels inferiority, if he runs

# Cockpit Trouble

## By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

THIS job of training our future Army pilots is tricky enough at best; but when a youngster develops a case of cockpit trouble—goes into a mental ground-loop that messes up his whole flying—his instructor has to think fast in order to figure out the answer. "I remember one case last winter," an instructor in a Florida Primary School told us, "a British kid we were training for the R.A.F. A good pilot, but he was due to be washed out for chronic airsickness. He'd get sick just taxiing out to the strip. I had a hunch it was his mind, and not his stomach. I stayed awake nights trying to think how to help that kid. Then I saw an ad on the value of citrus fruit; and that gave me an idea."

The instructor reached for a cigarette.

"So I asked him if he'd ever tried lemon juice to settle his stomach. No? Hell, I told him, the lemon's the greatest discovery in modern medicine. Lemons cure dizziness; didn't he know that? Why, that fluid in your ear that gives you a sense of balance is mostly lemon juice. That's why they put lemon peel in Martinis, I said. Anyway, he fell for it; drank a pint of lemon juice at breakfast, and came out on the line full of hope. My heart sank, but I had to go through with it now. We taxied around the field a couple of times, and he signaled okay, so I took off. No stunts, though. I handled that ship like an egg; and everything went fine. Next day another lemon, another trip. This time we tried a couple of easy rolls, and I kept watching him in the mirror with one eye. He caught me looking at him once, and he winked at me. Mister, I wouldn't have taken a million dollars for that wink. That night he had me order him a whole crate of lemons from town; and when he passed his sixty-hour ride a week later, the check pilot told me he'd never seen anybody in his life who was as much at home in the air."

The instructor tapped his cigarette quickly on his thumbnail, stuck it between his lips, flicked a lighter into flame.

"Had a letter from him in London the other day. Seems he was part of that bunch that pasted Cologne. Said his lemons lasted him all the way there and back. He asked me to send him another crate of them right away. That makes six crates so far, and if this war doesn't get over pretty soon, I'll go broke. . . ."

## MISS DEMEANOR

THE Army Forces Interceptor Command operates in the Tampa (Fla.) area a filter station staffed by women volunteers and, aware that many women are hesitant about driving alone after dark, arranged with the sheriff's office for escorts. One of Tampa's better known matrons, going on duty at 1:15 A. M., the other morning, dialed her phone to ask that a car be sent for her.

"Sergeant Soanso speaking," came the acknowledgment.

"This is Mrs. Blank, of 1516 Blank Street. Please pick me up for filtering."

"Lady," the sergeant replied, "we've picked up women for everything except 'filtering.' What have you been doing?"

"Isn't this—ah—the sheriff's office?" asked Mrs. Blank weakly.

"No, lady," the sergeant told her wearily, "this is the Police Department."

---

away from the whole thing, he's the one that brands himself as weighed and found wanting. And I don't know," Chris went on thoughtfully, "that there's a crueler position for any man than to realize that the woman he has married is far his superior."

She said nothing more. They had been shepherding her children and the Fayre children down from the vineyard. The older ones had small pails in which much-squeezed and wilting wild blackberries were subsiding into juicy, purplish masses; Owen carried a brown egg carefully in his two cupped brown hands. His mother had two more fresh eggs with the soft brown feathers still curling about them in her sweater pocket. When Owen, who had eyes for nothing but the egg, stumbled and fell, she would have another egg ready for him.

"YOU think I'm not fair to Larry," Chris said, walking beside her. He was carrying a pail of grapes, and Loveday, her skirt turned up over a striped petticoat and pinned about her hips, her roll-top sweater lifting her firm brown chin, and a gypsy handkerchief tied about her gold-tipped hair, looked the very spirit of the vineyard with her wide, flat basket spilling over with purple, black, green and dull pink clusters.

"I don't know that it matters," she answered slowly, thinking it out, "that you're not fair to him. But I ought to be!"

"Which only proves," he countered gaily, "that you are one woman in a million. And you're mine! You make my life right; even if I'm kept away from you for two or three days, just the thought of you makes it right. My balance wheel."

"I like you to say it," she said, and it was with an unusual touch of compunction deep within her. It was right that she and Chris should love each other, but somehow it was all wrong that it must be on the basis of Larry's having failed, Larry's having practically forced her to find elsewhere what he did not and could not give her. "I wish," she added, half whimsically, "that I'd hear that Larry had met some perfectly fascinating woman with everything in the world to recommend her, and that he wanted me to let him get a divorce!"

"Larry did meet a perfectly fascinating woman with everything in the world to recommend her, and it wasn't enough!"

"How you twist things about to make me feel wonderful!"

"I want you to do something for me," Chris said.

"You know I will."

His eyebrows arched with the look of surprise that always made her pulses flutter, but he only said mildly:

"That's a large order, and I won't take advantage of it. What I want you to do is drive to Pebble Beach with me some day next week and let me show you the loveliest place in California."

"Oh, Chris, more than a hundred miles—" she began, hesitating.

"Two hours through beautiful country, talking all the way. Then lunch right by the sea, and a drive around Cypress Point; then I'll turn you over to the housekeeper at the club for a rest and a fresh-up before dinner, and then home in the moonlight."

"It sounds marvelous. But—no."

"Why 'but no'?"

"Well—I'd rather not—I think not," Loveday said haltingly.

"You must have some reason," he said, rationally, after a moment's pause.

"I have. It's just that I am neither one thing or another," she began somewhat uncertainly, with her color rising. "I mean—either I'm free, or I'm not free to go off for whole long days with a man who—who likes me, and whom I like—"

His smile was half quizzical, half amused.

"You do like me? That's something. But tell me why do you suddenly balk at an innocent thing like this?" he asked. "Is it that you don't trust me?"

"Trust you? About what?" Her clear eyes looked at him in surprise. "You mean I might think that you wouldn't bring me home from Pebble Beach? That's ridiculous!"

Chris flushed in his turn.

"What, then?"

"Well, that—I can't explain it exactly. I could perfectly well go off for the day; I would, if it were a necessity. Annie Lum doesn't mind keeping the children for a day. But—but when it's just fun, somehow I don't feel it's right."

"That's your Quaker ancestry," he observed.

"It may be. But if I wouldn't feel comfortable, Chris, I wouldn't have any fun," she reasoned.

"It makes me feel," he said after a moment, "that it's about time we stopped this."

"Stopped seeing each other?" she asked.

"No; I didn't mean that. Stopped the indefiniteness of it." Chris was seated on the terrace railing now; the children were rushing about in the dusk like small wild animals, making from cover to cover.

"How can it be anything but indefinite?"

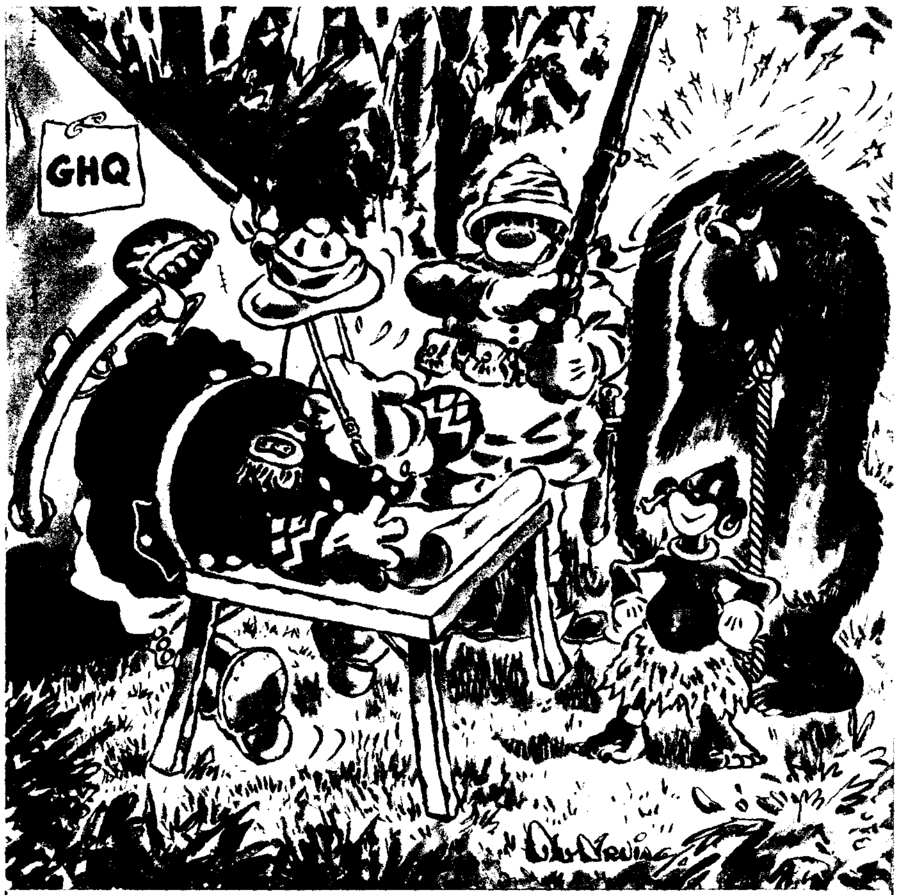
"By our ending it. By our deciding to go through with it, face the music." He lighted a cigarette and stared into space.

Loveday gathered the rioting children and herded them into the house for supper and baths. After their supper, and before she and Chris had theirs, she must take the small Fayres back to their mother at camp; Chris pulled on his big polo coat and drove the car. The twins climbed about on the seats, Loveday holding to an arm here and a leg there as occasion offered. Their steady chatter left no room for adult conversation.

WHEN they were home again and she had gone upstairs to put the children to bed, Chris lingered on. Annie Lum asked him if he was staying for dinner and he said yes. If Loveday felt any surprise about it she did not show it when she came down. The big heavily furnished old dining room was gloomy on the dark autumn evening. "But we'll have a fire in the library after dinner," she said as she came and went with the table furnishings, "and warm up."

Chris said little; he came to his place when she called him.

"This is not dinner, really. It's supper. Jam and biscuits always make a meal supper," Loveday announced; "when things come in courses, that's



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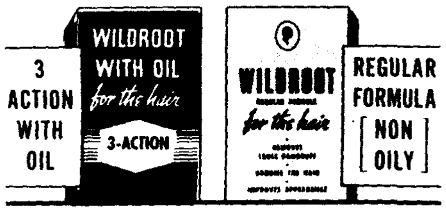
**WILDROOT**



dinner. But with everything on at once—you forgot the bacon, Annie Lum, it's in the little blue dish—with everything on the table, it's supper. I thought Hugh might come," she went on in the silence, "but he always sends a message by five, and there was no message while we were up at the mill."

"I wish we could have that first afternoon and that first talk up at the mill over again," Chris observed.

"That hot day, when there was such a lovely breeze up there? And then to come down and find Larry here, and the babies in an uproar," she remembered, smiling ruefully. "That was the day Larry first went away," she added seriously.

"We didn't have to make talk that day," he said gloomily.

"And are we making talk now?" Color rose brightly to her face. "We are," she thought; "what's the matter with us tonight?"

"I think it's made a great difference to you that you know how desperately I love you, what a complete fool I am about you," the man answered quietly, with a glance. "I think you like me less!"

"You don't think that you're the only fool, Chris?"

SHE got up and began to carry plates to the kitchen. Annie Lum padded in, knives and forks clattered. Chris sat where he was until the table was cleared and the doilies folded; then he followed Loveday into the library.

"I'm wondering how they kept those big London houses livable in the long winters with just this sort of thing," he said, kneeling to crumple newspapers, lay kindling, shake coal from the scuttle over the pyre and jiggle the flimsy black tin blower into place.

"Oh, but I've always loved these first fires before the furnace is started for the winter," Loveday, a smudge on her round brown cheek, said enthusiastically. Chris went to wash his hands; when he came back her own hands and her face were clean, and the fire was beginning to roar and crackle behind the tin shield. "There's a sort of satisfaction," she went on, "in doing things—producing results, yourself. Bringing milk in in a pail and hunting for eggs—"

"We *are* making talk," Chris said.

Loveday glanced at him; was silent, made uneasy by his mood.

"If I were only your husband now, if this were only our house!" he burst out suddenly. "I could—I'd stop going crazy! As it is, half the time I'm here I'm mad at you, mad at you because you go singing upstairs with those kids, and you fuss with bacon and you hunt up just the right jam, and all the time I can't get into your life, I don't belong! I'd rather be unhappy with you than happy anywhere else; there is nowhere else. I go away from here thinking that it'll last me a little while, thinking 'I've seen her and talked with her and there's nothing—there's nothing so extraordinary—'

" 'I no see nothing about that frog that is not like every other frog!' " Loveday supplied. "Chris," she said in a different, an affectionate and pleading tone, her chair near enough to his chair to permit her to stretch out a hand and touch his, "I know how you feel. But give me time. The miracle is that we've found each other, not that it's going to take time to work it all out. If we'd been free when we first met," she went on, as gripping her hand he turned his unhappy eyes toward her, "if there'd been no Merle and no Larry, we might—you and I—" She paused, looked at the now fiercely blazing coals. "I don't dare think of the life we might have built together," she said. "I don't mean knowing all the writers and taking the trips and living in the penthouse and having a fur coat to wear," Loveday went on. "I mean the companionship, the—the stimulus you always are to me—the excitement. All that," she ended rather shakily.

"When you talk like that, when you say things like what you just said at the end of dinner," Chris said, "then I think that you do love me, and I'm all smoothed down, and I'll wait as long as you make me wait! Only I do want to—to belong, somehow, and to have you belong to me. And your life seems so very complete without me!"

"But it isn't. Sometimes I think that it's you that makes it so thrilling," she said. "Your coming and your letters and presents make it seem like a part I'm playing. My own life never seemed so exciting, and that's because of you! Otherwise—otherwise I'd be just a woman whose husband is away, and who's running a ranch and raising children. But what—I forget—what did I say after dinner?"

"I said that I was a fool about you, and you said, 'Do you think you're the only fool?' When you give me a little taste of heaven like that it makes up for everything."

There was a low, shabby, fringed old red hassock near the fire; now with a quick touch of her foot she pushed it to his knee, and sat on it; she had put on an old taffeta dress, and its thin stiff folds settled like petals on the rug about her old silver slippers.

"If I could have you," Chris said, gathering her hands tightly in his, leaning far back in his chair with his eyes closed, "if you were once mine, the Larry question settled once and for all, everyone knowing, the world all shut away, and you in my arms!" he said in a whisper. "With your head on my shoulder, and waking to know that you were still there. Talking, planning, making friends—always together!"

"And why can't you believe that it will come out that way?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose because I want you so much! You see, I'll go away in a little while," he said, "and drive to Del Monte. And for the first few miles I'll be quite happy remembering you. But then in half an hour I'll begin wanting to see you again, just for five minutes—one minute. I'll look at all the gas stations I pass and think, 'There's a telephone there; I could hear her voice. I could ask her if she's all right, and hear her say, "Of course I am! I was reading in bed!" ' "

"And you think any woman alive is worth that?"

"I think one is." He gripped her chin with his fine, nervous fingers and raised her face, and they kissed each other.

"IF EVER you want to telephone, telephone," she said. "But you might hear something entirely different tonight, for our loathly friend Al Harris was hanging around today."

"Harris was? That's the weird old boy who claimed the reward?"

"Yes; he came slinking up while I was hanging out some clothes. It was such a dark foggy morning that I didn't see him until he was within three feet of me. He loomed up like a spook. He asked me if he could store some of his wife's things in the attic; he said he might be going away and he had nowhere to leave them. I said yes, of course, and then added brightly, having meant this from the beginning, that there was a nice dry little room over the meal room in the small barn, where an old hired man we had used to live, and he could take possession there and store anything he pleased. He didn't look a bit satisfied; he said that my grandmother used to let him go up in the attic, but I said—which is quite true—that Hugh and I are planning to divide off a four-room apartment on the second floor and we've locked the attic stairs.

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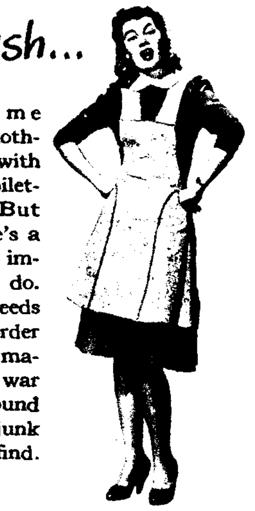

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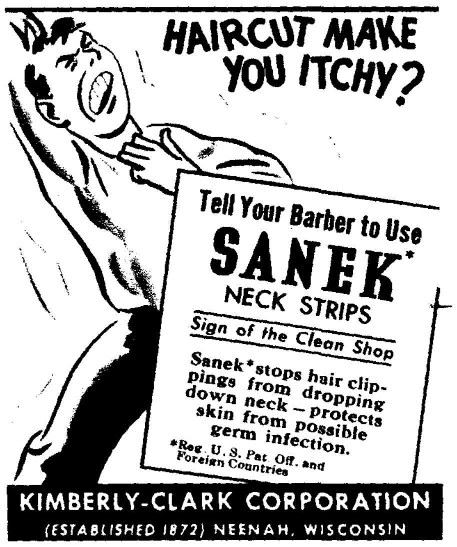

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"No; don't be afraid," Loveday broke off laughing, as Chris still looked serious "he's probably miles away by this time! He's haunted by the idea of Grandfather's money, and yet there isn't an inch of this entire place that hasn't been searched, and by experts too. They tapped floor boards and ran their hands into rafters and measured baseboards for weeks. They went over the garden with rods that showed whether the earth had been disturbed or not. I don't know what it cost my grandmother, but it was the Owen Hugh Gurney Hospital she was worried about, and she didn't care what it cost!"

"But do you lock doors here at night, Loveday?"

"Sometimes. I think it would scare me more to lock up than to leave things open."

"Gosh, I wish this phase was over!" He framed her face in his two hands. "I wish we'd never met."

"I wish I could hear of something nice happening to Larry," she observed whimsically. "Isn't it too bad," she added, "that not wishing a person any harm, and really feeling delighted if any good comes to him, you can still feel that he—he clutters up the picture so terribly? D'you know what we ought to do, and what we're going to do?" she asked with sudden decisiveness. "We're going to part tonight, and not see each other until I've seen Larry and talked it all over with him, and settled everything. It's just come to me that that's the only honorable way.

"My job is here and my children are here and I'm Mrs. Lawrence Ingersoll, and what's been worrying me, what's been making it all seem queer—neither one thing nor the other—is that you and I admit we love each other, and admit that it's all right for me to explain that to Larry and to make a change, and talk together, and—and hold hands," Loveday interrupted herself to say smilingly, looking at their four hands tightly clasped, "and yet," she went on, "when it comes to going off for a long day to Pebble Beach with you, I know that I ought not."

"But 'ought' is a word I don't recognize, Loveday. It's a coward's word."

"I recognize it. And I recognize that you can't go so far with certain things without going further. There's no harm in holding hands," she said, "at least, I suppose there isn't."

"And there's no harm in having dinner together and building a fire and sitting by it, nor in this." Chris tipped up her face and briefly, firmly, kissed her warm sweet mouth again. "Nor in this," he finished.

"Yes," she answered with a fluttered laugh, suddenly freeing her hands and getting to her feet, "I think perhaps there's harm in that. What's that?" she added suddenly, in a frightened voice, as the sound of a bell rang through the quiet house.

"Who'd that be?" Chris asked, also on his feet.

"There are lots of bells but nobody rings them. It's the front door, I think," she said, alarmed. "But who—at this hour—"

"After all, it isn't nine yet," Chris said.

THEY went out into the hall together. Loveday snapped up a light, and opened the front door to reveal the suspicious little wizened face of Al Harris, hung like a mask against the pitchy blackness beyond. Before she could speak, Chris addressed the caller harshly:

"Well, what do *you* want?"

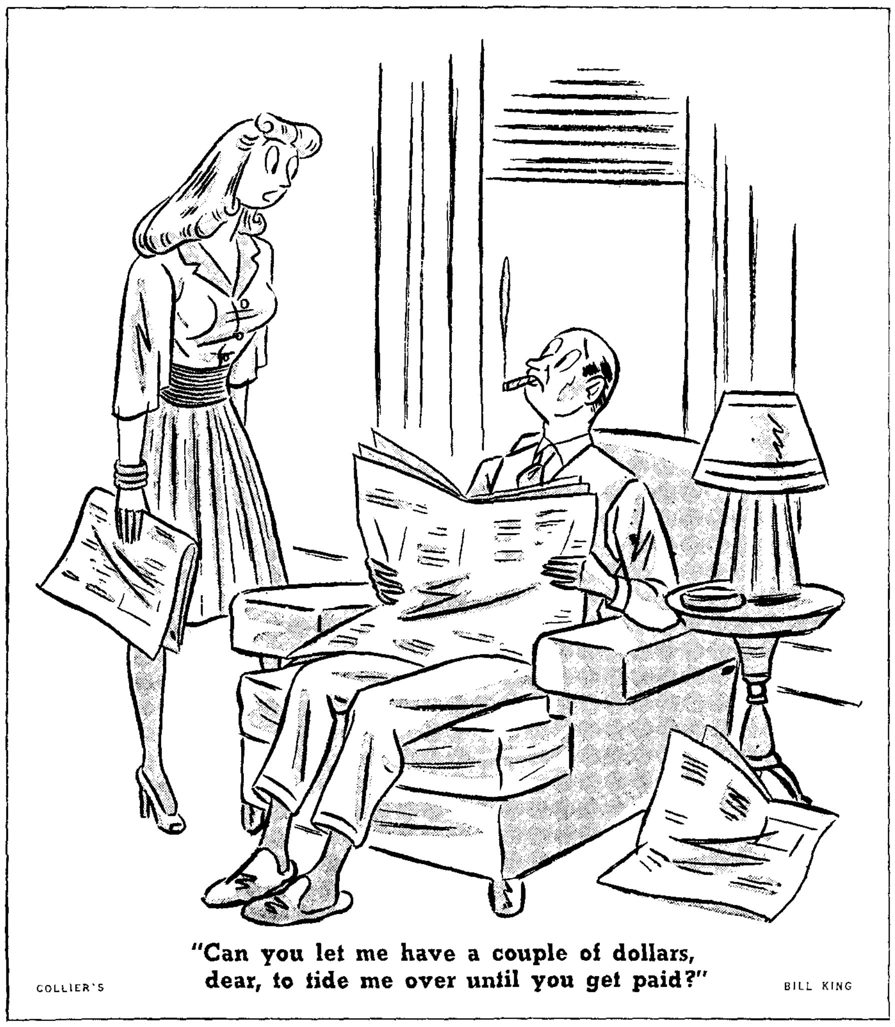
Harris looked at Chris in obvious confusion. He had expected evidently to find Loveday alone, or at all events in different company.

"I seen your light—" he began. Chris cut him short with another abrupt demand as to what he wanted. "I was wonderin' if maybe there was a key to that place up in the barn," Harris said.

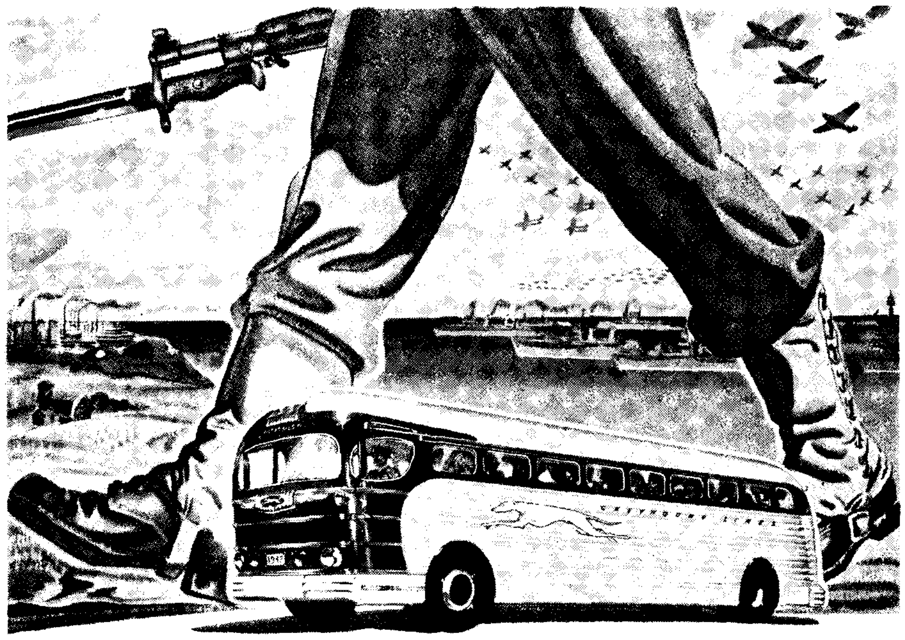
"Have you been up there ever since this morning?" Loveday asked. "I told you to put your stuff in there and go down with the Bettancourt boy when he went to the village at noon."

"They's an old bed in there," Harris explained, "and I went to sleep."

"Well, you get off the place now, and



**"Can you let me have a couple of dollars, dear, to tide me over until you get paid?"**



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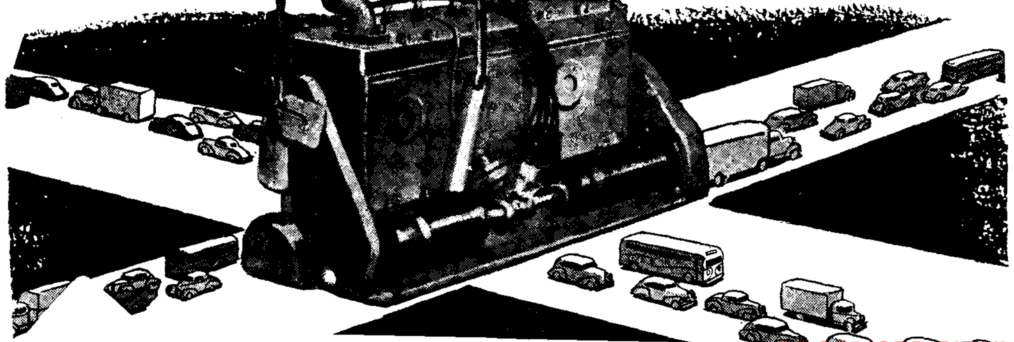


don't come around again," Chris said, "or you'll find your stuff and yourself out on the road. I don't propose to have Mrs. Ingersoll or the children bothered with you!"

"No use to make an enemy of him; he's not responsible," Loveday began warningly. "I don't see how you can possibly get to the village now, Al," she continued, "so you might as well go back to the barn and finish up the night. Unless," she added, on a sudden inspiration, "Mr. St. George will take you as far as Indian Hill when he goes."

"That's what I'll do," Chris agreed, but without satisfaction. "I'll be going soon," he told Harris, "and I'll toot my horn when I start. I suppose," he added discontentedly to Loveday when they had closed the door upon Harris' departing back, "I can get him so far tonight that he can't get back; I'll take care of that. But I don't like a sneak like that hanging around here."

"He's harmless enough," she told him.

But harmless or not Harris' arrival had proved an interruption to their fireside mood. They went back to the library, but only for a few moments' talk; Chris did not sit down again and Loveday did not ask him to.

Shortly after, she went out into the windy autumn darkness with Chris. The trees were bending and creaking restlessly; there would be a storm. "Winter at last," she said, "we've had such a beautiful long autumn!"

Chris touched his horn; the sound was blown away on a sudden swoop of the gale. He tried it again; no Harris appeared.

"He's probably gone back to the barn and gone to sleep," Loveday said. "I wouldn't give him another thought." She felt suddenly tired, out in the rough, soft wind that spoke of rain and storm. No moon, no stars were in sight; clouds tumbled darkly overhead, and the trees bowed and creaked. "I will lock up tonight, Chris," she said, smothering a yawn secretly under cover of the surrounding blackness; "and tomorrow I'll see that Bettancourt gets him off the place."

"No. I'll stay, in Hugh's room," Chris said with sudden decision. "I'd worry myself sick driving away from you with that halfwit on the loose somewhere. Let's go and build up the fire and finish the evening, and whenever you're sleepy I'll turn in in Hugh's room. Now don't be silly, Loveday, that's the only sensible thing to do!"

HER hair was wildly blown about and her cheeks glowing when they came back into the quiet of the lighted hall.

"I'm not being silly," she protested on a little laugh, "but it's just one of those perfectly sensible things that might be hard to explain, if ever one had to explain it!"

"Nonsense!" he said. "And don't fuss with your hair; it looks beautiful, blown about that way."

He built up the fire; she seated herself on the broad davenport that faced it and Chris, his exertions concluded and the fire roaring behind the blower, sat down somewhat breathless beside her.

"If you hadn't been here I would have been really frightened by Harris," she admitted thoughtfully. She was tired, she said, and Chris said he was tired too, but they sat on lazily in the warmth for a while, talking sometimes and sometimes silent, while the wild winds poured over the old house, high up in the dark. "The rooms upstairs are iceboxes, but we can't start the furnace now," she presently said, standing up, struggling with sleepiness and yawns. "It's after ten. I'm going up. I'll leave a light in Hugh's room."

"I'm coming." Chris rattled the poker in the grate fire, followed her as she went along extinguishing lights. He tried the front door. "He won't get in tonight anyway," he said.

In the big dim upper hallway she whispered not to wake the sleeping children.

"D'you want to be waked, Chris? Breakfast any time, but I'm always down early with the children."

"Better give me a call." He caught her toward him for a light kiss on her temple before closing his bedroom door.

Loveday went in to settle the baby off for the night, pulled warmer covers over the sprawling twins. Branches were crackling and tossing outside in the dark.

She went into her own room, loosening the heavy coronet of her braided hair. The dressing-table light made a little oasis in the gloom. Loveday turned to open her bed, stopped short, rooted to the spot.

The adjoining twin bed had an occupant. The covers were bunched up on a manner entirely familiar to her, outlining a long, hunched body. And on the pillow were visible an angle of hard brown cheek and chin and the untidy mop of Larry Ingersoll.

LARRY slept soundly through the night, hardly changing his position. But Loveday, if she slept at all, lost consciousness only for brief intervals. Her mind milled ceaselessly upon the conversation she must have in the morning with Larry. Over and over again she rehearsed the phrases with which she would try to prove to him that Chris' presence in the house was a mere chance; he had paid an afternoon call, he had stayed for dinner, and the threat of Harris' unexpected appearance had made it quite natural—had made it indeed necessary that he should stay overnight to protect the household from possible maniacal attack.

If she got this far without angry and incredulous interruption from Larry, she might of course explain that she and Chris had found each other, that she wanted to be free. But in her heart she had to admit that when a husband and father returned unexpectedly to his home to find his wife's acknowledged admirer domiciled there, almost any attitude he chose to take, however furious, was justified, and no argument or explanation on the part of the wife was particularly convincing. If Larry should pick up a gun and kill Chris, no jury would find him guilty.

No; in the eyes of the public she would be the guilty one, and she *was* the guilty one. She had not deceived even herself during these past weeks. Underneath the halcyon current that had borne her along on so pleasant a surface of usefulness, service, admiration and dreams had run clear and cold and swift the knowledge that she could not have her cake and eat it, too; she couldn't be the merry, efficient, good mother and wife she seemed—with Hugh and the children and Annie Lum and her old farm for an environment—and yet maintain on the side in perfect control and dignity and within conventional lines, an intimate friendship with a man as dangerous, as dynamic, as well-known as Chris St. George.

The cheapness, the falseness of it reached her consciousness for the first time in its full strength tonight. She writhed under the scorching touch of shame.

"I assure you, Larry, that this was the very first time—"

Oh, no; she couldn't begin that garrulous, eager type of defense. Much better to say nothing, make no explanation. But then she couldn't have him think—

But what else could he think? He had thought enough of the situation evidently not to make his presence known to herself and Chris last night. How had he gotten in without their hearing him, and at what moment?

And Loveday reviewed every hour, every minute of the preceding evening, her face burning as she went from episode to episode. Chris and she had dined alone in the big cold dining room, and afterward had moved in to the library, where they had lighted a fire. Then they had talked, herself on a hassock at Chris' knee. Had Larry come in unheard at that particular moment, or at the following one when Chris had tipped up her chin and kissed her? Had he been standing in the dark hall looking in then?

Then Harris had rung the bell to prefer his ridiculous request for a key to the old barn chamber. That hadn't been what he wanted obviously; he had probably wanted to ask to search the attic once more. She and Chris had gone out on the drive; there hadn't been any sign of Larry's arrival then, no car, no lights. But perhaps he had a taxi bring him up from Indian Hill?

Chris had honked his horn to signal Harris, but Harris had not appeared. Well, if Larry had been an unseen witness to that scene at least he knew how little prearrangement there had been for Chris staying overnight! Chris had said that he could not possibly leave her and the children to face any further unpleasantness from Harris and that he'd sleep in Hugh's room. "Good heavens, why not?" Loveday asked herself, tossing and turning in the long, restless night.

TOWARD morning she must have fallen asleep, for the alarm at half past six awakened her as usual. Instantly full recollection rushed back; she silenced the clock instinctively, looked fearfully toward the neighboring bed. Larry did not awaken. He muttered something, gathered the covers closer about him, hunched himself deeper into bed. Loveday dressed noiselessly—anything to defer the hour of encountering his anger—and slipped from the room.

With the children she allowed herself all the usual commotion. It had a good, safe, domestic sound. Their awakening weeping and laughter, tumbles and bumped heads, splashing of water, the shouts over lost sandals and warnings about sweaters went on unchecked. On a sudden inspiration she sent the twins in to "wake Daddy."

"Daddy says he wants to sleep!" Martha and Betsey shouted, returning to seat themselves on the top stair and descend to the hall by a series of bumps, and to enter the kitchen in an uproar for breakfast. Loveday tapped on Chris' door. "Half past seven, Chris!" and hoped that no one but herself heard him say "Oh, thanks, Loveday!"

His being here was in every way complicating on this particular morning; last night's deep thrill had gone out of the adventure. Loveday was nervous, including even herself and him in a general sense of resentment. Even apart from the graver aspects of the situation, it had meant leaving the bathroom in spotless order, finding the right towels and soap, setting the table for a formal breakfast.

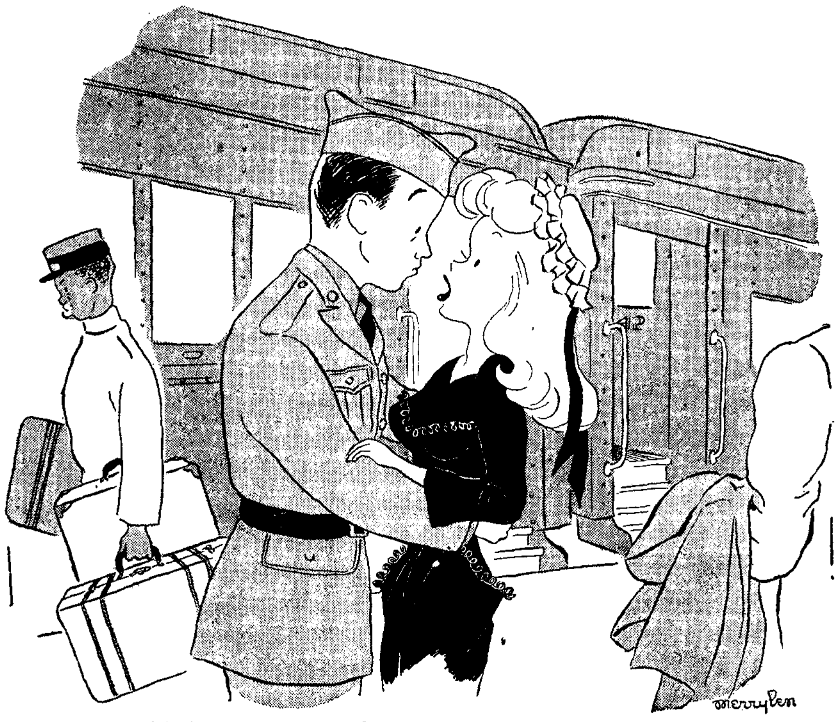
It was cold and windy outside this morning; the terrace was deep in blown leaves and twigs; there was sunshine only in fitful cold flashes; October would go out on a rainstorm. Breakfast must be indoors, and could not this morning be only a casual meal on an end of the table for Loveday, in leisurely enjoyment of the percolator and the toaster and the newspaper while the children wandered about setting bowls on chairs and being regaled with toast and jam from Mother's own plate. No; today's meal meant fresh doilies and the cream pitcher and plates and spoons and glasses all around, clean bibs and clean faces, and warning Annie Lum not to put the eggs to boil until the men were actually downstairs. And today's weather meant that the children would not be allowed to rush forth into the autumn sunshine unescorted; rain was already spattering down in erratic gusts; any outing they had today must be carefully managed with raincoats and rubbers.

Facing all these difficulties, Loveday felt a great weariness; the annoyance of the little obligations dulling her apprehension even of the crisis ahead.

Chris presently ran downstairs with no undue precautions as to silence. As Loveday set his long glass of chilled fruit juice before him he greeted her cheerfully: "No excitements in the night? But I'd make pretty sure today, if I were you, where Harris is."

"No excitements. No excitements," she agreed cheerfully, sitting down to her own meal, after lifting Owen from his seat on the dictionary that raised him to table level, "but Larry's home."

*(To be continued next week)*



**"When your friends at camp come to town on furlough, tell them to be sure and look me up"**

COLLIER'S MERRYLEN TOWNSEND

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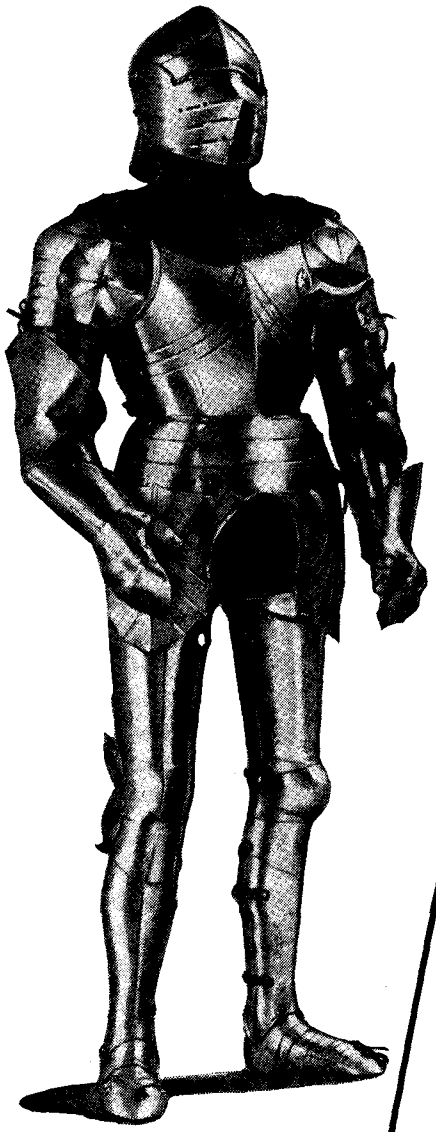

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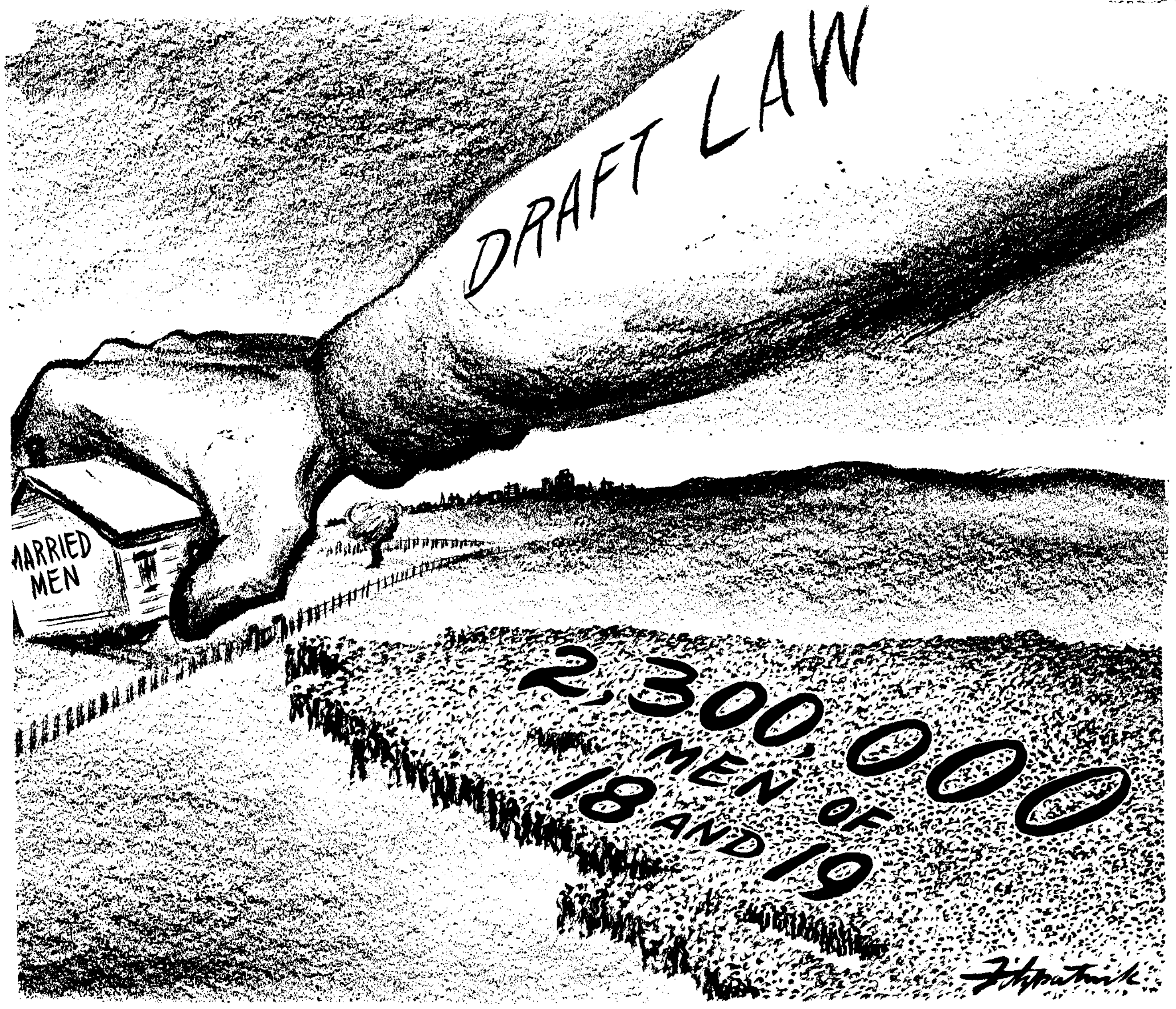

# The Best Soldier Material

MAJ. GEN. LEWIS B. HERSHEY, in charge of Selective Service, is talking again about drafting married men wholesale, starting with married men having secondary dependents or wives only and going on to men who have both wives and children.

"If I were a married man with a wife only," says Gen. Hershey, "I would make arrangements to enter the Army now. We will have to change our conception of what is considered support. The wife would certainly not live in luxury."

We'll say she wouldn't, if present provisions for partially taking care of her were left as is or cut down. Her husband can allot her a part of his pay, and she can get a small dependency allowance if she needs it; but as we understand the regulations it is hard to see how she can get more than $50 a month cash.

There are provisions for keeping wives of drafted men from being unjustly evicted from rented houses, or being foreclosed under mortgages they can no longer keep up with, or having the government step in and take what cash they have as payment on the drafted husband's income tax bill.

But there will be many cases of undeserved hardship, and more of undeserved heartbreak, if the draft takes to picking up large numbers of married men in their early or late 30's or early 40's.

If this were the only objection, it would have to be waived. After all, the worst thing that could happen to any of us would be for the Allies to lose the war. We've got to call up all the fighting material we need to prevent that, and too bad about any other considerations.

The really fundamental objection to drafting older married men, however, is that they do not and cannot make the best soldiers. They can be used in limited service far behind the lines, true. But for our Army we need the highest possible percentage of young, tough, strong, adaptable men.

We have an estimated 2,500,000 men in the 18-19 age group in this country, of whom about 2,300,000 have no dependents. These men are our prime fighter material. As long as we pass them by, we neglect to call up the best soldier material that we can call up. Thus, we most likely prolong the war. We certainly do not shorten the war.

Modern war calls for all the speed, toughness, endurance and elasticity of athletes, in the soldiers who fight in modern war. A prize fighter customarily is through by the time he is 30 or so; a baseball player does not often last much longer than that at top form; a professional football player is lucky to be playing at 30.

It is considered a very tough decision for Congress to make, to draft the 18- and 19-year-olds, with the November elections coming on. But how dangerous a decision would it really be? We do not see how any voters in their right and realistic minds can forgive any congressman for deliberately failing to do anything he can do to make the road to victory as short as it can be made.

# The 32d Ally

WE'VE felt better about the war ever since Brazil became the 32d nation to go to war against all or part of the Axis. The Allies gained a most valuable associate in Brazil, and one whose importance we hope nobody on our side underestimates. Hitler, we gather, was no little shocked and put out by the event, after all his reliance on the big German group in Brazil to keep President Getulio Vargas properly bluffed into remaining neutral.

Brazil's entry into the war was particularly healthy for the United States. It forged another big section on the Caribbean ring of active hostility to Germany; and by declaring war, Brazil assumed direct charge of the defense of the dangerous Natal bulge, nearest American mainland point to Dakar.

Healthiest of all the effects of Brazil's entry into the war, however, should be the effect on the rest of South America. Argentina has a government which likes Hitler, though its people generally do not. Chile has been similarly flirtatious toward Berlin, though its people are mostly pro-Ally. With Brazil in the war on our side, both the Chilean and the Argentine governments will most likely be discouraged from getting any fresher toward the Allies.

Altogether, it was a big day for the Allies when Brazil waded in with its dukes up. *Salud!*

# Come on—Give Us the News

THE big Canadian-Commando-Ranger raid on Dieppe was reported for the British and American press by trained correspondents who were permitted by the British government to go along with the raiders. They sent back brilliant, exciting and heartening copy, as witness Quentin Reynolds' articles on the Dieppe adventure in recent issues of Collier's. They did not, so far as known, give away any information that the Germans didn't already have.

No such full, detailed, on-the-spot stories came from the much bigger U. S. offensive in the Solomon Islands. If they had, they would have given the American people a great spiritual lift—and the talk is that our Marines in that fight outdid Wake, Midway and the Coral Sea. Yet out of the Solomon Islands fight, the American people have got at first little but cut-and-dried communiqués and promises of long casualty lists.

The reason for all this is that, though Elmer Davis a while ago was made Director of War Information with much fanfare, the admirals and generals nevertheless kept their death grip on the war news spigots.

Admirals and generals are famous the world over for their timidity about giving out any war news at all, for their inability to tell the difference between a military secret and a beautiful news story which cannot possibly aid or comfort the enemy, and for their belief that the most highly trained war correspondents are little better than idiot children.

There are a few exceptions, MacArthur being tops among these; but in general, the military and naval big shots are flops as censors.

Until these men's clutches on the news-clearance mechanisms are loosened and Mr. Davis is allowed to perform the duties he was appointed to perform, American war news will go on suffering from colorlessness, overcondensation and too much pulling of punches. In consequence, more and more wild rumors will bedevil us all, and war-weariness will creep upon us faster than need be.

The admirals and generals mean well. High type, professional newsmen like Davis mean well and know well how to treat war news.

*The trend's to Bourbon . . .*

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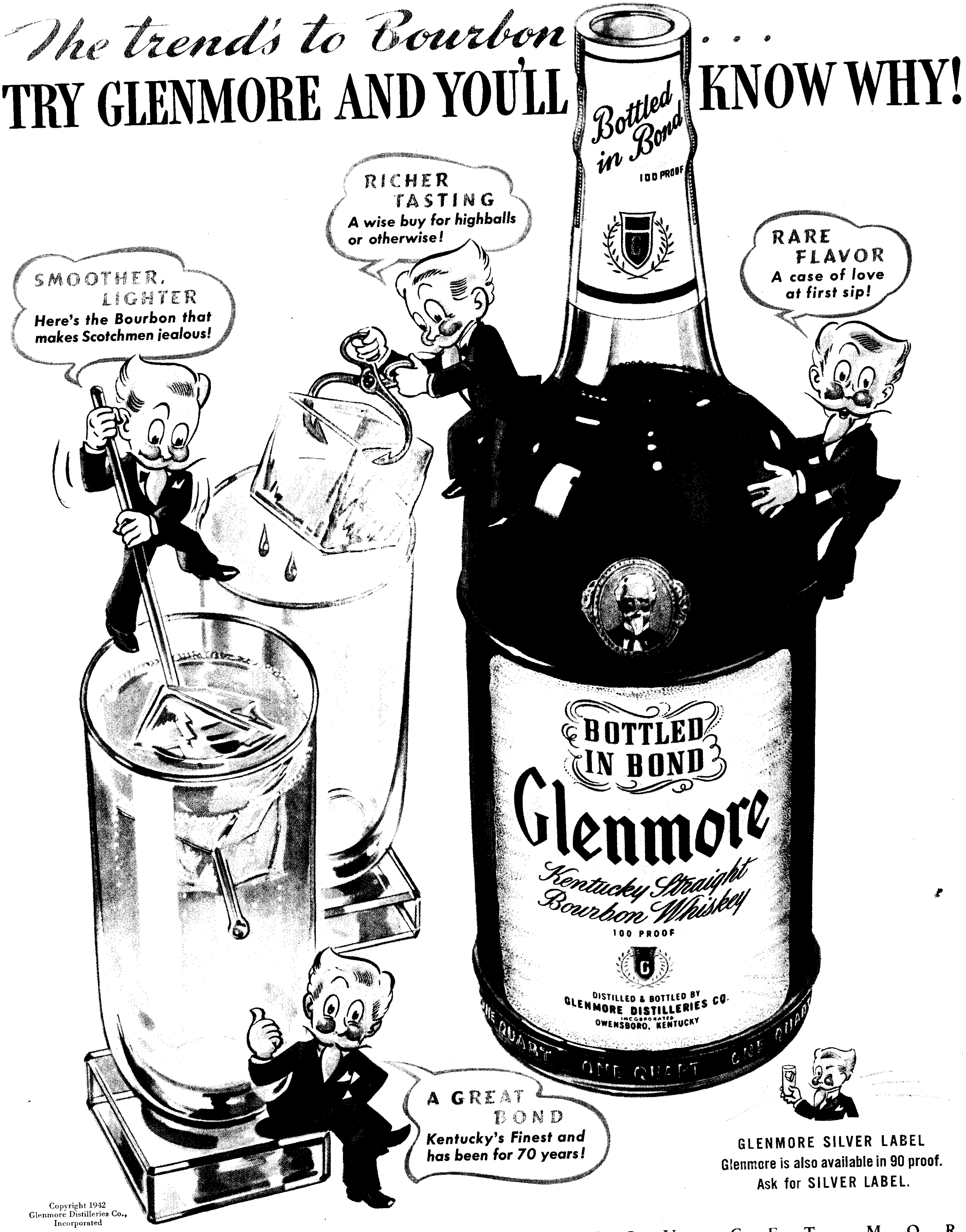
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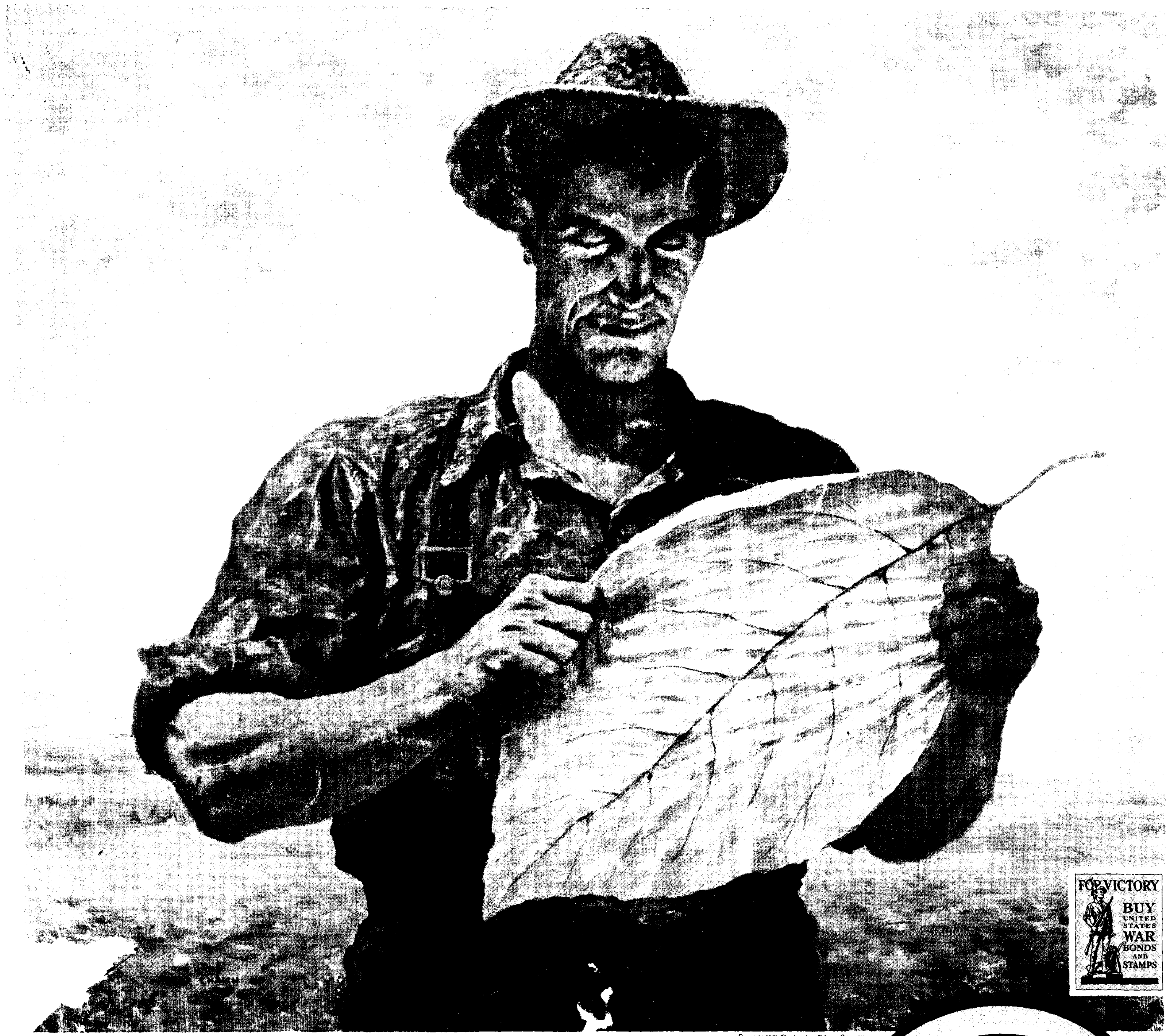

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"Boy, That's Tobacco!" Painted from life in the tobacco country by James Chapin.

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